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Mary Stuart.

1558.

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LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF SCOTLAND,

&c.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

Mary's interview with Knox at the Kaimkey.

VOL. III.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS.
EDINBURGH & LONDON.

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF SCOTLAND

AND

ENGLISH PRINCESSES

CONNECTED WITH THE REGAL SUCCESSION OF GREAT BRITAIN

BY

Agnes Strickland

AUTHOR OF

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND"

" The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rolls I opened."—BEAUMONT

VOL. III.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

TO

THE THIRD VOLUME

FRONTISPIECE—MARY STUART WHEN QUEEN-DAUPHINESS. From the Original Portrait presented by herself to the EARL OF CASSILLIS—now at Culzean Castle, in possession of the MARQUIS OF AILSA; engraved, by his permission, for this Work. (*See Pages* 94, 95.)

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THE

QUEENS OF SCOTLAND

MARY STUART

CHAPTER I.

SUMMARY

Introductory remarks on the personal life of Mary Stuart—Time and place of her birth—Succeeds to the throne—Infant Queen's establishment—She is reared in her mother's chamber—Her baptism—Henry VIII.'s contention to gain her for his son—She is guarded to Stirling by Lord Lindsay—Contracted to the heir of England—Her infant coronation—Her [illegible] and distress—Her [illegible] marriage—Rupture of her marriage treaty—Attempted abduction to England—Secured in the Isle of Inchmahome—Her personal appearance and dress—Her early education—Carried to Dumbarton—Contracted to the Dauphin—Embarks for France—Dangers and troubles of her voyage—Landed in Bretagne at Roscoff—Accidents at Morlaix—Progress to St Germain—Consigned to her grandmother's guardianship—Received by the Dauphin and children of France—French education—Appointment of her dancing-master—King and Queen of France praise her beauty, genius, and goodness—Predictions concerning her—Queen of France writes in her praise—Young Queen removed to Blois—Events of her childhood—Discontents of her nurse—Letters to her mother and grandmother—Visit of her mother to France—Plot for poisoning the young Queen—Death of her half brother, the Duke de Longueville.

THE name of Mary Stuart has thrown that of every other queen of Scotland into the shade. She appears to represent in her single person the female royalty of that realm, having absorbed the interest pertaining to all the other princesses who, previously to her brief reign, presided over the courts of Dunfermline, Stirling, and Holyrood, albeit several of those ladies played distinguished parts in their day, whether as Queen-consorts, Queen-mothers, or Queen-

regents; but Mary Stuart is exclusively the Queen of Scots —Queen not only of the realm, but of the people; and with all her faults, real or imputed, she remains to this day the peculiar object of national enthusiasm in Scotland. Her memory haunts the desolate palaces where every peasant is eager to recount traditionary lore connected with her personal history. Not a castellated mansion of the sixteenth century but boasts some quaint-looking room, which is emphatically pointed out as Queen Mary's chamber. Every old family possesses a painting, for which the distinction of an original portrait of Queen Mary is claimed. Tresses of every shade of golden, auburn, and chestnut, are preserved, and fondly exhibited as "well-attested portions of her hair." Persons who denounce the relic veneration of the Romish Church as idolatrous, enshrine a glove, a fan, a superannuated watch, or any other trinket supposed to have belonged to Queen Mary, among their choicest treasures, to be handed down as heirlooms in their families. The variety of relics thus preserved and hallowed for her sake is almost incredible. Queen Mary's mirrors and cabinets appear interminable; and as to the antique chairs of carved oak and ebony with which their present possessors have endowed her, they are numerous enough to supply seats for all her descendants, who, be it remembered, are to be found on almost every throne in Europe. The name of Stuart, it is true, exists no longer in the regal line, —but the lineage of Mary Stuart, through the posterity of her grand-daughter, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, still reigns in Great Britain, Prussia, Denmark, Hanover, and other Protestant states; and through that of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, the youngest daughter of Charles I., in Spain, Portugal, Austria, Naples, Sardinia, Modena; and, before the expulsion of the Fleurs-de-lys,—in France.

More books have been written about Mary Stuart than all the queens in the world put together; but so greatly do they vary in their representations of her character, that at first it seems scarcely credible how any person could be so differently described. The outline is indeed the same, but having been coloured from opposite points of view, the

features become angelic or demoniacal according to the disposition of the lights and shades. The triumph of a creed and a party has on either side been more considered than the development of facts, or those principles of moral justice which ought to animate the pen of the historian; and after all the literary gladiatorship that has been exercised on this subject for nearly three centuries, the point of Mary's guilt or innocence remains undecided, and as much open to discussion as ever.

If the favourable opinions of her own sex could be allowed to decide the question, then may we say that a verdict of not guilty has been pronounced by an overpowering majority of female readers of all nations, irrespective of creed or party. Is, then, the moral standard erected by women for one another lower than that which is required of them by men? Are they less acute in their perceptions of right and wrong, or more disposed to tolerate frailties? The contrary has generally been asserted. Yet, with the notorious exceptions of Queen Elizabeth, Catherine de Medicis, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, Mary had no female enemies. No female witnesses from her household came forward to bear testimony against her, when it was out of her power to purchase secresy if they had been cognisant of her guilt. None of the ladies of her court, whether of the reformed religion or the old faith—not even Lady Bothwell herself—lifted up her voice to impute blame to her. Mary was attended by noble Scotch gentlewomen in the days of her royal splendour; they clave to her in adversity, through good report and evil report; they shared her prisons, they waited upon her on the scaffold, and forsook not her mangled remains till they had seen them consigned to a long denied tomb. Are such friendships usual among the wicked? Is the companionship of virtuous women acceptable to the dissolute?—or that of the dissolute to the virtuous?

But this is not a legal mode of meeting the charges that have been brought against this unfortunate Princess, supported, as they are, by a train of circumstances more suspicious than those on which Shakspeare makes Claudio

denounce his betrothed love as a shameless wanton, and Othello lay violent hands on the wife of his bosom, the pure and devoted Desdemona. It is no ordinary guilt of which Mary is accused; yet what is so common as to hear persons, who avow their conviction of her criminality, pleading her apology in the same breath, by mentioning "the errors of a French education, the levity of youth, the misfortune of being linked to an ill-conditioned boy-husband, the frailty of human nature, and the infatuation of a resistless passion for a bad man?" Ought sentiments so inconsistent with Christian morals to be cherished in a Christian land? Mary is either innocent or guilty. If guilty, why should she be an object of tender and romantic interest to any one? If innocent, ought not the just and good to wish to see innocence established, and the falsehood of her self-interested accusers made manifest?

Numerous as the publications connected with Mary Stuart are, no correct biography of her could be written, in the absence of those documents which furnish the most interesting portion of the materials, as well as the most important.

Every one who has tried to put one of those mathematical toys called a Chinese puzzle together, from which any of the sections, no matter how minute, are missing, has found his labour thrown away; so has it been with the historian who has endeavoured to write a faithful life of Mary Stuart before the recovery of the lost links in the broken and tangled chain of conflicting evidences. Such productions —although among them we recognise some of the most brilliant argumentative essays in the language—are necessarily imperfect and fragmentary; for it is only now, in the fulness of time, that a succinct narrative of personal facts and characteristic traits could be arranged, containing particulars of every period of her life, from the hour of her birth to the dark closing of the tragedy in the hall of Fotheringay Castle.

Mary Stuart has been styled, by one of her recent French biographers, the "eternal enigma of history," and "the most problematical of all historic personages."[1] To

[1] M. Dargaud.

writers who endeavour, like him, to combine the characteristics of an angel with the actions of a fiend, such must she ever be. She cannot be described by argumentative essays, she must be portrayed by facts—facts not imputed, but proven;—for there is nothing enigmatical, nothing inconsistent, in the Mary Stuart of reality. But when the colourings of self-interested falsehood are adopted by unreasoning credulity, prejudice, or ignorance, she appears a strange anomaly, as discrepant with herself as a dove with the ensanguined talons of a vulture, or a fair sheet of paper written with goodly sentences, in the midst of which some coarse hand has interpolated foul words of sin and shame, which bear no analogy either to the beginning or the end.

The apartment in Linlithgow Palace[1] where Mary Stuart first saw the light is in the most ancient side of the edifice—that built by James III. Her birth took place, not in the Queen's bedroom, as generally stated, but in the regal presence-chamber, where such of the prelates and loyal peers of Scotland as were not in attendance on their dying King at Falkland were present; and, according to the local tradition of Linlithgow, the principal burghers of that town and their wives were also convened as witnesses of that anxiously expected event. A spacious room was therefore necessary for the reception of such a company. The crowned thistle which surmounts the large window, looking into the quadrangle court below, is said to have been placed there in commemoration of the fact. This chamber was paved, after the French fashion, with glazed tiles of various colours. A few of these yet remain, and, where exposed to catch the sunlight, appear like

[1] The beautiful palace of Linlithgow is seated on a gentle hill, above the lake, to which it descends by terraces. Sibbald describes it to have been built of fine polished stone; but as the fire has passed over it, it retains no vestige of a fair surface. Edward I. of England first built a castle on this site. The monarchs of Scotland improved and rendered it a suitable residence for themselves and their Queens. James III. rebuilt one side, James IV. another, James V. a third, with the chapel and porch, and James VI. completed the quadrangle, by adding the fine new buildings to the north. The palace consists of four towers, between which the court, the chapel, and the rest of the apartments are situated. In the court is a fountain, richly adorned with statues and basso-relievo groups.

a coarse enamel; but the floor is now thickly carpeted with short velvet sod, interspersed with self-sown turf flowers. Instead of the costly tapestry hangings which mantled those walls at Mary's birth, long grass, mingled with harebells, thistles, and the wild white rose of Scotland, are waving from every crevice, in mournful luxuriance. The roof and floor of the upper chamber having both fallen in, the blue vault of heaven forms its only canopy. Two deeply embayed windows open on the beautiful miniature lake flowing beneath the castle terraces, and command a glorious prospect of fair pastures and woods, with the stately Abbey Church of St Michael to the left, the town in front, and the Highland hills in the distance to the right. These windows are furnished with stone benches, facing each other, and form pleasant little retreats for private conversation. The chimney-piece is broad and low, supported by fluted stone pillars. Amidst all the desolation which now reigns in this deserted abode of Scottish royalty, traces are everywhere visible, not only of the elegant taste of the Stuart sovereigns, but of domestic comfort in the arrangement of the interior chamber and dressing-room, which terminate the range of apartments on that side of Linlithgow Palace.

When Mary was presented to the mixed company who had witnessed her birth, she was greeted with a murmur of discontent from the nobles, who liked not that the majesty of the Scottish sceptre should be represented by the distaff instead of the sword. They knew they required the strong hand of a master to curb their turbulence, and thought scorn of the "puir wee lassie" who was to bar bearded men from the throne. The announcement of Mary's sex proved a knell to her royal father. He died without bequeathing her his blessing—an ominous prognostic for the infant heiress of the realm. Never did any sovereign commence life and regality under more inauspicious circumstances. Controversy literally attends Mary Stuart from the earliest period of her existence, even as to the date of her birth, which is disputed. She herself states that she was born December 8, 1542; but, as we have already proved

in the life of the Queen her mother, that event was still in expectation on the 9th; and as all accounts agree that James V. died on the 13th, a few hours (Lindsay of Pitscottie intimates a few minutes) only after he received the news of his daughter's birth, we may reasonably conclude that she was not born till the 11th or 12th, for assuredly such an occurrence would not have been kept from him five days: on the contrary, we find that the intelligence was despatched to him by an express.

Neither man, woman, nor child in Edinburgh or Stirling —and least of all the Dean of the Chapel Royal and the Lords of the Council—could have been in ignorance many hours of an event so anxiously looked for as the birth of a successor to the Crown. It was, of course, announced the same evening it happened, according to the ancient custom of the country, by kindling bonfires on all the beacon hills; that telegraphic signal was doubtless seen blazing on the summit of Cockleroy, the mount adjacent to Linlithgow Palace, by the men of Falkirk and all the Carron side; in the course of two hours, the news awakened the merry bells which Edinburgh and Stirling then could boast; and answering fires of joy were kindled on Arthur Seat, the Calton Hill, Burntisland, and the highest peak of the Western Lomonds.

But why, it may be asked, should the 8th of December have been specified even by Mary herself as the date of her birth? A glance at the Calendar will solve the mystery: the 8th of December is one of the four great festivals kept in honour of the Virgin Mary by the Romish Church, and according to popular superstition it was considered a peculiarly auspicious day to those who bore the name of Mary.[1] A sovereign was generally a favourite with the people, if supposed to have been born under fortunate influences,

[1] Thus we see Anne Boleyn, although identified with the Reformed party, endeavouring to console Henry VIII., at the birth of Queen Elizabeth, for his disappointment in the sex of the child she had brought forth, by reminding him "that the babe, being born on the nativity of the blessed Virgin, would be especially under her protection, and entitled to a high and glorious destiny." This circumstance was always remembered by Elizabeth's flatterers, and occasionally mentioned by herself. See Lives of the Queens of England.

whether saintly or planetary; it is therefore probable that the Queen-mother transferred the celebration of her daughter's fête to her nameday instead of her birthday, which, if our conjecture be correct, was too near the anniversary of her father's death to be a proper season for rejoicing.

One of the earliest vestiges of Mary's exercise of regality —a charge issued in her name to James, Lord Ogilvie, to deliver up the Castle of Finhaven to David, Earl of Crawford—is dated December 13, 1542, the day of her father's demise.[1]

Notwithstanding the disappointment caused by her feeble sex, the infant Sovereign was inexpressibly dear to all true hearts in Scotland; she was the representative of the ancient royal line, and on her fragile existence depended its continuance. The perplexed state of the regal succession, after the death of James V.'s two infant sons, had been rendered more so by that monarch's hatred to the house of Hamilton; and his determination that the rival claimant, Matthew, Earl of Lennox, should be his heir, in case the Queen brought him no living issue, Lennox and his friends having protested against the legitimacy of the Earl of Arran. A recurrence of all the miseries of civil strife — bloody and protracted as the struggle between Bruce and Baliol for the crown — had been averted by the birth of Mary Stuart. Born in troublous times though she were, she came, like the dove of hope and comfort, as a pledge of peace to the storm-shaken ark of Scotland. Dangers, however, threatened the unconscious babe from various quarters. Scarcely were her royal father's eyelids closed in death, when the Earl of Arran, next heir to the throne, who claimed the regency of the realm, manifested a determination to tear her from her mother's arms. There is something peculiarly touching in Bishop Lesley's quaint record of the situation of the royal orphan in the first week of her reign. "The Queen, her mother, then lying in childbed in the palace of Linlithgow, keepit this young Princess there, albeit with great fear,

[1] Lives of the Lindsays.

through divers factions among the principal noblemen, shortly thereafter contending among themselves for the government of the realm and the keeping of the Princess's person." How pertinaciously the Queen-mother, Mary of Lorraine, struggled for the preservation of her maternal rights, in retaining the personal care of the new-born Sovereign, has already been fully related in her biography.[1]

The appointment of nurse to the infant Majesty of Scotland, an office both honourable and important, was bestowed by the Queen-mother on Janet Sinclair, the wife of John Kemp of Haddington—Janet having previously attended on the deceased Prince James, Mary's eldest brother, in the like vocation. Both Janet and her husband were made recipients of Crown grants,[2] and other testimonials of the Queen-mother's grateful sense of her services to her royal nursling; for Mary, though falsely reported to be sickly and unlikely to live, was a fair and goodly babe, and did ample credit to Mistress Janet's fostering care. She was, however, nursed under the watchful eye of the Queen her mother, and in her own chamber—the warmest, the most salubrious, and the safest, in that pleasant suite of apartments facing the lake. According to regal etiquette, this was indeed Mary's proper place—being the Sovereign's bedroom, situated between the presence-chamber and the royal closet or dressing-room. It was provided with a trap-door, masking a secret stair leading to an unsuspected place of concealment, in case of danger; and here tradition affirms that James III. was once enabled to escape the murderous pursuit of a party of his traitor nobles, through the self-possession and courage of his faithful consort, Margaret of Denmark.

Mary—an unconscious infant on her nurse's knee—received in this chamber the first acts of homage from the peers and prelates of her realm, when they came to announce the death of her royal father, and to salute her, his new-born daughter and lawful inheritrix, as their Sovereign Lady, Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles.

[1] See vol. ii., Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses.
[2] Privy Seal Registers.

Here, also, the earliest matrimonial overtures for her tiny hand were proposed by the Earl of Arran in behalf of his little son, Lord Hamilton, and encouragingly received by the Queen-mother, who feared to provoke hostility in the first prince of the blood and most powerful noble in the realm.[1] She knew that the crown which rests upon a cradle is always a tottering possession.

The baptism of the orphan Sovereign was evidently delayed till she was fully a month old, that the churching of the widowed Queen-mother might take place at the same time. Most affecting to the sympathies of all tender hearts must both ceremonials have been in the midst of the *dool* for King James V., the royal husband and father, whose funeral was solemnised on the 8th of January 1542-3.[2] An entry in the Compotus of Kirkaldy of Grange, dated in that month, certifies, "that fifty-four pounds were given to Alexander Dureham, which he disbursed in white taffeta of Genoa used at the *Prince's* baptism."[3] It is by that title only—which, however, is tantamount in the phraseology of those days to the Sovereign—that Mary is mentioned in her own Treasury Records during the first year of her reign. The local traditions of Linlithgow affirm that Mary was baptised in the stately Abbey Church of St Michael, and point out a small stone-cistern or lavatory attached to the wall, in which they pretend the infant Queen was immersed. As the time was mid-winter, it is more probable that the office was performed in the beautiful chapel-royal within the palace, which terminates the suite of royal apartments, than that the health of the tender babe was imperilled by carrying her into the large cold church.

Mary's accession to the crown of Scotland is communicated to her great uncle, Henry VIII. of England, December 21, 1542, by the Council of Scotland, in these words:—

"By the disposition of God Omnipotent, which nothing can resist, our sovereign and master, your tender nephew, is departed fra this life, and has left ane Princess, your *pro-niece* to be heretar and Queen of this realm,

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[1] Sadler's State Papers.

[2] Treasury Records in the Register House, Edinburgh.

[3] Ibid.

whose prosperity, succession, and long life, we desire as ardently and earnestly as can be thought, trusting, your highness' blood reigning within this realm, ye shall not fail to desire the weal and tranquillity thereof."[1]

The first thought of this gracious kinsman of the royal orphan, who was thus recommended to his sympathy and natural affection, was how he might best cozen her out of her inheritance, under the specious pretext of demanding her as a wife for his son Prince Edward; but with the full intention of usurping the sovereignty of the realm during her minority, and keeping it in case of her death. His great desire was to get the infant Queen into his own hands—hands that were so deeply stained with innocent blood, as to have rendered him an object of horror and alarm to all Europe, more especially to royal ladies.

When Mary was little more than four months of age, Sir Ralph Sadler told the Governor Arran in plain words, that his master, the King of England, had made up his mind to invade Scotland, both by sea and land, unless his demands of being put in possession of her person on his own terms were granted. "I cannot see what cause his Majesty has to make war on us, our sovereign lady being an innocent who hath never offended him," was the reply. "No war is intended against her," rejoined Sadler, "but rather her surety, wealth, preservation, and benefit." "Call you it her benefit to destroy her realm?" asked the Governor. "I call it her benefit and great honour to be made Queen of two realms by a just and lawful title, where now she hath scarce a good title to one," retorted the English diplomatist; to which the Governor with unwonted spirit rejoined, "I would to God that every man had his just right, and we quit of your cumber!"[2] At the same time, for sure preservation of the Queen's person, and sustentation of her train, it was by the Governor and the Estates agreed, that her most noble person, by reason of her tender age, should remain in the care of the Queen her mother during her infancy. Certain rents of the Crown lands

[1] State Papers published by Government Commission.
[2] Sadler's State Papers.

were assigned for the expenses of her establishment; and for her safer keeping, eight noblemen were appointed to reside, two and two alternately, every quarter in company with the infant Sovereign and her royal mother.[1]

The next three months of Mary's nominal reign were consumed in the intrigues and negotiations for a marriage between her and her little cousin, Edward Tudor. Henry VIII.'s first demand, that she should be delivered into his hands, being alike opposed to the laws of Scotland and the will of her people, it was stipulated that she should be sent into England at the age of ten years, and, in the mean time, an English lady and gentleman should be placed about her, with forty officials of that nation, to conduct her education after the English manner. The idea of Lady Sadler being selected by King Henry for the head of an unpopular female staff of southern governesses and maids of honour, was deprecated by Sir Ralph in a very earnest letter, in which he says, that "his poor wife hath as good will to serve his Majesty as any woman in life, but she is most unmeet to serve for such a purpose as that his Majesty hath appointed, having never been brought up at Court, nor knowing what appertaineth thereto, so that for lack of wit and convenient experience in all behalfs, she is unable to supply the place to his Majesty's honour; and even if better qualified, her present situation would prevent her from undertaking the journey that summer; and in the winter the journey is so long, foul, and tedious, as no woman can well endure to travel; and even if they could wait for her till the next summer, he knows her to have such impediments as would prevent her from continuing to fill the office."[2] The fact was, that my Lady Sadler had been a laundress in Cromwell's family. Sir Ralph very properly observes "that she whom his Majesty would have to be resident about the young Queen's person in Scotland, ought to be a grave and discreet woman, of good years and experience; and the better if she were a widow," and recommends

[1] See the Life of Mary of Lorraine, vol. ii., where the names of the Lord Keepers, and further particulars of the infant life of Mary are given.

[2] Sadler's Speech in Parliament—State Papers, vol. ii. p. 168.

the Lady Edgecombe as a suitable lady for that important post.[1]

It might have been as difficult to induce any noble English lady to encounter the national jealousy and ill-will of the northern aristocracy, by undertaking the responsibilities of such an office, as to select one whom the Queen-mother would deem worthy of the honour of filling it. Henry reluctantly gave up the project of imposing an English household on the little Scotch Queen. It was then settled that her education, from ten years old till twelve, should be conducted in England, and that her marriage with his son should be solemnised when she had attained that age. If the young heir of England died in the interim, she was to be restored to her own realm, and not disparaged by being married to any other person.[2]

The distrust with which the whole scheme inspired Mary of Lorraine, first gave rise to the project of providing for the safety of the royal child by sending her to France. "The Governor telleth me," writes Sadler, "that the young Queen cannot be conveniently removed, because she is a little troubled with the breeding her teeth."[3] More serious troubles than these infantine ills threatened the harmless babe; for her trusty kinsman, the Lord Governor, actually avowed to Sir Ralph Sadler an intention of seizing and carrying her off to his castle of Blackness. That gloomy fortress, well worthy of its name, built on a narrow ledge of rock jutting out into the stormy waters of the Firth of Forth, which has been considered as a prison too rigorous for the worst of state criminals of the ruder sex, was thus destined for the abiding-place of a tender girl of seven months old, who was the acknowledged sovereign of the realm. The project was, however, easier to form than execute; for the true-hearted Scots of low degree would assuredly have torn the Governor to pieces if he had attempted to remove their young Queen from her nursery sanctuary against her mother's will.

The able manner in which the Queen-mother defeated

[1] State Papers, vol. i. p. 250.
[2] Sadler's State Papers.
[3] Ibid. vol. i. p. 228.

the designs of both Henry VIII. and the Governor, by inducing her two lovers and their adherents to coalesce, for the purpose of removing herself and the baby Queen-regnant from the state of thraldom in which they had been kept ever since King James's death at Linlithgow, has been related in the biography of Mary of Lorraine. On the 21st of July this adventure was achieved. Lord Lindsay of the Byres, one of the noble commissioners appointed by Parliament for the safe keeping of their lady Sovereign, entered on his office for the first time that memorable day, having the care of her person consigned to him; when he and the gallant muster triumphantly performed their march to Stirling, and safely lodged their precious charge within those impregnable walls. The performance of this exploit was Lord Lindsay's first entrance upon his duty as one of the Lord Keepers of his young Sovereign, to whom he was always loyally attached, though one of the supporters of the Reformation in Scotland.[1] There is no record of any payment made to Lord Lindsay for his attendance on the little Queen in the capacity of Lord Keeper, though he remained at Stirling Castle as the coadjutor of the Earl of Livingstone, who received a salary at the rate of sixty pounds per month for his services in "keeping the Princess,"[2] as she is styled in the Compotus, in Linlithgow, and subsequently for keeping her in *Striveling*. Lord Erskine, another of the Lord Keepers, was paid at the same rate.[3]

Mary's nursery apartments were situated in the strong square tower that looks towards the Highland hills, where her son James was subsequently reared. Nothing can be more healthful and invigorating than the air of Stirling, or

[1] This chivalric old peer was John Lord Lindsay, and must not be confounded with his ferocious son and heir, Patrick Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, by whom Mary was so barbarously treated in the hour of her sore distress, when a helpless captive in the wardship of his mother-in-law, the Lady of Lochleven. If any Highland seer had foretold the particulars of that scene, to the stout Lord Keeper, during their journey to Stirling, surely he would have repelled the charge with the vehement indignation of his manly nature, and perhaps exclaimed, "Is then my son a dog that he should do this thing?" Our accomplished contemporary, Lord Lindsay of Balcarras, has given a noble sketch of the character of Mary's Lord Keeper, Lindsay, in his charming work, "Lives of the Lindsays."

[2] Treasury Records. [3] Ibid.

more glorious than the situation of the Castle, seated in its strength and pride on a lofty rock in the centre of the rich valley of Menteith, above the links of Forth, that lovely stream which winds like a silver chain among the green meads it fertilises, adding pastoral beauty to a scene where so many fierce battles have been fought, whence the castle has received the appropriate name of Striveling.

Unruffled by the fierce excitement which agitated two realms on the premature question of her marriage, Mary grew and flourished in the bracing air of Stirling, and got through her first troubles, those of dentition, prosperously. Meantime, her long-contested marriage articles were agreed by the Governor, in her name, with the English ambassador. The treaty of peace, and marriage with England, pledging her unconscious hand to her cousin Edward, was signed, sealed, and ratified in her Abbey of Holyrood, on the 23d of August 1543. Mary being then little more than eight months old, was incapable of uttering a syllable either of assent or dissent. Her consent was not, of course, deemed necessary, and her mother's negative was unheeded.

After the ratification of the contract, Sir Ralph Sadler entered into conversation with Sir Adam Otterbourne, a shrewd Scotch statesman, and began to enlarge on the great benefit likely to accrue to both realms from the projected union. "Why think you," said Otterbourne, "that this treaty will be performed?" "Why not?" asked Sadler. "I assure you it is impossible, for our people do not like it," was the reply; "and though our Governor and some of the nobility for certain reasons have consented to it, yet I know that few, or none of them, do like it, and our common people do utterly mislike of it." Sadler remonstrated against this feeling as unnatural, God having, as if by especial favour to both realms, ordained that they might be united by the marriage of the young Prince of England with their Queen. "I pray you," said Otterbourne, "give me leave to ask you a question," which he propounded in these homely terms: "If your lad were a lass, and our lass a lad, would you then be so earnest

in this matter?—and could you be content that our lad should be King of England?" Sadler replied that, considering the great good that might ensue of it, he should not be a friend to his country if he did not consent to it. "Well," rejoined Otterbourne, "if you had the lass, and we the lad, we could be well content with it, but I cannot believe that your nation could agree to have a Scot to be King of England; and I assure you that our nation, being a stout nation, will never agree to have an Englishman King of Scotland; and though the whole nobility of the realm would consent to it, yet our common people, and the stones in the streets, would rise and rebel against it."[1]

The prediction of Sir Adam Otterbourne was verified by the rupture of the treaty within a fortnight after its ratification. The Governor, Arran, found it impossible to procure the hostages demanded by Henry for the fulfilment of the secret articles; heartily ashamed of the pact, and intimidated by the clamours of the populace, who accused him of having sold their Queen to the English, he hastened to undo his own work, and formed a sudden coalition with Cardinal Beton, his former rival, who reconciled him to the Queen-mother. In order to prove his sincerity, Arran took prompt measures for the coronation of the infant Sovereign. This royal ceremonial was solemnised in Stirling Church, on Sunday, September 9th, 1543.

The young Queen was crowned with the solemnities generally used at the inauguration of the Kings of Scotland, which, according to Sadler, "were not very great." In her case they were probably curtailed, because, by reason of her tender age, she could not perform all that was required of the sovereign on such occasions. Mary had

[1] Sadler's Speech in Parliament, objecting to the appointment of the Queen of Scots as the successor to the throne of Great Britain. The innate hatred to Scotland and the Scotch, which animated this statesman, is plainly apparent in the terms of "proud and beggarly Scots," and "like false forsworn Scots," which are among the tropes and figures of his rhetoric. In his letters he betrays feelings that are a disgrace, not only to the sacred character of an ambassador, but to human nature. But the man was the *elève* of Cromwell, and the tool of Henry VIII., in his most unprincipled measures.

barely completed her ninth month when she was taken from her cradle, enveloped in regal robes, and borne from her nursery sanctuary, in Stirling Castle, by her Lord Keepers and Officers of State, in solemn procession, across the green, into the stately church adjacent, where she was presented to her people, to be publicly recognised by the three Estates as Sovereign Lady of Scotland and the Isles, and to receive the investiture of the glittering symbols of her fatal inheritance. The crown was carried in the procession by the Earl of Arran, the Lord Governor, as the first prince of the blood-royal of Scotland, and acknowledged heir of the realm.[1] The Earl of Lennox, Mary's future father-in-law, the rival claimant of that dignity, was induced, by his passion for the beautiful Queen-mother, to waive the question of his right to the precedency on that occasion, and condescended to bear the sceptre as next in degree. Farther particulars of the programme have been lost, perhaps purposely destroyed by the traitors who violated their oaths to the Sovereign, whom on that day they solemnly swore to defend at the peril of life and limb. It is, however, certain that some one must have acted as sponsor for the little Queen in pronouncing the words of the coronation oath, which her innocent lips had no power to utter. Some one must have held her on the throne, while the office of consecration was performed by Cardinal Beton, who placed the crown on her infant brow, and the sceptre in the tiny hand which could not grasp it, and girded her with the sword of state, as the representative of the warlike monarchs of Scotland.[2]

Touching sight, that tender, helpless babe, burdened and surrounded with panoply so ill suited to her sex and age! And the babe wept. It was observed with superstitious terror that she ceased not to shed tears during the whole of the ceremony.[3] Any other infant in her dominions would have done the like at being separated from both

[1] Letters and State Papers, edited by Sir Walter Scott, vol. i.

[2] As at the coronation of her son, for which this doubtless furnished the precedent.

[3] Histoire de Marie Stuart, par J. M. Dargaud.

nurse and mother, and finding herself in the hands of rough men, surrounded by gazing crowds, and deafened with loud music and acclamations. Every prelate and peer had successively to kneel before the throne, and place his hand on her head while repeating the oath of allegiance to be leal and true to her. The princes of the blood-royal, Arran and Lennox, were privileged to kiss her cheek. These tokens of affection and reverence were probably as displeasing to her Majesty at the time they were offered, as they were deceitful and worthless.

The earliest portraiture known of Mary is her effigies on the small copper coin, called the bawbee. She is there represented in full face, as a fat, smiling infant, about nine months old, wearing the crown of Scotland over a baby cap, with a miniature ruff about her neck. It was thus she probably appeared at her coronation; and it has been conjectured that this coin obtained its familiar name of *bawbee* on account of bearing the image and superscription of the little Queen. A fac-simile is here presented to the reader.[1]

The coronation of Mary without his leave, following the rupture of the treaty which pledged her as the betrothed consort of his son Edward, exasperated her uncle, Henry VIII., beyond all bounds, and he instantly ordered her to be seized during her mother's first absence, and conveyed to England. The following statement from Sir George Douglas to Sir Ralph Sadler was communicated in reply, and affords interesting proof of the fidelity with which the cradle of the little Sovereign was guarded by her incorruptible Lord Keepers, in the almost impregnable eyrie where her careful mother had lodged her. "She is kept in the castle of Stirling by such noblemen as were appointed thereunto by the Parliament, such as having the castle well furnished with ordnance and artillery will keep her. The King's Majesty's friends here are not able to get the young

[1] From a beautiful cast of a perfect specimen of one of the bawbees, struck at Mary's coronation, furnished by the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharp, Esq., of Hoddam, and Drummond Place, Edinburgh.

Queen out of the castle, for they have no great pieces of ordnance wherewith to besiege the same; besides that, if the barons which have the custody of her do perceive themselves to be unable to keep and defend her in the said castle, they, being charged with the custody of her person on peril of their lives and lands, might easily convey her person out of the castle into the Highlands, which are not far from Stirling, where it would be impossible to come by her; therefore, he thinketh it vain to go about by force to remove her out of the custody she is now in."[1] Despairing of abducting her forcibly, Henry then suggested that the Earl of Angus, with a strong party of his followers, should affect an earnest desire to see their Queen, under pretext that it was reported that she had been removed, and another child substituted in her place; and if Mary were produced, to seize and carry her off to Tantallon, and deliver her into the hands of the English Warden. But so careful was Lord Erskine in his precautions, lest his royal charge should be stolen away, that only one noble at a time was permitted to see her, and that in the presence of one or more of her Lord Keepers. No visitor was to be followed into Stirling Castle by more than two servants at the utmost. The Queen-mother only was allowed to be continually resident with her daughter, with as many attendants as it pleased her to entertain.[2]

In the second year of Mary's life and reign, a letter was addressed in her name to her loving uncle, Henry VIII.,[3] tenderly reproaching him "for the miseries he was inflicting on her subjects by his unprovoked invasion of her realm, and persecuting her, whom, by all the ties of nature and humanity, he was bound to succour and defend." The touching appeal was fruitless. The iron-hearted tyrant who, in the course of his long evil career, had crushed every human feeling that crossed his selfish passions, regarded the harmless babe with vindictive hatred, because she, and the liberty of her realm with her, had not been surrendered into his unscrupulous hands in compliance

[1] Sadler's State Papers, October 5, 1543.
[2] Ibid. i. 317.
[3] Hamilton's State Papers.

with his imperious demand. He ceased not to persecute her during his life, and, so far as in him lay, strove to injure her after his death by his unjust preference of the posterity of his youngest sister before her in the reversion of the English crown. The determined pursuit of Mary for the bride of her little cousin of England was renewed in the name of that juvenile monarch, after the death of his father, with redoubled vigour. In consequence of the loss of the disastrous battle of Pinkie, September 9, 1547, the young Queen vacated her royal abode at Stirling, and was removed for safety to the Priory in the picturesque isle of Inchmahome, in the lake of Menteith, famous for its beautiful Spanish chestnut trees. Mary was accompanied by her mother, her nurse Janet Sinclair, her four young namesakes, playmates, classmates, and maids of honour, Mary Beton, Mary Seton, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Fleming, her tutors, her governess, and her Lord Keeper, Livingstone. The foundation of her education had been already judiciously and prosperously laid by the Queen-mother;[1] and she, though only in her fifth year, had made a rapid progress both in acquirements and understanding. Inheriting the genius as well as the beauty of her Plantagenet and Stuart ancestry, their fearless courage and elegant tastes, Mary, even at that tender age, appeared formed to add lustre to a throne. She pursued her studies quietly and steadily with her four Maries in the cloister shades of Inchmahome for several months, under the care of John Erskine the Prior, and her schoolmaster Alexander Scott, parson of Balmaclellan. French was literally her mother tongue, but she was instructed in history, geography, and Latin, by her learned preceptors; and in the feminine accomplishment of tapestry work and embroidery, by her governess, Lady Fleming, the illegitimate daughter of James IV., and the mother of one of her Maries. And thus, while her realm was convulsed with factions, and devastated by the storms of war, the little Sovereign remained secure and happy in her peaceful refuge.[2]

[1] See the Life of Mary of Lorraine—Queens of Scotland, vol. ii.
[2] Chalmers' Caledonia.

"The boxwood summer-house on a gentle eminence close to the lake, in a sheltered recess, formed by the sweeping shore of that part of the island which was the pleasure ground of the Earls of Menteith," says the bard and local historian of the place, "still remains with a hawthorn tree in the centre, and exhibits a venerable vegetable ruin, recalling the idea of the olden time," and bears the traditionary name of Queen Marye's Bower, in memory of the fact commemorated by the same elegant writer in these lines:—

"The beauteous Mary when a child
For safety hither came.
. . . . . .
My orchard's wealth, my boxwood's grace,
Enlivening yet the sylvan place,
Embellishing my isle of rest,
Furnished the jocund rural fête,
To soothe the youthful sceptred guest
Each wayward thought obliterate,
And banish all alarms.
Where on gay Colden's feathered steep,
That views grey Talla's circling deep,
The peerless virgin's seen;
Or where fair Nun-hill's tangled brake
O'ercanopies my lucid lake;
Each eye must her for seraph take,
And not for earth-born queen." [1]

Inchmahome was chosen for Mary's retreat at this perilous crisis, because the Prior was the son of her faithful Lord Keeper Erskine, and on account of its near proximity to the Highlands, whither, on the first alarm of her foes advancing on Stirling, it was intended to carry her for refuge and concealment. Mary, if we may trust a modern French biographer's description of her dress—and, of course, a Frenchman's authority on such a point may be quoted—was at this period arrayed in something closely approaching Highland costume. Her shining hair, which in childhood was of bright golden yellow, was bound with a rose-coloured satin snood; and she wore a tartan scarf over black silk, fastened with a golden agrafe, engraved with

[1] Introductory verses to Inchmahome. By W. Macgregor Stirling.

the united arms of Scotland and Lorraine. The little Queen, in this picturesque array, was the delight of every eye, when she was seen pursuing her gay sports with her juvenile court on the lake shore. She possessed a natural charm of manner that won all hearts; she was adored by her governors, masters, officers, and ladies, and every one who by chance was brought in contact with her, from the gentry and burgesses down to the simple fishers and honest mountaineers.[1] Happy would it have been for Mary Stuart if she had inherited no wider domain than that fairy isle in the lake of Menteith.

How often must she have recalled, amidst the splendid miseries of Holyrood and Stirling, the memory of her hours of careless joyaunce in that peaceful sanctuary, and sighed to exchange the regal diadem of Scotland for the flowery wreath she wore in childhood as the Queen of Inchmahome. During that halcyon period of Mary Stuart's days, while she was conning her tasks with dutiful alacrity, setting her first stitches in embroidery, or chasing the butterfly with her young associate band, her royal mother was attending the deliberations of the Convention at Haddington, on the arrangement of her marriage articles with the Dauphin, Francis de Valois. The Governor and Estates of Scotland having assented to the proposals of the French ambassador, that Mary should be sent to France for the better security of her person, and the completion of her education, she was removed from Inchmahome, where she had spent the autumn and early winter months, and was conducted to Dumbarton by the Lords Livingstone and Erskine. She arrived at her rocky fortress on the Clyde—cold quarters for a sovereign of her tender years—on the last day of February, with all her company of preceptors, nurse, governess, and pigmy maids of honour, and there sojourned five months, awaiting the arrival of the French galleys and convoy for her voyage. The entry in the Royal Compotus indicates the punctuality of the payments made to Mary's personal guardians, as well as the smallness of their salaries for the discharge of their very respon-

[1] Histoire de Marie Stuart, par J. M. Dargaud, vol. i. p. 38.

sible trust—"unto the last day of February in the year of God 1547-8, which was the day of their departing with the Queen's Grace to Dumbarton, and they discharged the sum of £200."[1] Three of her illegitimate brethren, all richly beneficed dignitaries of the Church of Rome, were in attendance on the little Queen — namely, the Lord James, Prior of St Andrews; Lord John, Prior of Coldinghame; and Robert, Prior of Holyrood. During the lengthened period of her sojourn at Dumbarton, the young Prior of St Andrews exerted all his address to please his royal sister, and acquired an influence over her mind, and an interest in her affections, which neither his repeated acts of treachery in confederating with the English government, nor his ungrateful treatment of herself, could ever entirely alienate. The consent of the Governor Arran, and the nobles of Scotland, to the betrothment of their young Queen to the Dauphin, is attributed by Knox to the bribes of Henry II. "And thus," says he, "was she sold to go to France, to the end she should drink of that liquor that should remain with her all her lifetime for a plague to this realm, and for her final destruction." A passive, and of course an irresponsible, instrument in the hands of others, the harmless little Queen, then in her sixth year, was carried on board the French galleys on the 7th of August 1548, with tearful eyes, and a heart heaving with its first sharp grief—the pangs of separating from the beloved mother who had watched over her, from the hour of her birth, with the most unremitting care. Mary was given into the peculiar charge of the Sieur de Brézé, Seneschal of Normandy, who was honoured with the commission of receiving the young Queen of Scots in his sovereign's name. She was accompanied, however, by her faithful Lord Keepers, Livingstone and Erskine, all her preceptoral staff, and about a hundred persons of quality of both sexes, including her four little Maries and her illegitimate brothers.

The English Regent, Somerset, had received due notice from his spy, the Laird of Long Niddry, of the intention of

[1] Exchequer Record MSS., Register House, Edinburgh.

the Queen-mother to send the infant Sovereign to France. The Laird, who does not tell all his mind in his bribe-begging letter, reminds Somerset "of the good offers his grace had proponit unto his wife by certain men he had sent unto her at Long Niddry during the battle of Pinkie, and that those fair promises had not yet been made good, although, depending on them, he and his worthy neighbour, the Laird of *Homstrun*," (Cockburn of Ormiston,) "had done all in their power to serve the English cause, both during the battle and since, by which they had taken great skaith, and were as yet without their expected reward, and hopes his Grace will take such services into due consideration." Long Niddry requests his Grace to credit the bearer of this patriotic missive as if it were himself.[1] If Knox, who was the private tutor of the Laird of Long Niddry's two sons, allowed his notions of Mary Stuart to be swayed by his patron's political affections, we are not to wonder at the tone in which he mentions his Sovereign while yet an infant.

If Mary had embarked at Leith, she would probably have been carried to London instead of Paris; for the English fleet, which had been sent out to intercept her, was seen hovering off St Abb's Head the same evening she got out to sea. Her voyage was attended with perils of another kind; for, in consequence of the tempestuous weather, she was tossing on the rough waves off the dangerous coast of Bretagne for many days, and, with her young companions, suffered severely from sea-sickness. Lady Fleming, her governess or lady mistress, as she was in the phraseology of the period entitled, was so ill and weary of the voyage that she besought Monsieur de Villegaignon, the master of the galley, to allow her and her royal charge, and the other children, to go on shore to repose themselves a little; but he peremptorily refused to grant this indulgence—and at last, irritated by her importunity, he so far forgot his national politeness to the fair sex as to tell her, in peremptory terms, "that she should not land, but either go to

[1] State Paper Office MS., Scotch Correspondence—"the Laird of Langnidry to the Duke of Somerset."

France or drown by the way."[1] The prudential measure of convening a company of experienced Scotch mariners and pilots, accustomed to the dangerous navigation of their own coast, for the safe convoy of the little Queen in the royal French galleys, had been previously taken by her anxious mother—a fact which we gather from the following entry, without date, in the Compotus for the year 1548: "Item to John Paterson, pursuivant, direct to Kinghorne, Kirkcaldy, &c., for mariners to be pilots, and pass *about* in the galleys that past to France with the Queen's Grace, 22s."[2] But for this precaution, it is doubtful whether Villegaignon's uncivil inuendo about drowning by the way might not have been fatally verified to poor Lady Fleming. Of course, the fate of a previous female inheritrix of Scotland, who died on her stormy voyage from Norway, filled the hearts of Mary's female train with apprehensions for their young liege lady during the rough weather.

It has generally been stated that Mary landed at Brest; but it appears that Villegaignon, after beating about for thirteen days on the coast of Bretagne, was forced by stress of weather to run into the little port of Roscoff, among the rocks—at that time a nest of pirates and smugglers.[3] Mary and her train arrived in the city of Morlaix, on Monday the 20th of August. The Lord of Rohan, and all the nobility of that district, came to receive the illustrious little stranger, and conducted her to the Dominican convent, where she was to sleep. Mary attended a service of thanksgiving at the church of Nôtre Dame, where *Te Deum* was sung, on account of her escape from the twofold peril of capture and wreck.[4] On her return from the performance of this duty, just as she had passed the gate of the city called the prison, the drawbridge, not being strong enough to bear the weight of the horsemen that thronged it that day, broke under the unwonted pressure, and crashed down into the river, causing great terror and confusion, but happily without loss of life.

[1] State Paper MS. in Tytler's Appendix, vol. vi., Hist. Scotland.
[2] Treasury Records. [3] Dargaud. [4] Albert le Grand.

The Scottish gentlemen, not understanding the nature of the accident, fancied some evil was intended against their young mistress, and raised the cry of "Treason!" Under this misapprehension bloodshed might have followed; but the Lord of Rohan who was walking beside the litter in which Mary rode, repelled the suspicion by confronting those from whom the accusatory exclamation proceeded, and shouting till his voice was heard above the clamour, "Never was Breton capable of treason!" This noble burst of national feeling, in vindication of the loyal honour of his countrymen, reassured Mary's Scottish followers, and the excitement presently subsided.[1] It does not appear that the slightest manifestation of childish alarm was betrayed on this occasion by the little Queen, who, even at that tender period of her existence, manifested the fearless spirit of her race.

"My niece," said her warrior uncle, Francis, Duke of Guise, to her one day, in reference to her courageous disposition, "there is one trait in which, above all others, I recognise my own blood in you—you are as brave as my bravest men-at-arms. If women went into battle now, as they did in ancient times, I think you would know how to die well." Little did he who pronounced this opinion imagine how fully his judgment of the heroic temperament of that fair child would be verified by her deportment on a scaffold. Who, indeed, could have believed that such a doom could be in store for her who was the admired of all eyes, the delight of every heart.

It was considered necessary for Mary to remain two days at Morlaix, to recover from the fatigue and indisposition caused by her harassing voyage; and such was the concourse of people from all quarters, who pressed into the town to obtain a sight of her, that the gates were thrown off their hinges, and the chains from all the bridges were broken down.[2] When Mary was able to proceed, "she was convoyed very princelie through Bretagne[3] and the intermediate country, by short stages, towards the palace of

[1] Albert le Grand. [2] Ibid.
[3] Lesley's Hist. Scotland—Bannatyne edit.

St Germain-en-Laye, where grand preparations had been made for her reception. In every town through which she passed the prison gates were thrown open, and all the captives released, save those who were guilty of murder.[1] As this sweeping act of grace was a very unusual demonstration on such occasions, and mercy was the leading trait of Mary's character, it may very fairly be inferred that it was granted in compliance with her request. When the royal little stranger arrived at the castle of St Germain, the King and Queen of France were absent in Burgundy; but the young Princes and Princesses, including her future consort, the Dauphin Francis, were all there in readiness to welcome her; and to them her arrival was doubtless a most interesting event. The King of France had written a few days previously to M. de Humières, the governor of the Dauphin,[2] "I would not, on any account, have you and my children remove from St Germain at this time, but wish you and them to wait till my daughter, the little Queen of Scots, arrives, which will be soon, for she is to be brought up with them."

An entry in the Royal Compotus of Scotland shows that the following offering for Mary's consort elect was sent to St Germain soon after her arrival, by the Lord Governor Arran, for which her Exchequer *siller* paid: "Item thirteen yards of fine black velvet to cover the four saddles, and the harnessing of the four hackneys, sent into France by his Grace [the Governor Arran] to the Dolphin, price of each ell, £4. Item to the Frenchman callit *Yakis*, [Jacques,] quhilk passed away to France with the four horses sent to the Dolphin." The Dauphin who received this present was a little child thirteen months younger than Mary. As Scotland was never famous for any breed of horses excepting Highland ponies, or Shetland ponies, we may presume that these were the hackneys, with their fine velvet saddles, that were sent for the little Queen's little husband.[3] When Henry II. and his Queen-consort, Cathe-

[1] Bell's Life of Mary Stuart.
[2] July 27, 1548—Egerton Collection, No. 2, British Museum.
[3] Treasury Records, General Register House, Edinburgh.

rine de Medicis, returned to St Germain, they expressed great admiration of Mary's beauty, fine talents, and endearing manners, and declared "that she was so wise and good for a child of her tender age that they saw nothing they could wish altered."[1]

It has generally been asserted by the historians of Mary Stuart, that, soon after her introduction to Henry II. of France, she was conducted to a convent of noble virgins, where she resided several years, passing her time with so much pleasure in this retreat that she appeared to have a decided vocation for a monastic life. This statement, though grounded on the authority of Conaeo,[2] is erroneous. For it may be observed that no particular convent has been specified, although Mary had two maternal aunts abbesses in the princely foundations of St Pierre at Rheims and Farmoustier, to both of whom she was doubtless an occasional visitor; but that her general abode, till she had an establishment of her own, was in one or other of the royal palaces of France we have the indisputable authority of her numerous letters to the Queen her mother, none of which are dated from a religious house. In fact, Mary was constantly attended by her two acting Lord Keepers, the Earl of Livingstone and Lord Erskine, and a numerous retinue of young Scotch nobles, who served her as pages, equerries, and gentlemen in waiting, and these would have been perfectly inadmissible within the walls of a nunnery; neither would the Estates of Scotland have tolerated a conventual education for their Sovereign.

Mary was consigned by the Queen, her mother, to the peculiar care of her grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchess de Guise, with whom she was occasionally to reside; but, in the first instance, it was arranged that she should live in the palace of St Germain, with the King and Queen of France, that she might be educated with her future consort. The following curious note from Henry II. to M. de Humières, on the important subject of a dancing-master for the royal little pair, and their youthful

[1] Letter of Catherine de Medicis to Mary of Lorraine.
[2] Vita di Maria Stuarta by Conaeo, in Jebb's Collection.

attendants, proves that they received their lessons together, and from the same instructors :—

"HENRY II. TO MONSIEUR DE HUMIÈRES.[1]

"MY COUSIN,—Forasmuch as Paul de Rege, present bearer, is a very good balladin, (ballet-dancer,) and is, moreover, of very worthy and estimable conditions, I have been advised to appoint him to teach my son, the Dauphin, how to dance; and also, at the same time, my daughter the Queen of Scotland, and the young gentlemen and ladies at present in *their* service, and my other children. For this purpose, do you present him to my son, and make him lodge and eat with their other officers."

January 10, 1549.

Half Scotch, half French, full of health and vivacity, nature had fitted Mary to excel in this courtly exercise, and she profited so well by the lessons of Paul de Rege that in the course of a few weeks she and her young partner, the Dauphin, danced together before the King and Queen, the foreign ambassadors, and a crowded court, at the nuptial fête of Mary's uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, and attracted universal admiration.[2] Mary inherited from both parents a passionate love of music, and her precious time was unfortunately too much occupied in acquiring great practical skill in an accomplishment by no means useful to a sovereign, and which proved one source of all her calamities, by tempting her to lavish fatal patronage on foreign musicians. Her delight in poetry early indicated itself. Like all the Princes of the Stuart race, she manifested a strong inclination for sylvan sports. Young as she was when she first arrived at St Germain, she astonished all the French ladies by dressing her pet falcon, casting her off, and reclaiming her with her own hands.[3] St Germain was one of the great hunting palaces of Henry II., and the little Queen of Scots exhibited the greatest glee when she saw the dogs issue from their kennels, and the inspiring preparations for the chase. The energetic temperament of the child manifested itself alike in the ardour with which

[1] Egerton Papers, British Museum, edited by Mr Tytler. History of Scotland, vol. vi. Appendix.

[2] Letter of Henry II. in the Balcarras Collection.

[3] Dargaud's Life of Mary Stuart.

she achieved her various tasks, or entered into the frolic games of her juvenile associates.

Catherine de Medicis, who, while she rejected the Divine truths of Scriptural revelation, cherished an absurd belief in starry influences and the predictions of soothsayers, and was herself a dabbler in their forbidden arts, fancied she detected the mysterious signs of an evil destiny darkening the ascendant in the horoscope of her infant daughter-in-law. The celebrated Nostradamus at that time occupied the post of honour in Catherine's astrological establishment, at her favourite Parisian palace. A curious old observatory is all that remains of the building, which beautiful column, now abutting on the Halle de Blé, is still pointed out as the locality of the royal sorceress's nocturnal vigils with her favourite seer. "Do you perceive," said Catherine to him one day, when the little Queen of Scotland was sporting round her—"do you perceive any calamity threatening this fair young head?" "Madame," answered Nostradamus, "I perceive blood."[1] It required no great exertion of the prophetic spirit for one of the greatest historians of his day, (who was skilled to read the events of the future by the record of the past, and knew the successive tragedies whereby the turbulent barons of Scotland had created regnal minorities in that realm for the last two centuries,) to predict that Mary would not be exempted from the fatal heritage of a royal Stuart sovereign. The struggle of the Reformation against the errors of the old established Church of Scotland was also in progress; and the selfish policy of Henry II. of France, in regard to Scotland, was such as to raise a spirit of resistance against foreign domination, even among those who were loyally disposed towards their young Queen. Well, therefore, might any intelligent observer of the ardent temperament and peculiarly difficult position of that hapless victim of circumstances over which she had no control, pronounce that, however brightly her morning star was then shining, it was destined to set in blood. Moreover, Mary's ambitious, wily brother, the young Prior of St Andrews, was then in France, studying

[1] Old French Chronicle of the sixteenth century.

at the French universities, and, if personally known to the historian astrologer, the prediction was only a shrewd guess on the chances of the strongest hand in a game likely to be sharply contested.

There was an intuitive repulsion between Catherine de Medicis and Mary Stuart from a very early period of their intercourse. It was impossible for any sympathy or amalgamation to exist between minds so differently constituted. Yet, as it suited with Catherine's political purposes to lavish excessive caresses on the little northern Sovereign, she bestowed the highest commendations on her conduct and character in her correspondence with the Queen-mother of Scotland. "I desire," she says, "to assure you of the duty of the Queen your daughter—so fair, so wise, so excellent as she is. It cannot fail to be a great satisfaction to you and me, and every one else, to see her what she is. I cannot refrain from telling you how wonderfully fortunate you are to have such a daughter, and for myself also, I may add—since it has pleased God to dispense such a blessing to my lot, for I think it will be the comfort of my old age to have her with me whom I have from God."[1] The fond caressing manner adopted by Henry II. to Mary, combined with his sinister views towards her realm, drew forth a sarcastic comment from Dudley, Earl of Warwick,[2] who asked Lansac, the French ambassador at the Court of Edward VI., "whether the most Christian King his master did not call the little Queen of Scotland his daughter?" and receiving a reply in the affirmative rejoined: "After his Majesty has eaten the cabbage, I fancy he wants to have the garden also."[3]

Mary remained at St Germain-en-Laye during the autumn and winter of 1548, and the early spring months of 1549. Her grandmother, and her uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess de Guise, Francis le Balafré and Anne d'Este, visited her at that palace in the month of

[1] Autograph letter from Queen of France to the Queen-mother of Scotland—Balcarras MSS., Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

[2] Afterwards the Protector Northumberland.

[3] Pièces et Documens Inédits, rélatifs à l'Histoire d'Ecosse—Collection par M. Teulet, vol. i.

February, as we find from the faithful Lord Keeper Erskine's letter to the Queen-mother.[1] Soon after, the princesses of France were sent for a while to the convent of Poissy; and Mary was removed to Blois. An alteration was then made in the ordering of her Scotch establishment, probably by the direction of Catherine de Medicis, which gave great offence to Janet Sinclair, her little Majesty of Scotland's nurse;—Mistress Janet being deprived of her authority in the nursery department, mulcted of her allowance of wine, fire, and candles,[2] and compelled to sit at table with two Frenchwomen, whom she considered neither in morals nor degree meet company for her. Janet was not a person to take such indignities patiently. She appealed first to the grandmother of her royal charge, the Duchess de Guise, who remonstrated with Monsieur de Humières on the subject, and endeavoured to replace Madame nurse on her original footing; but in vain. Janet then wrote a memorial of her wrongs to the Queen-mother, Mary of Lorraine, complaining of the low wages she received, and the unpunctuality of payment. The disputes between Janet Sinclair and the French authorities in the Palace of Blois appear to have been decided in her favour, by the intervention of Mary of Lorraine with the King of France, for mistress Janet retained her situation about the little Queen, unmolested by further infringements on the dignity of her vocation.

When in her eighth year, Mary wrote the following letter to her grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, to communicate to her the pleasant news of the promised visit of her beloved parent, Mary of Lorraine:[3]—

"From St Germain-en-Laye,
"3 *June*, 1550.

"My Lady,—I have been very glad to be able to offer you these present lines, for the purpose of telling you the joyful tidings which I have received from the Queen my mother, who has promised me, by her letters dated

[1] See vol. ii. Lives of Queens of Scotland.
[2] Janet's letter, printed in Life of Mary of Lorraine.
[3] From the original French, printed by Prince Labanoff in his Second Supplement, vol. vii.—Récueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart.

xxii of April, to come over very soon to see you and me, and for us to see her, which will be to me the greatest happiness that I could desire in this world; and this rejoices me to such a degree as to make me think I ought to do my duty to the utmost, in the mean time, and study to become very wise, in order to satisfy the good desire she has to see me all you and she wish me to be. I pray you, my Lady, to increase my joy, if it be agreeable to you, by coming hither soon, and to arm yourself with all the patience which you know is needed in the interim. Inform me, I beseech you, of all your pleasant news, and hold me always in your good graces, to which I beg most humbly to commend myself, and also to those of my aunt, whom I love the more for the good company she is to you. Praying God, my Lady, to give you health and long life, and all you most desire.—Your very humble and obedient Daughter, MARIE."

"At Saint Germains, iij June."

Endorsed—"A ma Dame ma Grandmère, ma Dame la Duchesse de Guyse."

The exhortation of the little Queen, in her eighth year, to her lady grandmother, to arm herself with such patience as will be necessary to sustain her during the interval that must elapse before the arrival of her for whose presence her own heart fondly yearned, is a pretty touch of nature; as well as her laudable resolution, so naïvely expressed, to perform all her duties in the best manner she could, in the hope of making herself very wise before her mother comes, in order to be found more worthy of her love. This eagerly anticipated meeting between Mary and her mother did not take place till September 1550, and then in the presence of the assembled courts of France and Scotland, when the young Queen was compelled to restrain the warm gush of filial affection, and, instead of rushing to the maternal embrace, to act the part of the Sovereign, which had been prescribed to her on this occasion, by delivering a formal speech of welcome, with inquiries after the affairs of Church and State in her realm.[1] This was Mary's first introduction into public life; and she appears to have excited much admiration by her beauty, grace, ready wit, and amiable demeanour, during the brilliant succession of pageants, royal fêtes, and progresses, in which she was brought forward as the small *prima donna* by Henry II. and her mother.

[1] See Life of Mary of Lorraine—Queens of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 133 *et seq.*

The events of that year having already been detailed in the Life of Mary of Lorraine, it will only be necessary to remind the reader, who may not have bestowed due attention on the preceding biography, that a cruel device for poisoning the innocent child was confessed by one of the French King's archer-guard, a fanatic, whose only motive for desiring her death was to place her kinsman, Matthew, Earl of Lennox, a political Protestant, on the throne of Scotland, and bring his Countess, the Lady Margaret Douglas, one degree nearer to the regal succession of Great Britain. In truth, such a contingency as Mary's death would have put the Earl and Countess in position to contest the Crown of both realms. Matthew's innocence of any implication in this atrocious design of his partisan, Robert Stuart, was loudly protested by his friend, the Earl of Warwick; but his previous and subsequent conduct towards Mary and her realm render this obscure fact suspicious at the least. Previous to Mary's birth, James V. had sown a fatal seed of ambition in his mind, by promising to adopt him as his successor, to the prejudice of the house of Hamilton; the infant inheritrix of the throne was therefore a most inconvenient and unwelcome personage to him, from the first moment of her existence. The manner in which he had been tantalised by Cardinal Beton with the promise of the regency, and the hand of the beautiful Queen-mother, did not increase his loyal affection for his young Sovereign; and when he became the husband of her aunt, whom Mary's prior claim to the prospective regal succession of England would bar in like manner from the throne of the Tudors, as she had done himself from that of Stuart, there was, to a man of his unscrupulous temper, a temptation for desiring her death;—but whether he were the actual suborner of Robert Stuart's cruel design of mingling poison in her favourite dish, it is not possible to decide; although friendship for him, and a desire to make him King of Scotland, was Stuart's avowed motive. As far as presumptive evidence goes, a strong case might be made out against Lennox from Stuart's confession.

The hand of Mary was formally demanded for her royal

cousin of England, by the Marquis of Northampton, of the King of France, in her own presence, at Nantes, June 20, 1551; when she, being in her ninth year, was at least able to signify her pleasure on the occasion. As she loved her betrothed little partner Francis, the Dauphin—the associate of her tasks, her dancing lessons, and her sports—her answer was of course a hearty negative.[1] Mary parted with her royal mother soon after at Fontainebleau, never to meet again. This separation was quickly followed by another sorrow—the untimely death of her half-brother, the young Duke of Longueville; an event which, however painful to the affectionate heart of the little Queen of Scotland, had the necessary effect of putting a stop to the pernicious practice of bringing her forward on all occasions, as an attractive object of display, at public fêtes and processions—a system, generally speaking, destructive to health, and diametrically opposed to the simplicity and retiring graces of childhood, besides the fatal waste of time, which ought at that period of life to be employed in the acquisition of useful knowledge.[2]

[1] State Paper MS., Northampton to Cecil.
[2] See the Life of Mary of Lorraine.

MARY STUART

CHAPTER II.

SUMMARY

Mary's Scotch governess, Lady Fleming, superseded by Madame de Parois —Mary's submission to her Lorraine relatives—She visits the Duke of Guise at Meudon—Letters of Cardinal de Lorraine to her mother, descriptive of her abilities and conduct—Education with the Princesses of France at Amboise—Takes part in a ballet—Poetical compliments to the King of France, &c.—Particulars of her juvenile life—Appoints her mother Queen-regent of Scotland — Mary's letters to her — Mary's contention with her uncle Guise—Mary tormented by her ill-tempered, fanatic governess—Representations to her mother concerning her—Mary's Latin oration before the King—Anecdotes of her childhood —Visit to Fontainebleau—Receives graciously some of her Scotch subjects of the middle class—Early portraits of Mary—Sufferings from the temper of her governess—Mary's prudence and modesty—Her letters concerning Scotland—Early trials of patience—Her letter to her mother on her domestic misery—Her tutor John Erskine—Her Latin master, George Buchanan—His verses in her praise—Mary's letters to her mother —Particulars of her dress and Scotch costume—Affection to her mother—Negotiations for the marriage of Mary and the Dauphin Francis—Henry II, obliges her to sign papers injurious to Scotland—Affiancing of Mary and the Dauphin.

DURING the mourning for her brother, Mary recommenced the studies and lessons which had been interrupted by frequent change of place and the royal festivities in honour of her mother's visit. The place of her Scotch governess, Lady Fleming, was supplied by Madame Parois, a Roman-Catholic devotee, who had been selected by Cardinal Lorraine, as a person likely to second his views of educating his royal niece in the ultra principles of that church, which it was so much to the interest of the house of Guise to uphold. He had been intrusted by the Queen-mother, his

sister, with the superintendence of Mary's personal arrangements; and while he carefully fulfilled the duty of an uncle towards his precious charge, by paying the most vigilant attention to her health, morals, and intellectual culture, he laboured to impress her plastic mind with such sentiments as would render her genius, her fascinations, her very virtues, subservient to his political views. At this early period his influence commenced with Mary Stuart, from whom he received the implicit and dutiful submission of a daughter. The love and obedience which Mary yielded to the Cardinal, inimical as they were to the temper of the times in Scotland, ought not to be censured, for to him the parental authority of her absent mother was delegated; and he represented, to the confiding child, the father whose protecting care she had never known.

Under his auspices Mary vied in learning, as well as accomplishments, with her royal cousins of the house of Tudor. She acquired an early proficiency in Latin and Italian; she made some progress in Greek, and delighted in the royal sciences of geography and history; she had a passion for poetry and music, and she excelled in needlework—that feminine acquirement which afterwards proved so great a solace to her in the house of bondage. Mary's warlike uncle, Francis, Duke of Guise, loved her more dearly than any of his own children, and, fearing the severe routine of so elaborate an education might impair her health, he occasionally carried her off to his fine chateau at Meudon, to renovate her spirits with a thorough change of scene and occupation. He mounted her on horseback, and made her accompany him to the chase. He told her stories of martial deeds, romped with her, exerted all his ingenuity to prepare agreeable surprises and pleasures for her, and lavished his gifts on her with profuse generosity; nothing his jewel-house contained was too precious to be thus appropriated.[1] Mary loved him in return, with the ardour of a fond and grateful child; for, however terrible to others, he was all tenderness to her; and if he did not

[1] Dargaud's Memoirs of Mary Stuart.

succeed in spoiling her, he treated her with an excess of indulgence, of which she ever retained the most lively remembrance. She was also much attached to his admirable consort, Anne d'Este, and their children.

In the winter of 1552, Mary accompanied the King and Queen, and royal children of France, to the castle of Amboise, where they spent a considerable time together. Cardinal Lorraine, who was of the party, gives the following pleasant account to her royal mother, of Mary's progress and deportment: "The said lady, your daughter, improves and increases every day in stature, goodness, beauty, wisdom, and worth. She is so perfect and accomplished in all things, honourable, and virtuous, that the like of her is not to be seen in this realm, whether noble damsel, maiden of low degree, or in middle station; and I must tell you, Madam, that the King has taken such a liking for her that he spends much of his time in chatting with her, sometimes by the hour together; and she knows as well how to entertain him, with pleasant and sensible subjects of conversation, as if she were a woman of five-and-twenty."[1]

The Cardinal proceeds to inform his royal sister, that the King had brought the young Princes and Princesses his children, as well as the Queen her daughter, intending to remain about eight days at Amboise, having made a separate establishment there for the Dauphin, to whom he had appointed Monsieur d'Urfé governor. He tells her that the Queen of France had brought her two daughters, Elizabeth and Claude, with her, but allowed them no state separate from her own, for that, till they were married, she would not admit any person to have authority over them, that being the way to keep them in fear and obedience. "I am of the same opinion," pursues the Cardinal, "and I would not, if I were you, permit that any one but yourself, or some one appointed especially by yourself to that charge, should command your daughter; and over such person I would be sure to keep a tight hand, as by that means you would always have more

[1] Prince Labanoff—Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart, vol. i. p. 9.

power. But, knowing her goodness, I can assure you that you will never receive from her anything but entire obedience."[1]

This is a curious paragraph, and shows the jealous fear entertained by the Cardinal, lest the influence of the house of Guise should be superseded in the mind of the young Sovereign of Scotland, by the introduction of any person appointed by the King of France as her state governess. He goes on to point out the leading characteristics of the royal child, who had only just completed her tenth year, and was yet right queenly in her contempt for meanness. She had attained the age at which it was customary for personages of her high degree to have a suitable establishment. "She came hither the other day," continues the Cardinal, "with my said lords and ladies, (the children of France,) and brought her train, all that she has been accustomed to have, and it now remains for you to consider what estate and equipage she ought to maintain." He gives very prudent advice to the Queen-mother on this important subject, telling her, that he has drawn up for her consideration a plan of her royal daughter's household, including all the persons then in her service, whom it appeared desirable to retain about her; that he has added a calculation of what the annual expenditure of such an establishment ought to be, noting the outlay separately for each item. "In regard to this estate," observes he,[2] "my advice to you is, that there be neither superfluity nor meanness, which is the thing in the world she dislikes the most; and believe me, Madam, her spirit is already so high and noble that she would make great demonstration of displeasure at seeing herself degradingly treated, and that would be the way to make her wish to be out of tutelage, and in the enjoyment of her own authority. If you think, Madam, the arrangement I have drawn up be not on a scale sufficiently grand for her quality and position, you can increase or add to it in any way you think good; and it will be needful for you to consider about providing the

[1] Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart, by Prince Labanoff, i. 10-11.
[2] Ibid. vol. i.

funds for it, as it is useless hoping for them on this side the water, for the King's revenues are very small, and he will have to disburse money for the fortifications, which are all charged to his account."[1] The Cardinal exerts much eloquence in demonstrating to his sister the necessity of taking upon herself, at any sacrifice, the charges of her royal daughter's establishment, in order to retain the power of ordering it her own way. He says "he forgets not to remind the young Queen to keep a guard on her lips; for really some of those in that Court were so bad in that respect, that he was very anxious to have her separated from them, by the formation of an establishment of her own." In the same letter, the Cardinal alludes rather mysteriously to a little transaction, which he had arranged for his sister, with "Madame la Marquise," some influential lady of the French court, whom she wished to have propitiated with a present, and had given her the choice between a jewel or a sum of money. "She preferred," he says, "the emerald to all the other precious stones which were shown her, and would not accept the money. Of this I was exceedingly glad, because the Queen your daughter has not been given too large a store of that, but has plenty of jewels of the same kind; and when the time comes that she may wish to appear in full dress, I shall not refuse to lend her some of yours;—and if you will be pleased to give her those in your own possession, which you have promised us, we shall have the means of making her very pretty on proper occasions."[2] This letter is dated February 25, 1552-3.[3]

Mary had completed her tenth year in the preceding December, and was at that time pursuing her education with her royal sisters-in-law, Elizabeth of France, afterwards Queen of Spain, and Claude of France, subsequently married to her cousin, the young Duke of Lorraine. The friendship which united her with these princesses in childhood was only interrupted by death. Mary's high spirit, and innate aversion to anything mean and base, led her to

[1] Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart, by Prince Labanoff, vol. i.
[2] Ibid. vol. i. p. 15. [3] Ibid.

be generous as far as her power went; to those around her, she was always anxious to give, and to use her influence to promote the interests of those who waited upon her. She was frequently a suitor to her royal mother, in behalf of her nurse Janet, her foster-brothers, and others of her personal attendants. The following is a specimen of one of her juvenile letters to the Queen-mother, without date, but written at the period when the question of giving her a separate establishment was under consideration :—

"MADAME,[1]—I am informed that the Queen [*of France*] and my Uncle, Monsieur le Cardinal, have told you all the news, which renders it unnecessary for me to write to you a longer letter than merely to entreat you, very humbly, to keep me always in your good graces. Madame, if it should please you to increase my household, by letting me have an usher of the chamber, I pray you that it may be Rufflets, my usher of the saloon, for he is a very good and ancient servant. I send you the letters that my lady Grandmother has written to you. Praying our Lord, Madame, to give you, in continued health, a very happy life.—Your very humble and obedient Daughter, MARIE."

Mary writes again to her royal mother, January 1, 1554, to announce the fact that she had been put in possession of the regal establishment, which had been after some delay arranged for her, and that she was going to do her honours for the first time, to the most beloved of guests. "This day," she says, "I have entered into the estate you have been pleased to appoint for me, and in the evening my uncle, Monsieur the Cardinal, comes to sup with me. I hope, through your good ordering, everything will be well conducted." Mary had completed her eleventh year a few days before this change was effected. The same year we find the fair young Queen, and two of her Scotch Maries, performing parts in a classical ballet, composed by Queen Catherine de Medicis, for her royal daughters of France, and Mary, who, with three other young ladies, were to personate six sybils, and to address in turn a quatrain verse of compliment and welcome to the King, Henry II., on his return from his southern provinces.[2] The first sybil was Elizabeth, Madame de France,

[1] Balcarras Collection—Advocates' Library.
[2] Poésies de St Gelais, edition of 1574, printed at Lyons.

his eldest daughter; the second, Clarice or Clarissa Strozzi, a relative of Queen Catherine; the third was Mary Stuart, the young Queen of Scots, his ward and guest; the fourth was the fairest of her young attendants, Mary Fleming, who, in the character of the sybil Erytia, addressed some really beautiful lines to Marguerite de Valois, sister of Henry II., intimating "that the waves of ocean produced not a pearl of such price as the unique and pure Marguerite." The fifth sybil was the Princess Claude of France; and the sixth, Mary Livingstone.

By the advice of the Queen-mother, the royal minor chose Henry II. of France, and her maternal uncles, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, and Francis, Duke of Guise, for her guardians.[1] This was the preparatory step for conferring the regency of her realm on that beloved parent, who, of course, in the opinion of a dutiful and affectionate child, was the most desirable person to rule as her deputy; accordingly, Mary willingly rendered herself instrumental to her mother's elevation as Queen-regent of Scotland, although not legally qualified to choose her representative in the government of her country till she had attained the age of twelve years. The objection was, however, overruled; and this premature exercise of her royal prerogative was prefaced by executing, on the 22d of March 1554, a discharge to the Lord Governor, now Duke of Châtelherault, of all his defalcations of treasure, jewels, and plate. The validity of this instrument being undisputed by her disputative lieges, the little Queen was empowered and encouraged by her royal friend and protector, Henry II. of France, to perform by her proxy, Monsieur d'Oysell, the more important act of constituting her royal mother Queen-regent of Scotland and the Isles, by her own authority. Mary was at Meudon near Paris with her widowed grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, when she signed those papers. It was there that the juvenile Sovereign received

[1] As the particulars of this first exercise of Mary Stuart's regal prerogative, as well as the history of the regency, have been related in the Life of Mary of Lorraine, it will be necessary to refer the reader to the volume of Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses containing that Memoir.

the agreeable intelligence that her appointments had been confirmed by the Estates of Scotland. Her letter of congratulation to her royal mother, on her induction into the office of Regent, is written from that place, where she says the King and Queen of France are expected to be present at the baptism of her baby-cousin, the second son of the Duke and Duchess de Guise. The boy was afterwards an historical character, being no other than Charles, Duke de Mayenne. At the christening fête, Mary occupied a distinguished place, and we gather from the letter of her uncle, Cardinal Lorraine, to the Queen-mother, that she attracted great attention.

"You may believe, Madam," he writes, "that we had a good view there of the Queen your daughter, who is well, and indeed in the best health she ever had. I am astonished," continues the Cardinal,[1] "at what you have written to me about her being sickly. It can only have been said by malicious persons out of ill nature; for I assure you she never was better, and that the physicians themselves declare that she is of a constitution likely to live as long, with God's help, as any of her kindred. It is true that she has had, now and then, obstruction of the heart, when she has forgotten herself and eaten a little too much; for she has such a keen appetite that, if she were to eat as much as she desires, her stomach would often be out of order; but I will have more care taken about her diet." From this homely matter-of-fact paragraph we find that the little Queen, like all children of rapid growth and precocious intellect who are compelled to study very hard, had a ravenous appetite and indifferent digestion. We trace, in the correspondence to which we are indebted for these minute details of Mary's childhood, that the symptoms of heart disease and liver complaint which attended her through life appeared at a tender age; and no wonder—for, in addition to her elaborate and numerous lessons and exercises in ancient and modern languages, science, and accomplishments, her mind was prematurely

[1] Letter of Cardinal de Lorraine to his sister, Mary of Lorraine, Queen-regent of Scotland—Balcarras Collection, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

harassed with cares of state. In one of her little letters, Mary notices "that the Bishop of Galloway has been to pay his duty to her, and that he has promised to be very obedient to her royal mother, the Queen-regent of Scotland, and to render her all the service in his power.[1] Mary writes again to her mother from Marchais, by the same prelate, apparently a few days afterwards, the following pretty little letter, which must be given at length :—

"*De* MARCHAIS, *the 23d June* 1554.

"MADAME,—Although the Bishop of Galloway, the present bearer, is now going to you, and can render you a good account of the state of health in which he leaves me, I cannot omit writing you this little note, to tell you, Madame, that, God be thanked, I continue as well as I was when I last sent to you; and that I continue to employ myself in all things that I know to be agreeable to the King, my lord and good father, and to you. Assuring you truly, Madame, that, since business will not allow me to see you now, the greatest pleasure I can take is to hear from you often, and to learn by your letters that you are in prosperity and health; and I hope frequently to be able to communicate such tidings of myself as may be to your contentment. Recommending myself very humbly to your good grace, and praying God, Madame, to give you, in health, a happy life and long.—Your very humble, and very obedient daughter, MARIE."[2]

"Written at Marchais, this 23d of June 1554."

Superscribed—"To the Queen, my Mother."

Mary had to give audiences to deputations, to receive addresses and appeals from the rival parties in Scotland, to frame her replies so discreetly as to give offence to none; and, to avoid embarrassing her mother, in her difficult and onerous office, by the utterance of an unguarded sentence, she had also to write clear business-like reports to that anxious parent of everything that passed on such occasions. "I must not fail to apprise you," writes Mary, when only in her twelfth year, to her absent mother, "that the Abbot of Kilwinning has brought me letters from my cousin, the Duke de Châtelherault, and the other Lords also. These I have shown to my uncle, Monsieur the Cardinal; and by his advice I send you, in order that you

[1] Letter of Cardinal de Lorraine to his sister, Mary of Lorraine, Queen-regent of Scotland—Balcarras Collection, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

[2] Balcarras Collection, &c.

may answer them according as it shall seem good to you, fourteen blank sheets with my signature: these I have merely signed *Marie;* and fifteen signed *La bien votre Marie;* and six signed *Votre bonne sœur Marie.*" These last were intended for letters written in her name to crowned heads. "I assure you," continues Mary, "the said Abbot of Kilwinning failed not to enlarge on the services done by my cousin, the Duke de Châtelherault, to the late King my father, styling him 'the Governor;' but I am told that his words are finer than his deeds. The King (Henry of France) made me repeat at length all he said to me, and my uncles also, that they might make out whether it was all right."[1] Many things were communicated to Mary by her mother, with an injunction that she should reveal them to no one; and these commands, however difficult to a child of her age, were most conscientiously obeyed. "I have received," writes the juvenile Sovereign to her maternal parent, "the letters you were pleased to write to me, by Artus Asquin, [Arthur Erskine,] whereby I perceive you were glad that I kept to myself the things you thought proper to send me privately. I assure you, Madam, that nothing which comes from you will ever be disclosed by me. I am glad you approved of the discourse I held with the Abbot of Kilwinning."[2]

Mary's opinion, young as she was, had been asked on the subject of the punishment of her Lord Chancellor, for she says—"As to what has been done to the Earl of Huntley, it appears to me that it was very proper, and even an act of justice; for, from all I can understand, he had a great lack of that in his own conduct. I am very glad," continues the royal minor to her maternal Regent, "that you have found means to augment your power. I write now

[1] Balcarras Collection, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

[2] In the Balcarras Collection. Prince Labanoff, who has printed this curious letter in the original French, in his Recueil, vol. i. p. 5, assigns to it the date of 1552, when Mary was only ten years old. But it was morally as well as physically impossible, precocious though she were in understanding, for the little Queen to have written such a letter, unassisted by governess or preceptor, and indeed without their privity, at so tender an age. Besides, it is clearly, from the circumstances to which it refers, written in the second year of the Regency of Mary of Lorraine, 1555.

to Monsieur d'Oysell, to thank him for the good services he renders you daily, and have let him know that I have spoken to the King that he may be pleased to allow him to take the rank of Chevalier d'Honneur, to which he has replied, as you will see by the said letters written by me to Monsieur d'Oysell—for they are open in your packet, that you may see if they are such as you approve. I have shown them to Monsieur de Guise, my uncle, who thinks they will do very well."

The young royal writer next adverts to matters of more personal interest to a girl of her age. "I understand," she says, "through the people of my cousin the Count of Châtelherault, (meaning the young Earl of Arran,) that his father intends to send over a gentleman who would bring me some jewels in his packages, but I am not certain of this." Sentiments of dutiful devotion to her mother's wishes are very prettily expressed in the next paragraph: "I pray you very humbly to believe that I will not fail to obey you in whatever you may be pleased to enjoin, and to think that the chief desire I have in this world is to be agreeable and very obedient to you, and to render you all the services possible, as I am bound to do. I see, by your letters, that you pray me to make good the marriage gift of the late Monsieur Erskine to his son, who is here. I entreat you never to speak, but to command me as your very humble and obedient daughter and servant, for otherwise I should not think I could hold a place in your regard. As to my master," continues the royal pupil, "I do as I am directed." She mentions, though very guardedly, something like a contest between her and her warrior uncle, Francis, Duke of Guise, who insisted on seeing her mother's private letters to herself. "I have shown," says she, "the letters you were pleased to write to me to my uncle, Monsieur de Guise, perceiving plainly that he would make me do so, notwithstanding the commands that were given me. I would not have shown them to him if I had not been afraid of meddling in that business without his aid." [1]

[1] Mary Stuart to her mother, the Queen-dowager — Balcarras MSS., Advocates' Library.

This dispute between Mary and Le Balafré took place in the absence of her accredited monitor, Cardinal de Lorraine, who was not to return in less than three weeks or a month. "I have written," she says, "to my bastard brother, by the advice of my uncle, Monsieur de Guise, and left the letter open that you may see whether it be according to your pleasure." Somewhat of gentle reproach, for her royal mother's inattention to an oft-repeated request in behalf of some of her personal attendants, follows in these words,—"I have frequently written to beg you to raise the wages of my waiting-women, and of my valet-de-chambre, Gillebert, and my tailor, Nicolas, and they pray me to remind you of the same." [1]

In a subsequent letter, Mary states that the Earl of Huntley had written to herself, to solicit permission to visit Rome, and also on the subject of a promised grant of lucrative Church lands, with which the Queen-regent proposed to reimburse him for the forfeitures she had taken from him. The young Queen, who early felt the high responsibilities attached to her vocation, and regarded this proposition as a temptation to violate her duties by anticipation, addresses the following respectful remonstrance to her royal mother in reply: "I entreat you, in all humility, Madam, to pardon me, and not to take it amiss if, in the government of my realm, I follow the example of the King [of France,] who never gives away a benefice before the death of the incumbent, on account of the inconveniences with which such practices are fraught. I have returned this answer to the Earl of Huntley, with the assurance that, when an opportunity offers, I will not forget to reward the services he has performed both for you and me." [2] Mary had, however, previously been herself a solicitor to her mother that Church preferment might be bestowed on her nurse's son — "the same," she observes, with a view of touching a tender chord of maternal remembrance,

[1] Mary Stuart to her mother, the Queen-dowager — Balcarras MSS., Advocates' Library.

[2] Letter from Queen Mary to her mother, the Queen-regent of Scotland — Balcarras Collection, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

that might incline the royal matron to grant her request, "that Janet had when she was nourishing the Lord Prince, my late brother." [1] In this, and other of her artless little letters to the Queen her mother, Mary mentions, with lively feelings of gratitude, the faithful service her Scotch nurse daily renders her, and frequently urges her mother to raise the wages of Janet's spouse, John Camp or Kemp, who filled the post of valet-de-chambre to his royal foster-daughter.[2]

Mary doubtless found much solace in the affection of this honest pair during the period she was subjected to the harsh domination of her jealous, ill-tempered governess, Madame Parois, who not only treated her most unkindly, but endeavoured to prejudice the Queen of France and her grandmother, the Duchess-dowager of Guise, against her, and at last went so far as to write a letter full of unreasonable complaints to the Queen-mother herself. All this ill-will against the young Queen was excited by no other cause than her having, with full leave from the Queen-mother, exercised her own discretion in giving away some of the rich dresses in her wardrobe, on which the governess had set her affections, and claimed as her own especial perquisites.

A curious page in Mary's early history, which has escaped the research of her numerous biographers, is unfolded in her own artless narrative of the conduct of Madame Parois on that occasion. The young Queen having completed her thirteenth year, and thus attained to what was considered the age of discretion in a royal minor, regal etiquette prescribed that she should assume a more womanly costume than she had hitherto worn. Her juvenile wardrobe, which was exceedingly rich and valuable, being unsuitable for her subsequent use, her mother wrote word to her that she might distribute it in presents according to

[1] Letter from Queen Mary to her mother, the Queen-regent of Scotland —Balcarras Collection, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

[2] An office somewhat similar to that of groom of the chamber, and by no means involving the duties usually connected with that term in modern times.

her own pleasure. It was considered an edifying custom for queens in those days to devote some of their superfluous regal finery to the decoration of churches and religious houses, and Mary of course considered that she was making a very proper use of hers in bestowing one of her most costly robes on her aunt Renée of Lorraine, the abbess of St Pierre des Dames, at Rheims, and two others on her aunt, Antoinette de Lorraine, abbess of Farmoustier, to make curtains called *paraments* for the chancels of their churches. Three other dresses of less value she gave to her personal attendants, and was proceeding to the distribution of the rest, when Madame Parois angrily interfered, with this reproachful taunt, "I see you are afraid of my enriching myself in your service; it is plain you intend to keep *me* poor;"—adding, "that the consciences of those who had received these things would be heavily burdened by this proceeding." "What a pity it was she should say so," is the mild comment of the young Queen, in her simple business-like statement of the affair to her absent mother,[1] which evidently she would not have entered into at all, except in self-defence, for she proceeds in these words, "I know very well that she wrote a letter to you, telling you that when we were at Villers-Côterèts, and she made a journey to Paris about her lawsuit, I prevented her on her return from having any further authority over my wardrobe, and would not permit her to take charge any more of that department. Madame, I very humbly beseech you to believe," continues Mary to her mother,[2] "that there is nothing in all this; for, in the first place, I never prevented her from having power over my wardrobe, because I well knew I ought not to do it; but I merely told John, my valet-de-chambre, that when she wished to take anything away he should apprise me, for, otherwise, if I wanted to give it away I might find it gone. As to what she has written to you of, my having always had power to do what I pleased with my things, I can assure you I have never been allowed by her the credit of giving away so

[1] Letter of Mary to the Queen-mother—Balcarras Coll.

[2] Ibid.

much as a pin, and thus I have acquired the reputation of being niggardly, insomuch that several persons have actually told me that I did not resemble you in that." These were of course bitter mortifications to a Princess of Mary's high and generous spirit, whose greatest pleasure was to act with the munificence that beseemed her rank. Her innate sense of moral justice was besides offended at the misrepresentations of which her governess had been guilty; and she indignantly adds, "I am surprised how she could dare to write to you anything so opposed to truth. I will send you an inventory of all the clothes I have had since I came to France, that you may see the control she has exercised; and I beseech you very humbly, Madame, to give credit to all the explanations on that list."[1] These statements were probably furnished by Mary's nurse and foster-father the valet-de-chambre, as the name of the latter is mixed up in the dispute. Moreover, the young Queen solicits earnestly that the office of master of her wardrobe may be conferred on "Maitre Jehans," (John Camp,) pleading that it had been promised to him by her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, with the Queen-mother's consent.

In the same letter Mary mentions "that the King of France's physician, Monsieur de la Romanerie, who was then attending the younger children of that monarch, was desirous of his wife, who was a very honourable young woman, being added to the number of her ladies; and as she asked nothing more than was usual without wages, and as he had often performed good services for herself, and was capable of doing more, she requested permission to return a favourable answer to his suit." Mary speaks with grateful affection of her uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess de Guise, "who take," she says, "as much care of me and my concerns as if I were their own child. As for my uncle, Monsieur le Cardinal, I need not speak of him, since what he does is so well known to you; but all my other uncles would do as much, if they had the means. I pray you to write and thank them for their kindness to me,

[1] Letter of Mary to the Queen-dowager of Scotland—Balcarras Collection.

and beg them to continue the same, for their care of me is incredible. I can say no less for Madame de Valentinois."[1] This was the King of France's female favourite, Diane de Poictiers, who certainly was not the most suitable person in the world to be on terms of familiar intercourse with the young maiden Sovereign of Scotland.

Mary was at Paris on the New Year's Day, 1554–5, when she astonished the court of France and all the foreign ambassadors by the ease and grace with which she recited to the King, in the great gallery of the Louvre, in the presence of that distinguished company, an oration in Latin of her own composition, in the style of Cicero, setting forth, in opposition to the general opinion to the contrary, the capacity of females for the highest mental acquirements, such as literature and the fine arts[2]—a proposition which no one who heard and saw the fair and learned young Queen that day felt perhaps disposed to deny. "She both spoke and understood Latin admirably well," says Brantôme, "as I was myself a witness, and induced Antoine Fochain of Chauny, in the Vermandois, to address her in French on the subject of rhetoric, to which, though unprepared, she replied with as much wit and eloquence as if she had been born in France. It was really beautiful to observe her manner of speaking, whether to the high or low. From the time she arrived in France she had dedicated two hours a-day to reading and study, so that there were few sciences, even, on which she could not converse, and she always expressed herself gracefully and well; but she delighted in poetry above everything, and loved to discourse of it with Ronsard, du Bellay, and Maison Fleur."[3]

According to the customs of France, the Queen and Princesses, on festival days, assisted at those picturesque remnants of paganism — the gorgeous processions of the Church. The high rank of the young Sovereign of Scot-

[1] Letter of Mary to the Queen-dowager of Scotland—Balcarras Collection.
[2] Les Vies des Dames Illustres, par Seigneur de Brantôme. A MS. copy of the Latin Oration spoken by the Queen to the King of France is enumerated in the Catalogue of Queen Mary's library at Holyrood.
[3] Ibid.

land gave her, of course, a distinguished place on those occasions. In one of her juvenile letters to her mother she tells her "that she has walked in the procession of our Lady de Liesse, and sends her the image she carried."[1] On Palm Sunday she, in company with all the Princesses and ladies of the Court of France, carried a palm branch to and from church; and on Candlemas day a taper. It was on the latter occasion that a woman, whose enthusiasm was excited by the imposing character of a pageant well calculated to enchant the ignorant, was so dazzled with the beauty and heavenly expression of Mary's countenance, and the splendour of her dress, as to fancy her into a celestial instead of a mortal assistant in the ceremonial; and, flinging herself at the feet of the royal child, exclaimed, "Are you not indeed an angel?"[2]

Mary was with the royal family of France at Fontainebleau when the ambassadors from Mary I. of England arrived, and received their first audience from Henry II., Feb. 27, 1555. A curious journal of the proceedings of their Excellencies is preserved, including the following quaint description of Fontainebleau as it was in the days when Mary Stuart sported as a child among these royal bowers, and took her early lessons in the regal accomplishment of giving state receptions with ease and grace. "The palace is called de Fontainebleau,[3] because of the goodly fountain it hath within the house, and the fairness of the water. I may sample the state thereof to the Honour of Hampton Court, which, as it passeth Fontainebleau in respect to the great hall (of Wolsey) and the chambers, so it is inferior in outward beauty and uniformity. The covering is of blue slate, all the rest of it of freestone. There is an outcourt or quadrant, whereof one side is a gallery to walk in, being in length six hundred feet. There is also on the south side a garden, having in it a great pond, the walks and alleys shadowed with cypress trees. At the

[1] Printed in the original French by Prince Labanoff—Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart.

[2] Miss Benger's Life of Mary Stuart.

[3] Harleian MS., 252, f. 15—Journal of Ambassadors from Mary I. to Henry II., 1555. The style seems that of Morrison.

end of one of the alleys is a vault curiously constructed out of the natural rock, whither the royalty of Fontainebleau do repair to refresh themselves in hot weather. There is a privy garden with antiquities in copper. In the face of the royal lodging riseth a great fountain, spouting with five spouts upright out of a natural rock. Fontainebleau standeth in a valley compassed about with rocky hills not very high; and the country is forest, full of deer, wolves, and bears. Their Excellencies the ambassadors were brought to the presence of Henry II. about five o'clock; he received them very gently, and embraced them. They were brought into the Queen's chamber of presence, where the Queen of France herself, accompanied by the Queen of Scots, and two of the French Princesses, her own daughters, were ready to receive them." The next day, interest was made with the English ambassadors by some Scottish gentlemen, that they might be present at a grand reception given by Catherine de Medicis, for the Scots longed to see their own Queen, and hear her speak. When Mary heard the desire of her subjects, she very courteously came out of her own privy chamber into her chamber of presence, among all the islanders assembled—those of the southern embassy and the loyal Scots, whose rank did not entitle them to claim a presentation. Mary, however, spoke to them all, said graciously "she was right glad to see them, and called them all her countrymen, both English and Scotch."[1] This secretary of legation, among the rest of the curiosities he describes at the abiding place of the young Queen, says, "I saw a real live ostrich, and plucked a white feather out of it,"—as if real live ostriches could not feel!

It was probably about this period that the introduction of Lord Darnley's tutor, Elder, to Mary took place, which is thus mentioned in the following mysterious communication of the spy Tom Bishop to the English Secretary of State: "One Elder a Scotchman, my acquaintance, hath been with me. He told me he had letters from my Lord Aubigny to my Lord of Lennox, my Lord Darnley, and, as I think,

[1] Harleian MS., 252, f. 15—Journal of Ambassadors from Mary I. to Henry II., 1555.

to my lady. Among other talks, he said my Lord Darnley was much spoken of in France, and that my Lord Aubigny told him the King of Navarre asked him in talks of my Lord Darnley, his stature, age, and upbringing. Elder said "he showed the Queen of Scots in France my Lord Darnley's hand, which he wrote, being eight years of age."[1] This was perhaps the first time Mary's attention was called to her youthful kinsman's existence, except perhaps as a person likely to be set up by her royal cousin of England as a rival to her claims on the succession of the sister realm. Mary was herself a child, betrothed, but not yet wedded to her first dearly-loved consort the Dauphin, Francis de Valois. She would have been styled Queen-Dauphiness if after their marriage, or Queen of France if it had been during his reign. How little could she have foreseen the fatal connection between her destiny and that of her boyish English relative, whose juvenile feats of penmanship were exhibited to her, pompously enough, perchance, by his pedagogue Elder. The latter received a present of fifty crowns at his departure from Cardinal de Lorraine.

The original whole-length portrait of Mary Stuart, which formerly graced the royal gallery at Fontainebleau,[2] represents her in her fourteenth year, before she had attained the full stature and proportions of womanhood, and is probably, with the exception of her effigies on her coins, the earliest authentic likeness of this celebrated Queen. The colour of her eyes and hair, which has been as much disputed as the question of her guilt or innocence, is of that rich tint of brown called by the French chestnut; so are her beautiful eyebrows. Her complexion is clear and delicate, but somewhat pale; her nose straight, and not so long as in the profile coins that were struck of her in the year 1555. Nothing can be more lovely, refined, and intellec-

[1] Stevenson's Illustrations of the Reign of Queen Mary — Maitland Miscellany, vol. i. p. 101.

[2] This fine historical portrait passed after the French Revolution into the possession of Cardinal Fesch, and at his death was purchased by the late James Smith, Esq., of St Germain-en-Laye, in whose collection I had the pleasure of seeing it in the year 1844. The artist's name is unknown, but it is a good painting, and in excellent preservation.

tual than her features, yet it is a picture that cannot be contemplated without feelings of painful interest. The smiling animated expression natural to that joyous period of life is absent, and her demeanour is grave and dignified. The roundness of contour, the softness of early youth, are there; but the cares of early greatness are legibly impressed on her countenance. The importance of her position, from the hour she became, in the first week of her existence, an orphan and a Queen, surrounded her very cradle with the pomp and ceremony of regality, and must have connected her first perceptions of individuality with feelings the very reverse of the healthful vivacity of childhood. Even in infancy she had been tutored to enact the character of a Queen whenever she was carried abroad, and to restrain her natural emotions;—thus the caution and reflective habits of riper years were prematurely forced into action; while her elaborate and learned education accounts not only for the remarkable development of her intellectual organisation at that tender age, but for the thoughtful expression which marks her expansive forehead, and compresses her rosy lips. She wears a white satin Scotch cap, placed very low on one side her head, with a rosette of white ostrich feathers, having in the centre a ruby brooch, round which is wrought, in gold letters, Mariæ, Reginæ Scotorum. From this depends a drooping plume formed of small pendant pearls. Her dress is of white damask, fitting closely to her shape, with a small partlet ruff of scalloped point lace, supported by a collar of sapphires and rubies; a girdle of gems, to correspond, clasps her waist. The dress is made without plaits, gradually widening towards the feet, in the shape of a bell, and is fastened down the front with medallions of pearls and precious stones. A royal mantle of pure white is attached to the shoulders of her dress, trimmed with point lace. Her sleeves are rather full, parted with strings of pearls, and finished with small ruffles and jewelled bracelets. Her hands are exquisitely formed. She rests one on the back of a crimson velvet fauteuil, emblazoned with the royal Fleurs-de-lys; in the other she holds an embroidered handkerchief. The arms of Scotland, singly,

are displayed in a maiden lozenge on the wall above her—for Mary was not yet *la Reine-Dauphine.* She was at that time caressingly called by Catherine de Medicis and the royal children of France, *notre petite Reinette d'Escosse,* and was the pet and idol of the glittering court of Valois. But in her hours of privacy, she was rendered so miserable by the domination of her morose governess, Madame Parois, that her spirits became depressed, and her health began to fail. Her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, on his return to the French court, was alarmed at the altered appearance of his precious charge; and, quickly discovering that her malady was caused by uneasiness of mind, drew from her such an account of her domestic misery as induced him to carry her off, for change of scene, to his own house at Villers-Côterèts, whence he addressed an earnest letter to the Queen her mother, explaining the necessity of providing a different governess for Mary.

In the commencement of this letter, which is penned by his secretary, the Cardinal is very cautious, and merely mentions the ill health of Madame de Parois, and her frequent absences from the young Queen, his niece, as a sufficient reason for the desired change; observing that the said Madame de Parois remains in Paris sick, having all the symptoms of confirmed dropsy; and that she has been for the last four months in a very unfit state to be near her royal pupil; and that, having been for years a confirmed invalid, she had absented herself by the month together from her post. "It displeases me much," he continues, "to see the Queen your daughter, at her time of life, without having a suitable person with her; although she is so discreet and virtuous that she could not conduct herself better, or more prudently, if she had a dozen *governantes.*" After this high testimony to the wisdom and moral worth of the young Queen, he tells his royal sister, "that it will be quite expedient for her to decide on what ought to be done, for Madame de Parois is not long for this world, and most people think that she cannot live till Christmas." He begs his sister, who certainly appears

to have been infatuated in Parois's favour, not to give any order till she has heard what his accredited messenger, M. Dufautray, can tell her. This letter is dated April 8, 1556.[1] The Cardinal's real mind is contained in the post-script, written with his own hand, in which he tells his sister "that it is absolutely necessary she should come over to France, for several reasons. As to Madame de Parois," he says, "she herself wishes to retire; and even if her state of health does not compel her to do so, we may hope that, when you come, you will not allow her to remain. She is a good woman; but you and all your race will have cause for lasting regret, if her remaining costs you the life of the Queen your daughter, who has, with extreme patience, endured much, that she and I have thought could not but be known," (meaning to the Queen-mother.) "But time at last unveils many things which it is no longer possible to bear. The King and Queen desire much to place a lady of high rank about her; and I have been told that the King this winter is deliberating about her marriage;—a thing which, I should not doubt, might be accomplished if you came over; but, unless you come, I cannot believe it ever will."

There was at this time a strong party in the Council of Henry II. against the completion of the matrimonial engagement between the Dauphin and Mary. The Constable, Montmorenci, and with him all the political opponents of the aspiring house of Lorraine, represented that it would involve great loss of blood and treasure to France—which could ill be spared—to keep the turbulent nobles of Scotland in obedience to their Sovereign, unless she and her husband were residing among them, and that Scotland was too remote and poor to become a valuable province of France; whereas if Mary were married to a French Prince, or great noble, who would assist in keeping up the ancient alliance between the two realms, it would be better for all parties. But Cardinal Lorraine regarded no other interests than those of his own family and the Church, of which he

[1] Letter of Cardinal de Lorraine to the Queen-regent of Scotland—Balcarras Collection, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

considered himself the leading power. He saw that the gentle and timid heir of France loved his affianced bride, and that her influence over him would "grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength," till it became his ruling passion; and through her, the subtle ecclesiastic saw himself, in perspective, the virtual ruler of the empire of his mighty ancestor Charlemagne. No wonder that he was urgent with his sister, the Queen-regent of Scotland, to leave her petty affairs of state and hasten to France, to strengthen his party with her personal influence, lest the brilliant alliance, which so much had been sacrificed to obtain, should be traversed by his foes. He informs his sister, that the Mareschalle de la Marche, Countess de Brêne, is the lady whom the King of France wishes to have for Mary's governess; and that his Majesty would not grudge giving a good pension, to induce her to accept the office. "The Queen of France desires it still more," continues he, "and also the Queen your daughter; but Madame our mother will send you her opinion. They wish to have a Frenchwoman, which is but reasonable; and they could scarcely find one more suitable, or of a better house."[1] In conclusion, he communicates this agreeable information regarding Mary—"I can sincerely assure you, that no one can be more charming, or more excellent, than the Queen your daughter; and she is also very religious. She governs both the King and Queen."[2]

But not even to enjoy the satisfaction of beholding with her own eyes the improved charms and accomplishments of her royal daughter, could the careworn Regent of Scotland be induced to absent herself from the duties of her post; neither would she signify her assent to the dismissal of Madame de Parois. Then the poor young Queen wrote again, to second the representation of her uncle the Cardinal, and to press the expediency of her royal mother superseding her ill-conditioned governess, by sanctioning the appointment of the Countess de Brêne. Mary intro-

[1] Cardinal Lorraine to his sister, the Queen-regent of Scotland — Balcarras Collection. [2] Ibid.

duces the subject with some trepidation, having first related the news of the Court, and certified the good state of health of the King and Queen of France; she also adverts to a letter she had written to her mother from Chantilly, recommending, by the advice of her uncle the Cardinal, that the great Crown estates granted to the Earl of Angus (her grandmother Queen Margaret's widower) should be resumed by the Crown of Scotland, of which she observes, "the demesnes were now very small, in proportion to those of several of the nobles."[1] This was only too true, especially in regard to the Douglases, the heads of which line had for successive generations broken the laws of the realm with impunity, entered into treasonable alliance with the English sovereign, and defied their own. Curious, however, it is to find Mary Stuart, as a girl of fourteen, entering into such deep matters of domestic policy as the maintenance of the balance of power between the aristocracy and Crown. "I would not," continues the young absentee Monarch with modesty, which tempers her evident consciousness of the dignity of her position—"I would not presume to mention this subject to you, if you had not enjoined me to give you my advice on all your affairs,"—meaning the government of the realm of which her mother swayed the delegated sceptre. But though Mary Stuart, like her royal cousin, Edward of England, was learned and wise beyond her years, and was capable of writing and speaking eloquently on subjects which are generally considered beyond the comprehension of persons of her tender age, she was all the time subjected to the control of a weak, querulous woman, who treated her with vulgar insolence, and endeavoured to make mischief between her and her nearest and dearest ties of kindred.

Mary, who had for the last two years pined and faded beneath the yoke, confesses that she should not have ventured to address her last humble appeal to her far distant mother for emancipation from such irksome bondage, if she had not been encouraged, nay, enjoined, by the Cardinal her uncle, and her grandmother, to speak

[1] Letter of Mary to her mother, in Balcarras Collection.

her mind plainly on the subject. "They are convinced," she says, "that you would not wish to have anything in my household which gives occasion for people to make unpleasant remarks. Now, Madame, truth to tell, I have less occasion to feel satisfied with Madame de Parois than with any woman in the world; for, as the Cardinal my uncle will bear witness, she has done what she could to deprive me of the affection of my lady grandmother, and also of that of the Queen of France. But I never should have dared to explain myself so plainly to you, unless my uncle, who has understood all that has passed on both sides, had not told me to speak boldly, and tell you that I think she has nearly been the cause of my death, from the fear I have had of losing your regard, and the vexation I have suffered from hearing so much mischief was made by her false reports, which were most injurious to me. Moreover, it is a shame that, for the last five months, she has not slept two nights in my chamber. Wherefore, Madame, I humbly entreat you to signify (which I know will be very agreeable to the Queen of France) that I prefer having one of her choosing—namely, Madame de Brêne, with whom I should esteem myself very happy for the time to come." [1] Mary then refers to her grandmother, the Duchess-dowager de Guise, who, she says, "will write more fully on the subject, and that she will herself say no more, except humbly to entreat her royal mother to be assured that she is desirous of doing everything in her power to conform herself to her will, that she would suffer much to please her, and would rather die than disobey the least of her commands."

What a *rara avis* must this Madame de Brêne have been, whom not only the Cardinal and Princes of the house of Lorraine, uncles, aunts, and grandmother, but the King and Queen of France, and even Madame de Valentinois—who was not always of the same way of thinking with the Queen—united in recommending as the most suitable person in the world to be the governess of Mary Stuart—Mary herself approving their choice, and protesting to her

[1] Balcarras Collection.

royal mother that she could be happy with her at all times. We should like to know something more about this fortunate lady, who had won the favourable opinions of people of such different modes of thinking and acting, and finally superseded the sour fanatic, who had been vexing and crushing the spirit of the royal child from her youth upwards. Madame de Valentinois was just then endeavouring to arrange a marriage between her daughter and the Earl of Arran, through the influence of the youthful Sovereign of Scotland, whom she flattered and caressed for that purpose, though secretly allied with the rival party of Montmorenci against the house of Guise and her marriage with the Dauphin. Mary explains to the Queen her mother the new arrangements she and her friends were planning in regard to her ladies in waiting. "If that is done," she says, "which the Queen of France, Madame my grandmother, Messieurs my uncles, and Madame de Valentinois, have deliberated, in giving me Madame de Brêne for a governess, they would also give me Mademoiselle de Bouillon (Madame de Valentinois' daughter by Henry II.) to bear my train in her absence, and the niece of Madame de Brêne to sleep in my chamber, whenever she was unable to do so. She is a widow lady, very sage. Madame my grandmother knows her, and so does my uncle Monsieur le Cardinal, who will write to you more fully. Madame de Parois is in such a bad state of health that she cannot be with me, as I am told; for I assure you I do not say this from a desire to rid myself of her company, as I have not seen her for the last three months; but you will be duly informed of everything regarding her. As to my master, I have lately written to you about him; but Grantry never mentioned the memorials he gave him for the Abbey of Culross, and it remains as before. I would wish that you would be pleased to compensate Monsieur de St Croix,[1] (Lord Robert Stuart,) my bastard brother, for his priory of Charlieu; and let that be given to my master, or consider some other means of doing him good, for he well deserves

[1] Robert, Commendator of Holyrood, one of the sons of James V.

it. Not that he speaks to me of his poverty in any way, but I have often heard the saying, '*qu'asses demande qui bien sert*,' (his service asks for him who well has served.) I pray you very humbly, Madame, to do him some good for love of me."[1]

The master for whose reward Mary pleaded in the generous fervour of a young warm heart—grateful for the benefit of tuition—a benefit not always appreciated by the great, was John Erskine, Prior of Inchmahome, the son of her faithful Lord Keeper Erskine. He attended her to France, and had now been ten years in her service. He had been complaining of his poverty to his royal pupil, yet, being a pluralist, endowed with several benefices, he was already richer than a churchman ought to have been. When he had got as much more as she, his confiding Sovereign, could obtain for him, he, like his pious nephew James Stuart, the Prior of St Andrews, abjured the errors of the church which permitted such abuses, but kept her temporalities. He subsequently figured in history as the false Earl of Mar, one of the four traitors who successively usurped the throne of their unhappy Queen, under the delusive title of Regents to her infant son, the puppet they set up against her, and in whose name they reigned. So much for Mary's perception of character. It was her great misfortune, and the source of all her calamities, that, believing the best of every one, she knew not how to suspect, but lavished her favours and her confidence on plausible dissimulators who feigned affection for her service.

Her Latin master was the celebrated George Buchanan, whose poetic talents were fully appreciated by the fair young classic student. His most elegant adulatory Latin verses were addressed to her whom it afterwards became the profitable business of his latter years to defame. But his royal pupil's star was rising in a horizon bright with golden hopes, when Maister George Buchanan outdid Ronsard, and all the court poets of France, who emulously sang her praise, in his Latin eulogium entitled—

[1] From the original French document in the Balcarras Collection.

"MARIA REGINA SCOTLÆ PUELLA.

"As Nature moulded Mary's form and face,
So Art adorned her with transcendant grace;
Glorious she shone, thus peerless in her kind,
Blending all beauties with a heavenly mind;
But *she* her talents had so nobly reared,
That Nature rude, and Art inept appeared."[1]

The allusion to the manner in which Mary's delicate taste by self-culture ripened both her natural and acquired endowments is peculiarly happy; because, although emanating from the pen of a time-serving flatterer, it expresses the truth.

Mary's liberality to her dependents was sorely cramped by the rigid economy which the Queen-mother's pecuniary difficulties compelled her to observe. The late Regent Arran having burdened the realm with a heavy debt, and taxation being impracticable, the outgo of money for keeping up a separate regal establishment for the young Queen in France was severely felt, and sometimes placed both mother and daughter in painful straits. The poor young Queen frequently pleads the cause of her servants to her royal mother. "My femmes des chambres," writes she, "beg me to remind you, that you have forgotten to add the hundred livres, to make their salaries equal to those who serve the ladies my sisters, (the Princesses of France,) which seems to me only reasonable, if you will allow it. "I could wish particularly," continues she, "that one of them, named Ralay, were paid this year with a note for a hundred livres: she is a very discreet and worthy *daymoiselle*, and as good a servant as it is possible to desire."[2] In this instance Mary was not deceived in her estimate of worth, for the lady she thus commends was that faithful Mademoiselle Raullay, who for nineteen years shared the discomforts and hardships of her dreary English prisons,

[1] I am indebted to my learned friend, John Riddell, Esq., one of the most distinguished and liberal of Scottish Antiquaries and classic scholars, for the above elegant translation of Buchanan's complimentary effusion to poor Mary.

[2] Labanoff.

with a love as generous and devoted as that of Mary Seton and Jane Kennedy. No summer service was hers—like that of the ungrateful parasite Buchanan, and the worthless men who, after basking in the sunshine of their royal Mistress's prosperity, turned upon her with viper stings in the season of distress. Mary Stuart merited fidelity from the members of her household; for how kindly she speaks of them—how conscientiously she adheres to her promises in regard to their preferment. "I assure myself," she writes to her mother, "that you will not put any other into the place of master of my wardrobe than Jehan of the chamber, your good old man," (John Kemp her foster-father,) "who takes more and more pains in my service. Mademoiselle de Gusquier has also prayed me to write to you to bestow some little place on a friend of hers. Dufautray will explain, and also I will send you a memorial." And here a little trait of worldly wisdom peeps out—"for this compliance," she tells her mother, "may be useful, as the lady stands high in the favour of the Queen of France." In the same letter, Mary mentions having been to Nanteuil, where, she says, "I paid a visit to my aunt of Guise; she is very well, and her four boys, the most beautiful in the world."[1]

The earliest notice of a repeater watch occurs in Mary Stuart's juvenile correspondence, for she apologises to her royal mother for not having been able to procure for her a watch that would sound the hours (*une montre qui sonne,*) "observing, that the person who constructed them had been always engaged in working for the King, but she hoped very soon to be able to send her one."[2] This is the first historical mention of repeating watches, which were, we see, of French invention. In the same letter the young Queen requests that her worked sleeves may be hastened. Now, although it is somewhat unusual to find a royal belle

[1] Letter from Mary Stuart to her mother the Queen Regent of Scotland —Balcarras Collection.

[2] Mary to the Queen-Regent of Scotland, in the Balcarras Collection. Prince Labanoff, who has printed this letter in the original French in his Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart, dates it in May 1557.

sending from Paris to Scotland for articles of millinery or embroidery, it proves that she did not disdain to patronise the needle-women of her own country.

Mary delighted to appear in the national costume of her native land; "and it was not a little surprising," says Brantôme, "that when arrayed *à la sauvage*, as I have seen her, in the outlandish garb of the wild people of her own realm, her mortal form assumed in that heavy and barbarous dress the semblance of a perfect goddess. Those who have seen her thus apparelled can bear witness to the truth of this, and those who have not may see her portrait in this costume, in which I have heard the King and Queen say she looked more beautiful and graceful than in any other.[1] What then," continues our courtly author, warming with the characteristic enthusiasm of his nation on the subject of a lady's dress, "would have been the effect if she had been represented in the French or Spanish fashion, the Italian bonnet, or even one of her mourning habits, which so well became her, especially when she appeared in her grand white mourning, the fairness of her face rivalling the whiteness of the veil she wore?"[2] The allusion here is to her widow's weeds;—but this is anticipating the course of chronology, which has not yet conducted us to her bridal. In the letter to which we are indebted for so many curious traits of Mary's early character and history,[3] she asks the Queen her mother "to send her over some good *haqueneys*, which," says she, "I have promised to Monsieur and the others who have asked me for them." These hackneys, for which the little French Princes, brothers to the Dauphin, had solicited the young Queen of Scotland, were of course Shetland ponies, meet steeds for riders of their size —Monsieur, afterwards Charles IX., being then about eight years old. She tells her mother that the Princesses her sisters, (Elizabeth and Claude of France,) humbly request to be commended to her, and concludes by entreating her in the most earnest manner to come over to see her as soon

[1] Vies des Femmes Illustres. [2] Ibid.
[3] In the Balcarras Collection.

as she can consistently with safety, for that her presence is greatly needed and desired.

But Mary was never again to receive the maternal embrace for which her affectionate heart pined. The increasing difficulties of the Queen-mother's government in Scotland kept that luckless Princess chained, like Prometheus, to the rock where her life was devoured by cares more torturing than the beaks and talons of the vultures of classic allegory. Not even to assist in the realisation of her ambitious desire of the union of her daughter with the heir of France, could Mary of Lorraine absent herself from her uneasy seat of government, much as she was urged by her brothers to revisit her native land, and endeavour to obviate, by her address, the opposition raised by the enemies of the house of Lorraine to the Scotch marriage. The declared objections of Henry's premier, the Constable de Montmorenci,[1] were secretly seconded by the powerful eloquence of the young Queen's deceitful flatterer, the Duchess de Valentinois, whose eldest daughter had just married the heir of that house. These intrigues were, however, unavailing. Mary was the idol of the French nation;—perfect in grace and beauty, she formed at this period one of the enchantments of the court of Valois. "Our *petite Reinette Escossaise*," said Catherine de Medicis, "has but to smile to turn the heads of all Frenchmen."[2] The ardent affection of the young plighted pair to each other would have been lightly regarded by the selfish arbiter of their destinies, if it had suited Henry's policy to rend asunder those ties with which he had bound them in their unconscious childhood. But as their mutual desire to fulfil their engagement harmonised with his own plans, the thing pleased him well, for it was not every princess highly gifted, as Mary Stuart was, by nature, and with a kingdom for her dower withal, who would have been willing to wed the timid, sickly Francis de Valois.

The formidable position assumed by Philip II. of Spain, in consequence of his marriage with Mary of England, rendered the alliance of Mary of Scotland necessary to

[1] Melville's Memoirs. [2] Dargaud's Histoire de Marie Stuart.

France for a counterbalance of power. Intent on securing the advantages derivable from the union of the fair young northern Sovereign with his heir, Henry II. addressed, on the 30th of October 1557, a most affectionate letter to "his dear cousins and great friends, the Princes of the Three Estates of Scotland," expressing in the most complimentary terms his earnest desire of cementing the bonds of the ancient alliance between France and Scotland, by the solemnisation of what appeared to him the very suitable marriage of his well-beloved son the Dauphin, and his very dear and beloved sister and daughter, the Lady Queen of Scotland, their Sovereign, of which the project had already been approved by them, so that with consent of the Queen-dowager of Scotland, now Regent, and their own, the said young Lady Queen had been conveyed to France, where," continues Henry, "she has received such nurture with our beloved and *very holy* consort the Queen, as, improving the gifts with which nature has conformed her to the high place and lineage to which she pertains, has combined in her such an assemblage of virtues and rare qualities, that we have only regretted that the tender age of our son has not permitted the nuptials to take place sooner."[1] His Majesty, however, that no more time may be lost, requests Mary's nobles "to dispose themselves to make all ready, that the public solemnisation of the spousal rites between his son and the young Queen, their Sovereign, may take place on the approaching Feast of Kings, January 6, in his city of Paris,[2] desiring that they and any persons they might wish to accompany them might be present, to assist at the solemnity." He promises "them good accommodation and entertainment, a hearty welcome, and safe conduct both to go and come."[3]

The above letter was, by the Queen-mother's command, laid before the Lords assembled in Parliament, December 14, 1557, for the express purpose of considering the subject of their youthful Sovereign's marriage with the heir of France. The same day a commission was given to nine of the leading men in church and state to go over to France

[1] Keith's Appendix. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

to act in behalf of the realm in the negotiation of the marriage articles, and to witness the spousal rites. The deputation consisted of the following persons: James Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow; David Panter, Bishop of Ross, principal Secretary of State; Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney, President of the Session—for the church; Gilbert Kennedy, Lord High Treasurer; James Lord Fleming, Lord Chamberlain; George Lesley, Earl of Rothes, a Privy Councillor; James Stuart, Prior of St Andrews, base brother to the young Queen; George Lord Seton, Grand-master of the Royal Household, for the Nobles, and John Erskine of Dun, Provost of Montrose, for the Burgesses.[1] The Queen-mother, being unable to leave Scotland, deputed her mother Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchess-dowager de Guise, to act as her representative. This procuration, as it is called, bears date February 5, 1557, the numeral year 1558 not commencing till March.[2]

Mary, who was then with the King and Queen of France at Fontainebleau, confirmed these appointments, and issued her royal commission to the aforesaid gentlemen, "empowering them and her illustrious lady grandmother, Antoinette, Duchess-dowager de Guise, to act as procurators for her marriage treaty with that serene Prince, the Dolfin, Francis, first-born son of his most Christian Majesty, the King of France.[3]" The Commissioners sailed on the 8th of February, and encountered, as might have been expected at that season of the year, very stormy weather. "*Two* of their ships were *drownit* by the way." The first of these was lost off St Abb's Head on their own stormy coast; and, as ill luck would have it, that vessel contained all the noblemen's coffers, with their rich array and decorements—no slight mishap, as they were expected, for the honour of Scotland, to appear very brave at the nuptials of their maiden Queen. The other vessel foundered in the road of Boulogne, and every soul perished, except the Earl of Rothes and the Bishop of

[1] Keith's Hist. Church and State of Scotland, from Parliamentary Records. [2] Ibid.
[3] Labanoff—Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart, vol. i.

Orkney, who were picked up by a French fisherboat.[1] The rest of the ships were so scattered that they all made different ports. These disasters were regarded by the superstitious of all parties as ominous portents, and construed, by the opponents of the French marriage, into manifestations of Divine displeasure.

Mary's noble Scotch Commissioners acted with due regard to the honour of their nation in the matrimonial treaty, in obtaining, as far as words, oaths, and signatures could be supposed to bind their liege Lady's royal father-in-law, her bridegroom-elect, and their successors, security that they should be governed by their own laws; and that, in case of her decease without issue, the rightful blood of the monarchs of Scotland should succeed to the crown of that realm. It was agreed that the arms of Scotland and France should be borne by Francis and Mary on separate shields, surmounted by the Gallic crown; that their eldest son should succeed to both realms; but, if only daughters—incapable by Salic law of reigning in France—should be born of this marriage, then the eldest should be resigned to them, as the rightful inheritrix of Scotland, but endowed with a portion of four hundred thousand crowns, as the eldest princess of France; and every other daughter to receive, in like manner, three hundred thousand crowns from her royal paternal house.[2] Mary's pecuniary interests were carefully looked to by her Scotch Commissioners. They inquired what living the King of France intended to grant her and the Dauphin, for the maintenance of their state; and stipulated that she should receive, for her sole and separate use, a pension of thirty thousand crowns while Dauphiness, and seventy thousand crowns per annum, on her royal husband's accession to the throne of France; and that certain lands should be assigned for her jointure in case of widowhood, and that she should be given seisin of the same, so that they should be reputed hers; and, in case of her consort's decease, whether as Dauphin or King, she should have her

[1] Lord Herries' Memoirs; Lesley's History.

[2] Keith's Appendix—Lesley's History of Mary. Settlement of the Matrimonial Treaty, in the Archives of France.

option and choice either to reside in France or elsewhere; and, if it pleased her to marry again, with the consent of the Estates of her realm, she was to retain, nevertheless, full power to draw the annual rents and immunities derivable from her said jointure for her own free use, wheresoever she might be.[1]

The Scotch Commissioners, who must have seen the probability of their bonny Sovereign Lady surviving her puny bridegroom, might shrewdly calculate on the benefit so large an annual sum of ready money would be to her and her realm; but who among the contracting parties could have foreseen how and where the last nineteen years of Mary's dower income would be spent? It was to this providential clause alone that she was indebted for the means of supplying herself with the few personal comforts she obtained in her dreary English prisons. Henry II. of France, with apparent frankness, granted all the demands of the Scotch Commissioners in behalf of their nation and their Sovereign, but at the same time privily obtained her signature to an instrument, gifting him and his heirs with the succession of the realm of Scotland, and all her rights to that of England, in the event of her demise without surviving offspring.[2]

Mary, on the same day, April 4, 1558, executed two other papers, of the injurious tendency of which her tender age and inexperience in business rendered her unconscious;—one securing to the same monarch, from the revenues of her realm, payment for the enormous debt of a million crowns of gold which he claimed for the expenses of her residence in France, and the sums he had disbursed for the defence of Scotland against her ancient foes of England. The last was a protest against anything she might hereafter do to invalidate these documents. Her uncles and natural guardians, Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duke de Guise, by whose advice Mary was bound to act, were art and part in this cruel imposition on the inexperience of a girl of fifteen,

[1] Keith's Appendix.

[2] Labanoff's Collection, vol. i. p. 50. La Motte Fenelon's Despatches, where the papers are quoted.

who had been taught to regard the French Sovereign as the generous protector and friend of her childhood, the support of her widowed mother, and the defender of her realm. It will be found that the principal calamities of Mary's life may be traced to the perfidious conduct of Henry II. of France. From Fontainebleau, where this transaction was effected, Mary was conducted to Paris for the celebration of her nuptials, the preparations for which had occupied all the milliners, goldsmiths, jewellers, tailors, and embroiderers, male and female, in that city for several weeks. The nobility and estates of France having assembled, in obedience to their Sovereign's summons to assist at this solemnity, and all things being in a state of readiness, it was agreed that the previous ceremonial of the *fiançailles*, or "*handfasting*," as it was called, should take place on Tuesday the 19th of April.[1]

On that day, Mary Stuart and the Dauphin, Francis de Valois, attended by their respective trains, met in the grand hall of the ninth tower of the Louvre; and there, in the presence of the Kings and Queens of France and Navarre, the princes and princesses of the blood-royal, and the great nobles of France, and last, not least, the nine commissioners of the Queen and Estates of Scotland,—the marriage articles were read, ratified, and subscribed by the contracting parties. The signatures of the Dauphin, the Queen of Scotland, and the Duchess-dowager de Guise, Mary's grandmother, stand last in order, being preceded by those of the King and Queen of France, thus—

HENRY.
CATERINE.
FRANCOIS.
MARIE.
ANTOINETTE DE BOURBON.

followed by those of the nine Scotch Commissioners.[2]

[1] Lesley's History of Mary, 264.
[2] The original is preserved in the Hotel de Soubise, among the Archives of the Kingdom of France.—Tr. des C. F., 680, No. 63.

The young royal pair then went through the ceremony of a solemn betrothal at the hands of Cardinal de Lorraine, the Dauphin declaring "that, of his own free will, and with the full consent of the King and Queen his father and mother, and being duly authorised by them to take the Queen of Scotland for his wife and consort, he promised to espouse her on the following Sunday, April 24, in the face of holy church." Mary, in like manner, testified "that, of her own free will and consent, and by the advice of her lady grandmother, the Duchess-dowager de Guise, and the deputies of the three Estates of Scotland, she took the Dauphin Francis for her lord and husband, and promised to espouse him on the above-named day, in the face of holy church." This plight having been formally exchanged and registered, music struck up, and a ball-royal was immediately opened by the King of France, with the fair young Queen of Scotland for his partner.[1] The King of Navarre danced with the Queen of France, the Dauphin with his aunt, Madame Marguerite, sister to the King of France, and the young Duke of Lorraine with Madame Claude de France, daughter to the King. This distinguished party of eight, all historical characters, appear to have formed a set for a quadrille, but it is noted that they were followed by all the princes and princesses; and it is to be hoped that such of the laymen among the noble Scotch Commissioners as were not too puritanical to approve, or too old to partake in such amusements, enjoyed their share in the merry dance. The fête of Mary's *fiançailles* was, however, confined to the highly privileged assistants in the matrimonial treaty. The grand display of royal splendour and festivity, in which all ranks of the people of France were to have their share, was

[1] Contemporary French tract, apparently by an eyewitness of Mary Stuart's bridal ceremonial and fêtes, entitled—"Discours du Grand et Magnifique Triumph fait au Marriage de tres noble et magnifique Prince François de Vallois, Roy Dauphin, fils aisné du tres Chrêtien Roy de France, deuxiesme du nom, et de *tres haute* et vertueuse Princesse, Madame Marie d'Estreuart, Royne d'Ecosse."—A Rouen. Chez Jaspar de Rémortier et Roulin Rentic, au Portail des Libraires. 1558.

reserved for the public celebration of the nuptials on the ensuing Sunday.[1]

[1] One of the most interesting of the official records of the marriage of Mary Stuart is preserved in the Archives du Royaume de France, among the Registres de l'Hôtel de Ville de Paris, vol. vi. of 283, entitled—"Cérémonies du Marriage de Monseigneur le Dauphin avec la Royne d'Ecosse, dans l'eglise Nôtre Dame de Paris." It is headed with this attractive summary—"Details of the ceremonies—Convocation of the Provost of the merchants and shopkeepers of the city of Paris, their costumes—Celebration of the marriage in the church of Nôtre Dame—Dress of Marie Stuart—Particulars of the banquet, and of the entertainments which were given at the palace."

MARY STUART

CHAPTER III.

SUMMARY

Celebration of Mary's wedlock with the Dauphin — George Buchanan's eulogistic epithalamium—Mary's dress—Refusal of the Scotch to send the regalia for her decoration—Her procession to Nôtre Dame—Marriage-feast—Astronomical and nautical pageants and ballets—Gold coinage with the effigies of Francis and Mary, Sovereigns of Scotland—Preceding life of the Dauphin Francis, Mary's husband—Mary and Francis withdraw to Villers-Côterèts — Mary entitled the Queen-Dauphiness, her husband the King-Dauphin—Mary's letter announcing her marriage to the Estates of Scotland—Asks the crown-matrimonial for her husband —Answer given her by the Scotch commissioners—Mary presents the Earl of Cassillis with her portrait (*see Frontispiece*) as Queen-Dauphiness—Lockets distributed by her as wedding presents, containing miniatures of herself and the Dauphin—Her missal—She parts with her husband for a campaign—Her affectionate letter to her mother—The Scotch acknowledge her husband as their joint Sovereign.

TWENTY-ONE years only had elapsed since the rapturous delight of all French hearts had been excited by the pomp and pageantry of the bridal of Mary's father, James V., with the fair Magdalene of France. Thousands and tens of thousands of those who witnessed those unforgotten festivities were living, and eager to behold a renewal of the like glories on the still more important occasion of the youthful heir of France, plighting his nuptial troth to the beauteous heiress of that chivalric monarch, who was still dear to popular remembrance in Paris as "*le beau roi d'Escosses.*" And Mary Stuart, although she was not the fruit of her father's marriage with their Magdalene, was yet the daughter of a Princess of the blood-royal of France, and the descen-

dant of their mighty Charlemagne. Her uncle, Francis le Balafré, the victorious Duke of Guise, had only a few weeks previously won Calais, and deprived the English of the last vestige of the conquests of their Plantagenet Kings—an exploit which had elevated the aspiring house of Lorraine, both stem and branch, to the highest place in popular favour, and rendered the alliance of the young Queen of Scotland more agreeable to the national pride of France than ever. But Mary had always been the darling of the French. Tender and generous sympathies had been awakened in her behalf in the bosoms of the good and kind of all degrees, when she was brought among them for refuge, like a gentle dove rescued from the pursuit of ravenous vultures. Her infantine charms and promise had bespoken favour for her at first sight, and they had seen her grow up among them, daily increasing in beauty and in grace. She spoke their language; she had been educated according to their national ideas, in order to render her acceptable to them as their Queen; and she claimed their respect no less by her prudent and amiable conduct in her own little court at Meudon, than their admiration when she shone in her glittering *parure* at courtly festivals, as the star of the Louvre.

George Buchanan, by whom the epithalamium on Mary's marriage with the Dauphin Francis was written, bears such testimony to the dignity of her deportment, and the moral purity of her mind and manners, as may well excuse the quotation of a few lines from a literal translation of that celebrated production:— [1]

> "If matchless beauty your nice fancy move,
> Behold an object worthy of your love;
> How loftily her stately front doth rise,
> What gentle lightning flashes from her eyes,
> What awful majesty her carriage bears,
> Maturely grave, even in her tender years."

"The youthful vanity and levity engendered by a French education," so often objected against this unfortunate Prin-

[1] Privately printed translation of Buchanan's Latin Epithalamium of the Marriage of Mary Queen of Scots and the Dauphin Francis de Valois.—Advocates' Library.

cess, are scarcely compatible with this portrait from the pen of her greatest defamer. But praise from such a source is, at least, worthy of attention as a very remarkable antithesis to the "Detection," by the same author, who thus proceeds in his graphic description of Mary Stuart at fifteen:—

"Thus outwardly adorned, her sacred mind
In purest qualities comes not behind;
Her nature has the seeds of virtue sown,
By moral precepts to perfection grown:
Her wisdom doth all vicious weeds control,
Such power has right instruction on the soul.

A discreet insinuation of the merit due to Mary's preceptors, of whom Buchanan had the honour of being one, is cleverly brought in here. He proceeds, as addressing the Dauphin, to descant on the illustrious descent of the regal bride:—

"Are you ambitious of an ancient line
Where heralds make the pompous branches shine?
She can a hundred monarchs reckon o'er,
Who in unbroken race the Scotian sceptre bore."

Passing over all the hyperbolical compliments and classical metaphors with which this composition abounds, we select a few personal lines in allusion to the long-cherished affection of the royal bridegroom for his betrothed consort:—

"Hymen is come, with him the happy day,
So long expected chases night away;
You've got, most noble Dauphin, your desire,
What more could heaven bestow or man require?
. . . . . .
Indulgently the favouring powers above
Gave you at home an object of your love;
That passion which with infancy began,
Took firmer root as you advanced to man.
You by no proxy, as most monarchs, wooed,
Nor feared deceitful envoys should delude—
Your own fond eyes the peerless nymph surveyed,
A constant witness what she did or said.
Your passion sprung not from her wealth or state,
But from a virtue than her sex more great,
From piercing wit in her which early shined,
And bashful modesty with sceptres joined.
Features divine, no coldly pictured grace,
But life-like conquering beauty in her face."

The closing stanzas of the epithalamium address the royal bride:—

"But let not fond regrets disturb your mind,
Your country, and your mother left behind!
This is your country too; what wealth of friends,
What kindred on your nuptial pomp attends!
All are alike to you where'er you tread,
The mighty living and the mighty dead;
And one awaits you, dear beyond the rest,
Smiles on his lips and rapture in his breast,
The eldest, gentlest of the royal line,
Linked in fraternal fellowship with thine;
But shortly he will be to you above
A brother, or a mother's holy love."

Buchanan does not forget to promise a numerous family of beauteous sons and daughters to his royal mistress from her auspicious marriage, and concludes with this unprophetic prayer:—

"Grant me ye destinies to live so long,
Till France and Scotland's union be my song;
An union which may time and death defy,
And with the stars have co-eternity."[1]

Mary Stuart and the royal family of France slept in the palace of the Archbishop of Paris the night before her bridal with the Dauphin. The preparations for that solemnity commenced with the dawn of day on Sunday, April 24, 1558. The flourish of trumpets and lively notes of the fifes and drums, echoing through those old monastic courts and cloisters, gave the regal bride and her virgin

[1] The eloquent manner in which Buchanan extols the French alliance must needs inspire the truth-loving readers of his History of Scotland (where, writing under different auspices, he avows sentiments so entirely the reverse) with such respect for his principles as were felt for those of a bard of later date, whose adulatory strains to the rich and powerful were satirised in this line:—

"May God bless those who've much to give."

In April 1558, when Buchanan wrote the Epithalamium on Mary's marriage with the heir of France, she was the rising sun, and the world was at her feet. The case was changed with her in 1568, betrayed, discrowned, and in prison. She had given him largely; but having no more to give, he kept her bounties, sold his venal pen to her calumniators, and perpetrated the coarse murderous libel against his benefactress, called "The Detection of Marie Steuart," of which we shall have cause to speak hereafter.

companions, the four bonny Scotch Maries, a blithe wakening betimes. But every one within the palace was early up and dressing. The excited population of Paris, in eager anticipation of the show, thronged the purlieus of Nôtre Dame, and the streets and bridges in that vicinity were wedged with a struggling mass of life, impervious to horsemen or carriages. The King of France, with equal kindness and good policy, had caused arrangements to be made so as to gratify every creature, however humble, in that mixed multitude, with a satisfactory view of the bridal procession and nuptials of his heir with the beauteous young Queen of Scots. He had caused a scaffolding or raised stage, twelve feet high, to be erected from the hall of the Episcopal palace to the great gates in front of the cathedral church of Nôtre Dame, forming a long triumphal arcaded gallery, along which the royal bride and bridegroom, and all the illustrious company, were to pass to the open pavilion erected before the gates of Nôtre Dame, where the marriage was to be solemnised in the sight of the people. This splendid gallery, designed by Charles le Conte, the master of the works of Paris, was embowered overhead with a trellis-work of carved vine leaves and branches, disposed so as to represent a cathedral cloister with its rich groining and Gothic sculpture; "and it was executed by workmen of merit who had been well paid for their labour," adds our quaint authority. The fair pavilion in which it terminated was called a ciel-royal, being formed of blue Cyprus silk beset with golden Fleurs-de-lys, instead of stars, and emblazoned with the arms of the Queen of Scotland. A velvet carpet of the same colours and pattern covered the floor.[1] The honour of performing the spousal rite was assigned to Mary's uncle, Francis de Lorraine, Cardinal de Bourbon.

The clergy and privileged spectators, nobles, gentlemen, and ladies, were assembled within the church by ten o'clock. Mary's eldest uncle and guardian, Francis, Duke of Guise, was grand master of the ceremonies that day; preceded by

[1] "Cérémonies du Marriage de M. le Dauphin, avec la Royne d'Ecosses—Registre de Hôtel de Ville"—contemporary French tract, printed at Rouen.

the Swiss Guards and their band, he arrived the first of all the illustrious personages who were to assist in the solemnity. On ascending the raised stage, and entering the open pavilion, prepared for the celebration of the nuptial rites, he saluted, with a profound reverence, Eustache du Bellay, Archbishop of Paris, and the other prelates and clergy there awaiting the arrival of the King and Queen with the royal bride and bridegroom. The Duke of Guise perceiving that the lords and gentlemen, within the bridal pavilion, stood so as to intercept the view of the persons congregated below, made a sign with his hand for them to fall back, explaining, at the same time, that it was intended that the people should see everything, the stage having been erected for that purpose.[1] He returned to the Archbishop's palace to head the procession, which was then forming. Queen Mary's Scotch musicians and minstrels, a very full band, clad in the red and yellow liveries of their royal mistress, led the van, playing on a great variety of instruments, "and singing most melodiously songs and chants to the praise of God, a thing most delectable to the sense of hearing," observes the official chronicler of the Hôtel de Ville. They were followed by a hundred gentlemen of the household of the King of France, in good order and array. Next walked the princes of the blood, so richly dressed and decorated that it was an admirable sight. Eighteen bishops and mitred abbots, bearing rich crosses, followed, preceding the Archbishops and the Cardinals of Bourbon, Lorraine, and Guise, and the Cardinal Legate in France.[2] Then came the Dauphin conducted by the King of Navarre, and attended by his two little brothers, the Dukes of Orleans and Angoulême, who subsequently figured in history as Charles IX. and Henry III. of France. No description is given in any of our authorities, though very minute in other particulars, of the dress or deportment of Francis de Valois on this occasion. Delicate and juvenile in appearance, the boy bridegroom of Mary Stuart passed on with his cortège, without attracting any other attention

[1] Contemporary account of the Triumphs, &c., printed in the same year at Rouen.

[2] Ibid.

than that which his important position as the heir of France claimed. The interest of every one, that day, was absorbed in her whom nature had so well fitted to realise the *beau ideal* of a regal bride. Her procession came next —all hearts and eyes eagerly awaited her appearance; and when she presented herself before them, in her youth, loveliness, and virgin timidity, led between the King of France and her uncle Cardinal de Lorraine, she was greeted with rapturous applause and blessings.

"Happy," exclaimed the universal voice of that great city then assembled to behold her—"happy, a hundred times beyond all others, is the Prince who goes to be united to this Princess. If Scotland be a possession of value, she who is Queen of that realm is far more precious, for if she had neither crown nor sceptre, her single person, in her divine beauty, would be worth a kingdom; but since she is a Sovereign, she brings to France, and her husband, double fortune."[1]

The costume of a maiden monarch on her bridal day must always be a matter of interest to the feminine portion of our readers; that of Mary Stuart, at her marriage to the heir of France, has never before been described in any of her numerous histories. "She was dressed," says the official chronicler of the Hôtel de Ville, "in a robe whiter than the lily, but so glorious in its fashion and decorations that it would be difficult, nay, impossible, for any pen to do justice to its details. Her regal mantle and train were of a bluish grey cut velvet, richly embroidered with white silk and pearls. It was of a marvellous length, full six toises, covered with precious stones, and was supported by young ladies." Her Scotch Maries, doubtless, were entitled to that honour; but neither they, nor the commissioners for the marriage, who were present as representatives of the three Estates of Scotland, are mentioned in our contemporary French authorities. The Estates of Scotland had positively refused to allow their regalia to be carried over to France, to decorate their young liege

[1] Brantome, Vies des Femmes Illustres.

Lady and her consort at the nuptial solemnity. Yet Mary, to denote her rank as a Sovereign Queen, wore a crown-royal on this occasion—a crown far more costly than any previous Scottish monarch could ever boast. It was probably made expressly for her, at the expense either of the King of France or her wealthy uncle the Cardinal de Lorraine, and is described in the Rouen contemporary record of the ceremonial as being composed of the finest gold, and most exquisite workmanship, set with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds of inestimable worth—having in the centre a pendant carbuncle, the value of which was computed at five hundred thousand crowns. About her neck hung a matchless jewel, suspended by chains of precious stones, which, from its description, must have been no other than that well known in Scottish records by the familiar name of the *Great Harry*. This was not one of the crown jewels, but her own personal property, having been derived from her royal English great-grandfather, Henry VII., by whom it was presented to her grandmother, Queen Margaret Tudor.[1]

After the royal bride came the Queen of France, led by the Prince de Condé, followed by the Queen of Navarre, Madame Marguerite, only sister to the King, and the other Princesses, noble ladies, and damsels in great number. The bridal party was received at the portals of Nôtre Dame by the Archbishop of Paris, in grand *pontificalibus*, attended by his ecclesiastical suite, and the acolytes bearing two silver chandeliers, full of lighted wax tapers, richly decorated for the occasion. Then the King of France drew from his little finger a ring, which he gave to the Cardinal Bourbon, Archbishop of Rouen, for the nup-

[1] The "*good* Regent Murray," who got the lion's share of his royal sister's spoil during her subsequent incarceration at Lochleven, appropriated the Great Harry to his wife's decoration, who at his death obstinately retained it, and was, with her new husband, the Earl of Argyll, put to the horn by successive Regents. She was at last compelled to relinquish her prize to the greedy Morton. And thus, as the witty rogue Scipio, in Gil Blas, observes of the goods of Father Chrysostom, "the ill-gotten gains passed from the hands of one thief to another:" but of this hereafter.

tial ring of the royal pair. And this Cardinal, who was the maternal uncle of the bride, proceeded immediately to the performance of the spousal rite, assisted by the Archbishop of Paris, and married them with that ring in the open pavilion before the gates of Nôtre Dame, in the presence of the assembled multitudes below, who made the opposite shores of the Seine resound with their acclamations.[1]

The illustrious young couple were placed under the marriage canopy with precisely the same ceremonies and words as those used in the marriages of persons of the humblest degree, nothing being either changed or altered out of respect to their exalted rank. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, Mary saluted her husband by the title of Francis I., King of Scotland; then all the Scotch commissioners advanced, and performed their homage to him as such. In conclusion, a considerable sum of money in gold and silver was thrown in great handfuls among the people, by the Heralds of France, who proclaimed the marriage, crying at the same time, with a loud voice, "Largesse, largesse, largesse!"

Meantime, Monsieur de Guise, attended by two heralds of arms in their tabards, went round the stage for the purpose of clearing it of the nobles and gentlemen, in order to allow the people, who were in the Rue Neuve de Nôtre Dame in great throngs, and at the windows of all the houses in the Place du Pavé, to have an uninterrupted view of the royal spectacle. Then the heralds cried three times, again with a loud voice, "Largesse!" and threw among the people a great number of gold and silver coins of all descriptions, as Henrys, ducats, crowns of the sun, pistolets, half-crowns, testons, and douzains. Such a rush and outcry among the people followed, that nothing was ever heard like it, as they precipitated themselves one upon another, in their eager desire to get some of the pieces: screams for help from the fallen were heard, scolding and wrangling with others, who lost their caps and mantles

[1] Cérémonies du Marriage of M. le Dauphin, avec la Royne d'Ecosses—Register of the Hôtel de Ville, Paris.

in the struggle, or had their garments torn. Some were seriously hurt, and others carried fainting out of the press, till at last the more reasonable begged the heralds not to throw any more money, or it would end in a riot.

The royal party entered the Church, in the order described above, walking on the raised stage up the nave to the chancel, where a ciel-royal, similar to that already described before the gates, had been raised, and a carpet of cloth-of-gold, spread with cushions of the same. This was for the accommodation of the royal family. On the right side were the King and Queen of France; on the left the King-Dauphin with the Queen-Dauphiness—this newly-wedded pair occupied the same carpet; while the Archbishop of Paris said the mass. During the offertory, pieces of gold and silver were again thrown among the people, in token of liberality and largesse.

The regal party left the church as they entered it, walking on the raised platform. King Henry, who was a very good-natured prince, having been informed that many of the people had been unable to obtain a full sight of the grand spectacle, made the young Queen of Scots and her bridegroom, with their procession, walk all round the outside of the stage; and, having thus shown themselves to the delighted commons of Paris, they all returned to the Archbishop's palace, the grand hall of which was richly dressed and decorated for their reception. A royal banquet was there served up to them with great splendour and magnificence, the Duke de Guise, Mary's uncle, having the ordering of all. The Prince de Condé seconded him. During dinner, the King of France commanded two Knights of his Chamber, M. de Saint Lever, and M. de Saint Crespin, to support the crown-royal worn by the Queen-Dauphiness his daughter. A weary weight it probably had proved, even on that day of triumphant joy, to the young graceful head that had worn it for so many hours. A ball succeeded the dinner, the King of France leading out with the Queen-Dauphiness to dance; the King-Dauphin took the Queen his mother; the King of Navarre, Madame Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the King; the Duke de Lorraine, Madame

Claude, the second daughter of the King; and the Prince de Condé, Madame Marguerite, the King's sister; Monsieur de Nevers, the Queen of Navarre; Monsieur de Nemours with Madame de Guise for the dance.[1] They were all dressed in cloth-of-gold, wearing jewels and precious stones without number, exceeding in splendour anything that had ever been seen before.

The ball concluded between four and five o'clock in the afternoon; and the King and that illustrious company proceeded to the palace by the Rue Saint Christophe. Meantime the eager crowds that were assembled in the Rue Neuve de Nôtre Dame and Rue de la Calende, awaiting the return of the royal family, being informed that they would go by another way, made so tremendous a rush towards that quarter as to block the way, and impede the progress of the bridal procession, which passed over the bridge Au Change. The princes and gentlemen were mounted on large stately steeds, caparisoned with cloth of gold and silver. The princesses were in open litters and coaches, covered with the same. The Queen of France was in her litter, and the Queen-Dauphiness with her. On each side were the Cardinals of Lorraine and Bourbon. The royal bridegroom the King-Dauphin followed the said litter, attended by the Duke de Lorraine, and the princes and princesses. The ladies and demoiselles were mounted on *haquenies bragardes*, trapped in crimson velvet with trimmings of cloth-of-gold and decorations too elaborate to be described. There was great difficulty in making a passage through the press for the royal cavalcade.

When the bridal party reached the palace, they found it so grandly and beautifully decorated and fitted up, that it was generally declared that the Elysian fields could not be more enchanting. The King and the courtiers of the blood-royal—including, of course, the illustrious young bride and bridegroom, Francis the Dauphin and the Queen

[1] "In dancing, Mary was only excelled in the Spanish minuet by Anne d'Este, the graceful Duchess of Guise, her aunt by marriage; but no lady of the court could excel her in the lively movements of the *galliarde*."—Mrs Jamieson's "Female Sovereigns."

of Scotland—were seated at the marble table, called the table of the bride, where they were regally served, being preceded to that place by the musicians playing on trumpets, clarions, hautboys, flageolets, and other instruments. After the band came the hundred gentlemen of the bedchamber, with their maces; then the maîtres-d'hôtel of the Queen-Dauphiness, the King-Dauphin, and the King. The Duke de Guise, dressed in a robe of frosted cloth-of-gold, enriched with precious stones, performed the duties of Grand Master of the Household for that day—and, assisted by twelve masters of the household, began to bring up the first course, with flourish of trumpets, clarions, drums beating, and other instruments, playing in unison a sprightly march, to which the said officers of the household, bareheaded, timed their steps, preceding the meat, which was covered, carried by gentlemen and pages, to whom that duty pertained. The second dish was brought up with similar pomp—also the third. Towards the close of the banquet, the heralds came up to the royal table, according to their custom, and made their obeisances to the King, and to the King-Dauphin, who gave them a large jug of silver vermeil and gold, which he took from among the costly stores of plate that loaded the glittering *beaufet*. The display on this occasion was considered not only the most magnificent, but the most characteristic of artistical taste, both in the form and arrangements of the vessels, that had been seen in France for a hundred years, or perhaps ever. Many of the splendid vases, shields, flagons, and basons, were the work of that great artist Benvenuto Cellini, or from his designs. As soon as the heralds had received their guerdon from the royal bridegroom, they paraded with it round the hall, proclaimed the marriage, and cried from table to table, "Largesse!" The viands at the supper, though good, were without unnecessary profusion. The supper ended, the tables were, to use the customary phrase, "lifted;" that is to say, those that were for the guests in ordinary, being merely long boards placed on tressels. But the marble table at which the royal family had dined, on the dais at the upper end of the hall, was a fixture,

reserved entirely for the use of Kings, Queens, Emperors, and reigning Sovereigns.[1] Princes of the blood, as well as the Peers of France, with their wives, and other great lords and ladies, sat at other tables.

The grand hall in which the nuptial fêtes of Mary Stuart and the heir of France were celebrated is no longer in existence, having been destroyed by the fire kindled by an incendiary in 1618. Its description, however, lives in the graphic pages of that eloquent poet and erudite antiquarian, Victor Hugo, who tells us "that the double-vaulted roof was of richly carved oak, emblazoned with azure and Fleurs-de-lys of gold, and was supported by seven massive pillars. Around the walls, between the gates, the crossings, and the pillars, were ranged statues of the almost interminable succession of the Kings of France, from the days of Pharamond to Henry II., the father of Mary's young bridegroom. Those Kings who, for their peaceful dispositions, had acquired the reproachful soubriquets of *les rois fainéants*, were represented in indolent repose, with drooping heads, downcast eyes, and listless arms. Those who, by their warlike deeds, had won the respect of a bellicose majority, stood in battle array, with heads proudly erect, and eyes and hands boldly raised towards heaven. The numerous stately windows, high embowed, were glowing with the richest colours that glass could receive, on all sides. Sculpture, in its most elaborate forms, decorated the walls, the pillars, the gates, the cornices. One end of this immense parallelogram was occupied by a chapel, where Louis XI., that monster of cruelty and superstition, was represented on his knees before the image of the Virgin, between the statues of Charlemagne and St Louis—two saints who were supposed to interest themselves very much in heaven in behalf of the Kings of France. At the upper end of the hall was the famous marble table, carved out of a single block, supposed to be the largest specimen in the world."

Supper ended, as we said before, and the tables lifted, the Queen of Scotland, the Dauphin's bride, opened the

[1] Sanval, Histoire des Antiquités de la Ville de Paris, livre vii. p. 3.

ball, taking for her partner her young friend and sister-in-law Madame Elizabeth, daughter of the King. This dance must have been a difficult exercise of skill and feminine grace for the royal bride to perform, seeing that her train was six toises—no less than twelve yards—in length, which was borne after her by a gentleman following the devious mazes of her course. The dance was, of course, some sort of minuet or pavon, but performed by ladies alone. The Queen of France, on that occasion yielding precedence to the bride, danced with Madame Margaret, sister to the King; the Queen of Navarre with one of the younger princesses. The other princesses and duchesses followed, and, with their beauty, grace, and noble bearing, their rich attire of silk, and gold, and costly ornaments, rendered it a sight worthy of admiration. When this dance was finished they went from the chamber of pleading to the Golden Chamber,[1] so called because it was gilded with ducat gold. It was called also the Grand Chamber and the Chamber of Peers, for there it was that the peers usually assembled in council. An assembly extraordinary of the Peers of France had met, indeed, there that night, not to debate on grave affairs of state, but to join in festive glee, and take part in the royal pageants enacted on account of the nuptials of their future Sovereign with the maiden Monarch of Scotland. "Triumphs," says our record, "more brilliant than those which graced the conquests of Cæsar, took place on this occasion. First of all entered the seven planets, dressed in the costume which the poets of old have assigned to them. Mercury, the messenger and interpreter of the gods, made his appearance dressed in white satin, with a golden girdle, a pair of wings, and his caduceus in his hand; Mars clad in armour, Venus as a goddess;—and thus, with the other planets, they marched the whole length of the hall, singing melodiously songs composed for the occasion, which gave great delight to the hearers. Then followed five-and-twenty steeds, richly caparisoned with cloth of gold and silver—on each of these was mounted a young prince, dressed in cloth-

[1] This was built by Louis XII. Sanval, Histoire des Antiquités de Paris.

of-gold, and led by a lackey, because the said horses were made of wicker, covered with trappings of such a sort that they appeared more beautiful than if they had been real horses, only they required some skill to make them go." Their riders were the Duke of Orleans and the Duke d'Angoulême, likewise the sons of the Dukes de Guise and Aumale, and other juvenile princes of the blood-royal, drawing in coaches a great number of pilgrims, all dressed in cloth-of-silver and cloth-of-gold, decked with abundance of rich jewels and precious stones. The pilgrims and their young conductors were all chanting and singing, to the accompaniment of divers instruments, hymns and canticles, in praise of the illustrious bride and bridegroom, and of marriage. Next came two fair white hackneys led by a gentleman, drawing by cords of silver a triumphal car of the antique form, in which were personages richly dressed in appropriate colours, with instruments of music in their hands: the two in front were playing on lutes, those within the car on harps, and those behind on guitars. As this moving concert made the circuit of the hall, and the performers commenced singing, there was a general hush among the mirthful guests, all being eager to listen to such sweet sounds, and desirous to behold the spectacle. Then entered twelve unicorns in compliment to the fair young Queen of Scotland, whose royal supporters these heraldic interpolations of the zoological portion of the creation were. On the backs of the said unicorns were seated as many young princes, dressed so splendidly that it seemed as if cloth of gold and silver cost nothing. They were followed by another beautiful chariot drawn by white horses, and containing the nine Muses, who were personated by the same number of fair maidens, one of whom was dressed in green satin, another in white velvet, a third in crimson, a fourth in *pers* (bluish grey), and the rest in cloth of gold and silver. They made the hall resound with such a delicious burst of choral harmony that all the spectators who pressed to look upon them were charmed into silence, being afraid of losing a single note or word of these sweet songs. They were succeéded by another equestrian pageant,—and

these, with the usual games and mummings, occupied more than two hours; but that was considered by those who were engaged in these pastimes very short. When these were ended, the princesses re-engaged in dancing for half-an-hour.

No sooner was the dancing over than there issued from the Chamber of Requests six beautiful ships with silver masts, and sails of silver gauze, which were industriously inflated by an artificial breeze. Seated on the deck of each vessel, in a chair of state, was a young prince dressed in cloth-of-gold, and masked; and beside him was a beautiful throne, unoccupied. The ships made a mimic voyage round the grand hall, with the same evolutions as if they had been on the sea; and the floor-cloth being painted to imitate waves, was made to undulate, to favour the deception. As the squadron passed before the marble table where the ladies were seated, each prince made a capture. The Dauphin caught his bride, the lovely and doubtless laughing Mary Stuart, and placed her in the vacant throne beside him. It was observed that Mary's maternal cousin, the handsome young Duke of Lorraine, who led this gay fleet, boldly seized and freighted his vessel with Madame Claude, the second daughter of the King of France, acting on the old adage, that "faint heart never won fair lady;" this being a practical declaration of love to that beautiful Princess, whom he soon after was permitted to wed. The King of Navarre excited great merriment, by capturing a lady who proved to be his own wife, the sage and pious Jeanne D'Albret; while the Huguenot Prince de Condé caught the fair Anne D'Este, the consort of the ultra champion of the Romish faith, Francis, Duke de Guise. All the princely mariners, however, conducted their ladies into a good haven in peace. This was considered the most attractive of all the pageants, ending as it did in a romp-royal, which, after so many state solemnities, must have been a pleasant relaxation to our bride of fifteen and her juvenile consort, and would have been termed in Scottish parlance "a fine *ploy*." Those who enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing these palatial sports and pastimes, declared that it was impossible

to say which blazed most brilliantly—the lamps, the jewels, or the ladies' eyes; and that nothing could have been better managed for giving general satisfaction. The ancient and vast palace of the Tournelles was illuminated on this occasion—and all was beautiful, gay, and jocund, from base to pinnacle. The fêtes were renewed on the morrow at the Louvre, with balls, masques, and plays. Tournaments in honour of this popular bridal were held in the quadrangular court of the Tournelles[1] for three successive days.

In consequence of her marriage with the Dauphin, Mary ordered a new coinage to be struck at her royal mint in the Canongate, Edinburgh, with her regal cypher united with that of her consort, and surmounted with a crown, supported with double crosslets, and the motto, "Fecit utraque unum, 1558, R.," with the legend, "Franciscus et Mar. D.G. Scotor. R.R."

Mary's French marriage was rendered unpopular in Scotland by the tax of £60,000 being raised to defray the expenses, which sum proving very inadequate, an additional taxation of £150,000 was extorted. It is very possible, that if the people had witnessed the pageantry of the nuptials, they might have been consoled for the demand on

[1] This palace was built by Philippe le Bel. It surrounded the square now occupied by the Place Royale: it was built with numerous spires and round towers, according to the ancient architecture of France. The visitor of Paris should examine the adjacent Hôtel de Sens, which was its contemporary, and, we think, connected with its demesnes.

their purses; but as this splendid ceremonial was destined to gratify the citizens of Paris, instead of those of the Scottish metropolis, it was regarded as an intolerable grievance.

The following unaffected little letter[1] was addressed to the Queen-regent of Scotland on this occasion, by the boy bridegroom of Mary Stuart:—

"MADAME,—I believe that the King my Lord has informed you of my marriage, with which I find myself so well contented, that if I could only see you here my happiness would be complete. That will be when it shall please God, but not so soon as I could wish. Meantime, Madame, I entreat you not to weary of the business of our realm, but to commend both that and me to your good grace, which I shall always prize very much. Remitting to my wife to tell you our news here, and the desire I have to love you well, and to obey you as

Your most affectionate Son,

"FRANCOIS R."

The consort to whom Mary Stuart was now united in wedlock was upwards of thirteen months her junior, being only in his fifteenth year, while she was in her sixteenth. The birth of Francis is always dated by historians, January 24, 1543; but this was in reality 1544—the latter date being incontrovertibly verified by the remarkable circumstance of his having been born in the midst of the great eclipse of the sun, which took place on the 24th of January 1544, old Julian style, about 9 o'clock in the morning, on the fourteenth degree of Aquarius; and it is impossible for any ambiguity to exist on the subject, since no eclipse of the sun occurred in the preceding January of 1543.[2] Thus Francis was exactly a year younger than historians, especially those who have reviled him for folly and incapacity, have represented him. His royal grandfather, Francis I., was so elated at the birth of a long delayed heir to the throne, that he said to the Dauphiness, Catherine de Medi-

[1] From the original French autograph document, preserved in the General Register House, Edinburgh—without date.

[2] I have been favoured with the opinion of one of the most accomplished astronomers of our own time, J. R. Hind, Esq., the foreign secretary of the Astronomical Society in London, on this point, an authority which must be considered indisputable. It would be well for the cause of truth if all the careless statements of historians could thus be corrected by a test as unerring as the immutable records of celestial science—a chronology whose facts cannot be warped to suit the narrow views of partisan writers.

cis, "Ask of me what you will, my daughter, and it shall be granted." "The only favour I require," replied she, "is that I may no longer be confined to my own little court;"[1] —the etiquette of that era rendering it imperative for the Dauphin and Dauphiness to maintain a separate establishment on a very inferior scale to that of the King and Queen, whom they only visited on grand occasions—a restriction very repugnant to the haughty ambitious temper of Catherine de Medicis, and from which the birth of her first-born son emancipated her. She hated him, nevertheless, for he was small and feeble; and those dealers in evil auguries, the astrologers, whom she consulted on the subject of his future destiny, predicted that it would be disastrous—a prediction which insured its own fulfilment, by rendering him of a timid and desponding character. His birth, however, had occurred at a fortunate epoch for France, his victorious father, Henry the Dauphin, having repelled the threatened invasion of the Emperor Charles V., and the people were disposed to welcome him with affection. His royal grandsire, withal, in the hope of impressing the world with ideas more auspicious to the fortunes of the new-born Prince than the occult councillors of Catherine had inferred from the aspect of the heavens, on the morning of his nativity, adopted for him a motto and device of a very imposing character, in allusion to the conjunction of the celestial bodies at that period; this device being a lily, symbolical of the future sovereign of France, flanked by the sun and moon, with this motto, "*Inter Eclipsem Exorior*"[2]—(Between these I issued.) Francis was always delicate in health, and timid in deportment; and though learned, kind, and good, he was deficient in the brilliant qualities which might have been expected in the son of that gay and gallant Prince, Henry II. His greatest claim to the favour of France was derived from his connection with Mary Stuart: whatever might be his estimation with others, he was the object of her first affections, and reigned in her heart without a rival.

[1] Mathieu, Histoire de François II., vol. i. p. 208.
[2] Etienne de Pasquier.

The public fêtes and triumphs, in honour of the nuptials of the young Queen of Scots with the heir of France, being at length concluded, the newly wedded pair withdrew from the enchantments of Paris to Villers-Côterèts, near Soissons, to pass some time together in the quiet of the country. Mary was now entitled the Queen-Dauphiness; and her consort, who derived his regal title of King of Scotland from her favour and the consent of her nobles, was scrupulously styled by her "the King my husband," and by every one else, the King-Dauphin. From Villers-Côterèts, Mary wrote, on the 26th of June, to the Estates of her realm, to announce that the marriage between "her maist dear and best belovit husband, the King of Scotland, Dolphin of Viennois, and herself, had *tane* effect."[1] After specifying that she had wedded by the advice, and with the consent, of her dearest mother, the Queen-dowager, Regent of her realm, the royal bride proceeds to express her satisfaction at the happy conclusion to which this engagement of her unconscious infancy had been brought. "Of the *quhilk*," she says, "we *haif greit* occasion to thank God, and stand content being so highly and honorabillie *alliat*, and associat with so worthy and virtuous ane Prince, so affectionat to the weal of you and our realm, that we could not haif *wissit* nor *askit* at God ane greitar thing in this world." She, therefore, bespeaks their love and duty for her consort, in return for which she will induce him to exert himself the more for their weal. She, however, refers them to the ambassadors, who were the accredited bearers of this missive, to tell them her mind more fully.[2] This was a desire to obtain for her newly wedded lord the grant of the crown-matrimonial of Scotland from the Estates of her realm, which had been vainly asked of the nine Commissioners who had assisted in her marriage treaty. These gentlemen, when the demand was made of them by Cardinal de Lorraine, then Chancellor of France, in the name of their young royal Mistress, prudently replied that the commission

[1] Letter of Queen Mary, June 26, 1558, preserved in the Register House, Edinburgh. [2] Ibid.

they had received from the Estates of Scotland had not invested them with power to grant it, and they dared not exceed their instructions. The King of France detained them for several weeks among the intoxicating pleasures of his court; and endeavoured, by presents and promises, to render them useful instruments in compassing his design against the time when the question would be brought before the Convention of the Estates of Scotland in the ensuing autumn. Their young Queen had also many conferences with them on the subject; and in token of her approbation of their loyalty and good services in the matter of her marriage, she wrote to the Queen-regent, her mother, a letter for them to present in her name, on their return to Scotland, full of commendations, and requesting her favour for them.[1]

Mary bestowed on the Earl of Cassillis, as a parting token of her favour and regard, that fine original portrait of herself, which has remained ever since as a precious heirloom in the noble family of Kennedy, and is still extant in the collection of its representative, the Marquess of Ailsa, at Culzean Castle, in Ayrshire. It is from that portrait the frontispiece of this volume is taken—the noble possessor having favoured us with permission to have an engraving made expressly for the illustration of our present series of royal biographies, Lives of the Queens of Scotland and Princesses of England. This most beautiful and undoubted likeness of Mary Stuart represents her in the morning flower of her charms, when she appeared at the summit of all earthly felicity and grandeur. It is in a nobler style of portrait-painting than that of Zuchero, and worthy, indeed, of Titian or Guercino. It is scarcely possible for an engraving to do justice to a picture of which the colouring and tone are so exquisite. The perfection of features and contour is there united with feminine softness and the expression of commanding intellect. Her hair is of a rich chestnut tint, almost black, which Nicholas White (who had ascertained the fact from her ladies) assures Cecil[2] was its real colour. Her complexion is

[1] Buchanan.

[2] Labanoff, i. 51-58.

that of a delicate brunette, clear and glowing; and this accords with the darkness of her eyes, hair, and majestic eyebrows. Her hair is parted in wide bands across the forehead, and rolled back in a large curl on each temple, above the small, delicately moulded ears. She wears a little round crimson velvet cap, embroidered with gold, and ornamented with gems, placed almost at the back of her head, resembling, indeed, a Greek cap—with this difference, that a coronal frontlet is formed by the disposition of the pearls, which give a regal character to the head-dress. Her dress is of rich crimson damask, embroidered with gold, and ornamented with gems. It fits tightly to her bust and taper waist, which is long and slender; so is her gracefully turned throat. She has balloon-shaped tops to her sleeves, rising above the natural curve of her shoulders. Her dress is finished at the throat with a collar band, supporting a lawn collarette, with a finely quilled demi-ruff. Her only ornament is a string of large round pearls, carelessly knotted about her throat, from which depends an amethyst cross. This portrait is in an oval frame; but the arms being cut off just above the wrists, mars the general effect, and suggests the notion that it has been a whole-length reduced to that size.

A beautiful locket was designed by Mary for presentation to the noble Scotch assistants at her nuptials, and those she particularly desired to propitiate. A fine specimen of this jewel is in possession of a noble Scotch family. The outside is of filigree gold, set with a wreath of pearls and *fleurs de souvenance*, in blue turquoise. On touching a spring, it opens each way, to show enamel miniatures of herself and her young consort, in the costumes they then wore. The portrait of Francis is on the largest valve, that of Mary on the inner valve forming the lid; so that, when closed, her face rests on his bosom—a pretty and affectionate device. A bridal medal of Mary was struck for distribution also. Mary Stuart's missal, a small square octavo volume, in vellum, beautifully, but not very elaborately, illuminated, was in the possession of the late James Smith, Esq., at St Germain-en-Laye, where I had the

opportunity of examining it in the year 1844. She has written her name in a bold unformed character; and on the same page is that of Marguerite of France, sister to Henry II. There is a memorandum attesting the fact that the book was given to "Marie, Royne d'Escossès," by "la Royne de France, sa belle mère." The autograph of the donor, Catherine, is written on the margin of one of the pages; and there are also the autographs of the Princesses of France scattered in different pages. Marguerite of France, the only surviving sister of Henry II., a Princess distinguished for her virtues and high mental endowments, had always taken the most affectionate interest in the orphan daughter of her royal friend and brother-in-law, James V. of Scotland. She had assisted in Mary's education, at least that most important part which consists in conversational cultivation, inducing habits of reflection and feelings of moral justice: Mechanical accomplishments are trifles light as air, and even learning valueless, to crowned heads, in comparison with the acquisition of practical wisdom and virtue. Mary's deportment after her marriage is thus commended by this aunt of her consort, in a letter to the Queen-mother, Mary of Lorraine:[1] "The Queen of Scotland your daughter is so much improved in everything that I am compelled to put pen to paper once more, to tell you of the virtues she has acquired since you left her. You may imagine the delight it is to the King and Queen, and all to whom she is related, to see her what she is. As for me, Madam, I esteem Monseigneur [the Dauphin] very happy in having such a wife."[2]

The youthful spouses supported their dignity as Sovereigns, and conducted themselves as a married pair with edifying propriety. They were now emancipated from the control of governors, governesses, and preceptors; but Mary continued to read Latin with Buchanan, history with de Pasquier, and poetry with Ronsard, from the delight her cultivated mind took in these pursuits. Music, needlework,

[1] Bell's Life of Mary Stuart. Dargaud.

[2] Lettres des Hautes Personnages, from the Balcarras MSS. Edited by James Maidment, Esq.

and the chase, formed her favourite recreations. She and Francis conformed to the customs of France by presiding over their own little court, being too happy in each other's society to desire to mix in the public gaieties of the Louvre, except at those seasons which etiquette prescribed. She managed her expenditure without either extravagance or parsimony, her greatest delight being to give.

After three brief months of wedded happiness, Mary's young consort was compelled to tear himself from her, in order to serve his noviciate in arms under the auspices of her victorious uncle, Francis, Duke of Guise. He was with the army of defence, near Amiens, for several months, but had no opportunity of signalising himself by any personal enterprise. Meantime, the Scotch commissioners, having received their *congé* from the King of France and their youthful Sovereign, softened their refusal to grant the crown-matrimonial to the Dauphin by promising to place the demand in a favourable point of view before those with whom the power of conceding it legally rested; they travelled from Paris to Dieppe, and there embarked for Scotland. They encountered weather no less stormy than the adverse gales which had assailed them in coming, and after suffering much from sea-sickness were driven back into the port of Dieppe, where they were all seized with a dangerous illness, which Knox attributes to poison. "For whether," says he, "it was by an Italian posset or French *fegges*, or by the potage of their potingar, (he was a Frenchman,) there departed this life the Earl of Cassillis, the Earl of Rothes, Lord Fleming, and the Bishop of Orkney, whose end was evil according to his life. For that after he was driven back by a *contrarious* wind, and forced to land again at Dieppe, perceiving his sickness to increase he caused make his bed betwixt his two coffers, some said upon them—such was his god the gold that therein was enclosed that he could not depart therefrom so long as memory would serve him.[1] The Lord James, then Prior of St Andrews,

[1] Mr Laing has had the moral courage to vindicate the memory of this prelate from the stigma thus thrown on his character, by proving that his

had by all appearance licked of the same *bust*[1] that despatched the rest, for thereof to this day his stomach doth testify, but God preserved him for a better purpose." Buchanan uses almost the same words. From the political use subsequently made of this marvellous tale, it is easy to perceive that it was devised by the Lord James himself, in order to render the French connections of his royal sister odious to her realm. He was offended at her refusing to grant him permission to leave the Church and marry, and to confer the earldom of Moray on him, which he solicited. In consequence of these denials, he soon after began to take a leading part against the Queen-regent, her mother, by whose advice Mary, he knew, had been guided.

Mary writes a confidential letter to the Queen, her mother, dated Sept. 16, acquainting her with the death of their faithful servant, the Bishop of Orkney, at Dieppe, and the sickness of the other Commissioners, together with the request they had been preferring to her about the reversion of the Church property of such as might happen to die in the journey. It was an unhealthy season apparently, for she says, "As to the news of the Court, the King [of France,] the King my husband, and all my uncles, are at the camp. They are all well, God be thanked, though there is much sickness in the camp;—however, it begins to abate. They have hopes of peace," continues the young Queen, "but that is so uncertain that I can tell you nothing about it, except that it is said that the pacification ought not to be negotiated by prisoners like the Constable [*Montmorenci*] and the Maréschal de St André. God grant that all may come to good." After lamenting that they have there so few people of good principles, "that unless God provides otherwise no one need be surprised at evil haps," she says "she must

life was spent in works of a charitable and munificent description, that he was a liberal patron of learning, and a founder of educational institutions. His noble additions to Kirkwall Cathedral still bear witness to his taste in architecture, and that he was the very reverse of an imbecile miser. See the marginal note of the works of John Knox, vol. i. p. 264—edited by David Laing, Esq., printed by the Wodrow Society.

[1] This old Scotch word, which is also spelt *buist*, means a box.

write to the King her husband about the death that has occurred."[1]

The Estates of Mary's realm convened in Parliament, Nov. 29, 1558, to receive the report of the five surviving Commissioners on her marriage; and so triumphant a majority had the French party that the concession of the crown-matrimonial, to her consort, the Dauphin, was granted. The Lord James, Prior of St Andrews, and his brother-in-law, the Earl of Argyll, were appointed as ambassadors extraordinary to notify the same to their liege Lady and the Dauphin, their conduct having been sufficiently complaisant on the subject to deceive the most acute observers into the idea that it would be a gratifying commission to both. They were, however, clever enough to evade the performance of the office themselves, while, by feigning to accept it, they prevented it from being executed by others.

[1] MS. letter of Queen Mary, General Register House, Edinburgh. Printed in the original French in Prince Labanoff's Collection, vol. i.

MARY STUART.

CHAPTER IV.

SUMMARY

Increased importance of Mary's position in regard to the throne of England—Selfish policy of her father-in-law, Henry II.—Mary and Francis ratify the peace of Cambray—Mary's affectionate conduct to her husband —Forced by Henry II. to assume the arms of England at the tournament of the Tournelles—Present at the fatal accident to Henry II.—Her Consort becomes King of France as Francis II.—Leaves the Tournelles with him.—Yielded precedence by Catherine de Medicis—Mary and Francis II. at St Germain—She receives the jewels of the Queen-consort of France—Influences her husband in favour of her uncles—Her anxieties as Queen of Scots—Her failing health—At Villers-Côterèts —Gives audience there to Throckmorton—Progress of Mary and Francis II. to Rheims—Their entry—She witnesses his coronation—Her progress with Elizabeth of France, &c.—Dangerous accident when hunting—Portraits as Queen of France—Her troubles respecting her own kingdom—Plots of her uncles, and conspiracies against them—Mary with Francis II. at Amboise—Horrors around them—Their illness— They retire to Chenonceaux—Death of her mother—Progress to Orleans —Entry with her husband—Her interview there with Throckmorton —Illness of Francis II.—Mary sits for her picture for Queen Elizabeth— Fatal relapse of the King her husband—Mary's affectionate attention to him—His extreme tenderness for her—She receives his last sigh.

THE death of Mary I., Queen of England, Nov. 17, 1558, appeared to open a more brilliant destiny for Mary Stuart, by placing her the next in succession to that realm.[1] Not contented with that contingency for his youthful daughter-in-law, (who was more than nine years the junior of the new Queen of England, Elizabeth,) Henry II. determined to challenge the sovereignty of the whole Britannic Empire

[1] Buchanan, Keith, Robertson, Tytler.

for her, as the rightful representative of Henry VII. During the preliminary negotiations for the peace of Cambray, Queen Elizabeth's demand for the restitution of Calais, as a portion of the English dominions, was met with this insulting rejoinder from the French commissioners: "In that case, it ought to be surrendered to the Dauphin's consort, the Queen of Scots, whom we take to be the Queen of England."[1] Elizabeth was not in a position to avenge the affront at that time. Her great object was to obtain a recognition of her title at the general pacification; and in this she succeeded.

Mary and her husband, as joint sovereigns of Scotland, ratified the treaty of Cambray in the presence of the English plenipotentiaries in the Chapel Royal of the Louvre. Those gentlemen had previously waited on the young royal pair at St Germain-en-Laye to present their letters. Throckmorton notices that Queen Mary, who was indeed somewhat older than her consort, took upon her to speak the most on this occasion, declaring, "that as the Queen of England was her cousin and good sister, she and the King her husband were glad of the peace, and would do all in their power to preserve it."[2] Francis II., in addition to his natural timidity, was troubled with a defective utterance; while Mary, eloquent in speech, and graceful in manner, naturally came to his aid whenever he appeared to have a difficulty in expressing what was necessary.

Mary wrote from Fontainebleau conjointly with him, April 21, 1559, a very courteous letter to Elizabeth, beginning with the usual regal address, "Very high and very excellent Princess, our very dear and well-beloved sister and cousin," expressing her pleasure at the peace which the King, her dear lord and father, Henry of France, had concluded between their realms, and expressing her hope that it would be for the happiness of their subjects. She then asks permission for the Lord of Lethington, the bearer of this letter, and the other Scotch delegates, who had assisted

[1] Sadler's State Papers, vol. i. p. 379—Letter written by Cecil.
[2] Forbes's State Papers.

at the negotiations for the peace, to pass throughout England on their return to her dear lady and mother, the Queen-regent of Scotland, to communicate to her the good tidings of the peace.[1] Elizabeth accredited two envoys expressly to Mary and her consort as King and Queen of Scotland. They both wrote from Paris to acknowledge and thank her for her very acceptable professions of friendship and good-will, signing themselves "Your good brother, sister, and cousins, Francis and Marie."[2] Notwithstanding these diplomatic civilities, Elizabeth was fomenting a revolt in Scotland, and Francis and Mary were decorating their plate and tapestry with the arms of England, to intimate that Mary was the rightful queen of that realm. The boy and girl were, however, both subservient to the authority of Henry II., by whose direction they acted. Mary, labouring under severe indisposition at this time, was scarcely expected to live. The English ambassador gives perhaps an exaggerated description of the sallow hue which had suffused her usually beautiful complexion: "The Scottish queen looketh very ill, very pale and green, (sallow,) and therewithal short-breathed. It is whispered that she cannot live." Again he writes "In June, the Queen-Dauphiness, being at church, was very evil at ease, and to keep her from swooning they were forced to bring her wine from the altar: indeed, I never saw her look so ill."[3]

Mary's illness was aggravated, if not caused, by mental uneasiness, the affairs of her realm having assumed a very alarming aspect at this period. An open rupture had taken place between the reformers and the defenders of the old faith; the churches and monasteries had been assaulted, devastated, and given up to the plunder of those active agents in controversial warfare, whom Knox aptly entitles, "the rascail multitude." Her royal palace at Scone had been burned to the ground; her favourite brother, the Prior of St Andrews—he who had so lately appeared as one of the deputies of the Church of Scotland—was now one of the leaders of the revolt, and, it was shrewdly surmised,

[1] Cot. Lib., Cal. B. x. fol. i. [2] May 25. [3] Forbes Papers, 1, p. 100.

making the ruins of that which his vows engaged him to support, a stepping stone to the seat of empire. The troubles and personal perils in which her mother was involved, in consequence of these demonstrations, were keenly felt by Mary as a daughter; while the republican spirit which then began to manifest itself among the burghers, and, worse than all, the notorious influence of English gold among her nobles, filled her heart with indignant feelings, both as a Sovereign and a lover of the national honour of Scotland. Her young consort the Dauphin was at this time suffering from an obstinate quartan ague, which defied the skill of the royal physicians. Mary was particularly admired for her amiable deportment to this Prince, who was considered greatly inferior to her in every respect. If she perceived this inferiority she allowed no one else to see it, but treated him, both in public and private, with the utmost deference. She requested his presence at all her councils on the affairs of her realm, and listened with marked attention to his opinion when he spoke. It was hoped that, by her judicious manner, she would succeed in inspiring him with self-confidence, and drawing out his mental powers, as a sunbeam animates with warmth and reflected brightness the objects on which it shines.

The wan and altered looks of the Queen-Dauphiness, and the faintness produced by the fatigue of being carried into public when she ought to have been reposing in her own apartment, were peculiarly unlucky at a season when she was required to perform her part with *éclat* at the grand triumph that was to take place at the palace of the Tournelles, in honour of the proxy marriage of her royal sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth of France, with Philip II. of Spain; and that of Madame Marguerite, the King's sister, with Philibert of Savoy—matrimonial arrangements which had been agreed to at the treaty of Cambray, and had converted the lately hostile Monarch of Spain into an ally, by whose aid Henry II. of France trusted to hurl Elizabeth Tudor from her throne, and establish his youthful daughter-in-law as the reigning Sovereign of Great Britain. This gigantic scheme of ambition flattered him with a prospect

of extending a despotic sceptre over the west of Europe. Ever since the recovery of Calais, the idea of annexing England itself to the crown of France had haunted the mind of this mighty king. By the deeds which he had inveigled the unwary young Queen of Scotland into signing, appointing him the successor to her realm, and whatever rights she possessed to that of England, he had, in the event of her death, provided himself with a pretext similar to that on which William of Normandy grounded his invasion of England. Elizabeth's birth had been stigmatised by her own father, and was considered illegitimate by every member of the Church of Rome; and as she had been excommunicated by the Pope, a crusade against her, and those of her subjects who supported the doctrines of the reformed faith, would probably have been the next move attempted by Henry. Her unneighbourly interference in troubling the government of the Queen-regent of Scotland, by assisting with arms and money those who were mixing faction with religious profession, had indeed provoked a retaliation on the part of the young Sovereign of that realm. Cardinal de Lorraine and the Princes of the house of Guise, though not the governing party in France, at that time, were eager to co-operate in any measure that tended to the aggrandisement of their royal niece, and which, by sowing the seeds of a succession war in England, might furnish Elizabeth with sufficient employment in minding her own business, to prevent her from interfering in that of her neighbours. The first step taken by the rulers of Mary Stuart's power and councils was to cause the royal arms of England and Scotland, surmounted by the crown of France, to be engraved on her seal and plate, embroidered on her tapestry, and emblazoned on her carriages.[1]

The grand display which was intended for a public assertion of Mary's right to the crown of England was reserved for the day of the tournament, July 6, 1559, held in the great square in front of the palace of the Tournelles, now known by the name of Place Royale. Mary was on that occasion borne to her place in the royal balcony in a

[1] Melville, Robertson, Buchanan, Lesley.

sort of triumphal car, emblazoned with the royal escutcheon of England and Scotland, explained by a Latin distich, of which Strype has given this quaint version :—

> "The Armes of Marie Quene Dolphines of France,
> The nobillest lady in earth for till advance :
> Of Scotland Quene, of Ingland also,
> Of Ireland also God hath providit so." [1]

The car was preceded by the two heralds of her spouse the King-Dauphin, both Scots, apparelled with the arms of England and Scotland, and crying in a high voice, "Place! place! pour la Reine d'Angleterre." Little did the adoring crowd who responded to this announcement with shouts of "Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!" imagine they were sounding the knell of their darling, for it was the assumption of this title that cost Mary Stuart her life. But if the young Sovereign of sixteen, who saw herself at that proud epoch of her life honoured with the most intoxicating homage as a Queen, and almost deified as a woman, fancied herself elevated above the chances and changes to which frail mortality is heir, she received that day an impressive lesson on the vanity of earthly glories. Her royal father-in-law, the mighty and victorious Henry II., who had entered the lists in the pride of health and manly vigour, to gratify the Duchess de Valentinois, whose colours he wore, and to convince his subjects that he was still able to compete with youthful knights in all chivalric exercises, was mortally wounded in the eye by the Count de Montgomery; and the festive pomp of the bridal pageant was converted into a funereal tragedy. This startling event was, to human perception, the result of an untoward accident; but the divine will of Him by whom the course of this world is governed is as effectually worked by the agency of trifles as if the intervention of miracles were employed. The splinter of a lance, broken in a friendly encounter in the lists at Paris, secured the establishment of the reformed

[1] Forbes's State Papers. The Cottonian MS., Calig. B. x. fol. 13, contains a coloured drawing of the escutcheons. Tortorel et Perisson "Sur les Guerres de la Ligue" has plates representing Mary Queen of Scots as a spectatress at the tourney where Henry II. was killed.

faith in England, by causing the death of the only Sovereign in Europe who was in a position to trouble it.[1]

Henry II. expired on the 10th of July 1559, at the palace of the Tournelles, surrounded by his weeping family. The consort of Mary Stuart was immediately greeted by the title of Francis II.; and Mary received all tokens of ceremonial respect due to a Queen of France. Her uncle, the Duke of Guise, in pursuance of his duty as Grand Chamberlain of France, conducted the young King, and the little Princes his brothers, to the Louvre. Mary and the Queen-mother, escorted by Jacques de Savoy, the Duke de Nemours, Alphonso de Ferrara, and the Cardinal de Ferrara, followed in the state carriage of the Queen of France—a dignity which had, through the demise of Henry II., devolved on the youthful consort of the new sovereign, Francis II. Mary, too courteous to avail herself of the envied pre-eminence she was now entitled to claim, was modestly following instead of preceding her royal mother-in-law to the carriage; but Catherine, observant even in the first paroxysms of her grief of the ceremonies imposed by regal etiquette, stepped back, and taking her by the hand, drew her gently forward, saying at the same time, with a profound obeisance, "Madame, it is now for you to walk the first."[2] Catherine, on being appointed Regent of France by her son, who was of age to choose his own guardian, immediately regained the precedency, which she had gracefully resigned

[1] The readers of our royal biographies can scarcely fail to admit the philosophic truth of these lines—,

> "God rules in History—read by this deep plan,
> Past ages harmonise their truths for man;
> While man, unconscious of those secret laws
> Which link the second with a primal cause,
> Obeys each bias, acts his perfect will,
> And yet leaves God supreme in purpose still."

The above quotation is from that beautiful volume of religious poetry, "The Christian Life," p. 450, by the Rev. Robert Montgomery, incumbent minister of Percy Chapel,—no relation to the doughty Huguenot champion, Count de Lorges Montgomery, by whom Henry de Valois was slain, but our own valued contemporary and friend, whose services in the Reformed Church have entitled him to a high reputation, both as a Christian poet, and a Christian preacher.

[2] Brantôme, Popélienière, Mathieu, Boivier de Villars.

in the interim. The tender and sympathising manner in which she was treated by the young royal pair in her affliction, which at first was acute, and so violent as to bring on a severe illness, is thus testified by Marguerite of France, the sister of Henry II., in a very interesting letter to her friend Mary of Lorraine, the Queen-regent of Scotland, in reference to the late tragic occurrence: "I have often wished for you to assist us in comforting the Queen, mother of the King, than whom no woman was ever in greater need of consolation; but the King and Queen have given her so many causes for content as to induce me to hope that, by that means, as well as for the love she bears them, she may conform herself to the will of God." [1]

The royal family separated on the 12th of July for a few days. Mary retired to the palace of St. Germain-en-Laye, the Queen-mother and her daughters to Meudon, and the young King to the house of Mary's uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, leaving the care of the late King his father's obsequies to the Constable de Montmorenci, whom, however, he instantly dismissed from his post as premier of France. The reign of the Duchess de Valentinois and her party was also at an end. The Duke de Guise demanded from her, without much ceremony, the keys of the late King's cabinets, and, as soon as they were surrendered, took possession of all the valuable jewels they contained. Those which belonged to the Queens of France he delivered to his royal niece, on whom that dignity had now devolved.[2]

The excitement caused by the astounding event which called young Francis de Valois to the throne of France, put a sudden stop to the quartan ague under which he had laboured for many months. The multifarious duties which had devolved upon him possibly roused him from a state of morbid invalidism, and convinced him that he had no time to waste in a sick-chamber. Davila assures us that

[1] From the original French autograph preserved in the Balcarras Collection, and privately printed in Lettres des Hautes Personnages, by James Maidment, Esq.

[2] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—State Paper Office MS.

Francis was entirely absorbed and occupied in adoration of his consort's beauty. The Queen-mother soon discovered, to her inexpressible disappointment, that the title with which the filial respect of her son had complimented her was but an honorary dignity. She had flattered herself that she had succeeded to the like authority which had been exercised by the late King her husband, whereas all the power and patronage of the government were absorbed by her young daughter-in-law, the Queen-consort; or rather had passed, through her conjugal influence, (for Mary interfered not in executive affairs of state herself,) into the hands of Cardinal Lorraine, the Duke of Guise, and the other members of that aspiring and numerous family connection. Formerly they were the dear friends and political allies of Catherine, whose second daughter, the Princess Claude, was contracted to the Duke of Lorraine; but political friendships rarely stand the test of rival interests. Catherine desired to govern the young King her son, to appoint his ministers, to direct his public actions, and to enjoy the control of his finances. She found herself circumvented and forestalled in all her projects. Mary Stuart and her maternal kindred were all in all with Francis and his court, and herself a cipher. Fain would she have proceeded to hostilities with the young Queen, but there was no point in her conduct or character open to attack. Mary was as remarkable for the purity of her life and manners, and the moral influence she exercised in her household, as Catherine was the reverse; nor have her most malignant foes found it possible to connect a tale of scandal with her name during her residence in France. Yet, as early as the first week of Mary's accession to her new dignity as Queen of France, we find the English ambassador, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, pursuing a system of espionage on everything she said or did, and reporting to Queen Elizabeth whatever was calculated to excite angry feelings against her. "I am informed," writes he, "that the young French Queen, since the death of the French King, Henry II., hath written unto Scotland that God hath provided, notwithstanding the malice of her enemies, that she is Queen

of France and of Scotland both, and trusts ere long to be Queen of England."[1]

Mary remained at St Germain-en-Laye till after the funeral of her royal father-in-law, which was solemnised at St Denis. She employed herself, during this interval of retirement, in writing to thank such of the Scotch nobles as had remained faithful to their duty during the insurrectionary movement against the government of the Queen her mother. In particular, she expressed great approbation of the loyalty of her dear cousin the Duke de Châtelherault, than which nothing could be more misplaced, as his next movement convinced her. She continued in the same languishing state of health under which she had been suffering during the spring and early part of the summer. In fact, she was supposed, by those who kept an unfriendly observation on her appearance, to be sinking into an early grave. Throckmorton communicates to his own Sovereign, on the 25th of August, the following confidential intelligence of the unfavourable symptoms of her royal kinswoman: —"M. de Vielleville declared unto me that the young French Queen doth daily increase in sickness, and that the same was of no long continuance. At his being at the Court after dinner she looked very evil, and was so weak that even before all the presence that was there she fell on swooning, and was in a very dangerous case, as she always is after meals, when she was revived with aqua composita, and other things, and retired."[2]

It was the untoward state of Scotch affairs that preyed on the mind of Mary Stuart, in the midst of the pomp and grandeur which surrounded her, and all the varied forms of pleasure which wooed her to enjoyment in the splendid Court over which she was called to preside. Her anxious consort removed her, for change of air and scene, to his country palace at Villers-Côterèts, one of the abodes of her childhood, and she amended; but letters of a distressing nature were forwarded to her from the Queen-regent her mother, and she suffered an immediate relapse. Her

[1] State Paper MS., Letter to Queen Elizabeth.
[2] Forbes's State Papers.

symptoms certainly appear characteristic of nervous fever; —the following is the report communicated by the English observer of the fluctuations in her health—"The young French Queen, who, contrary to her wont, hath, since her being at Villers-Côterèts, found herself well, is now, upon such news as Leviston hath brought her from Scotland, fallen sick again, so that at even-song she was for faintness constrained to be led to her chamber, where she swooned twice or thrice." Mary was considered at this time in a state of health so precarious, that some of the heartless court gossips began not only to speculate on the probability of her death, but to indulge in conjectures as to a new Queen for the young King her husband. It was even suggested, by the Viscount de Noailles, that he could not do better than offer the reversion of his hand to that formidable regal spinster, Queen Elizabeth—an idea certainly as premature as it was absurd. The nobleman with whom it originated lamented, with a sigh, "that her Majesty of England was too wise to marry a child."[1] Ten years later, Elizabeth entertained proposals of marriage successively from the two youngest brothers of Francis.

Mary's affectionate letters to her mother prove that she sympathised in all her troubles, and was urgent with the young King her husband to send her succour,—which, she says, "he has promised me to do, and I will not allow him to forget it."[2] Meantime, Queen Elizabeth, though doing everything in her power to foment disturbances in Mary's realm, thought it expedient to pay all ceremonial attentions to her and Francis, as King and Queen of France. Her ambassadors, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton and Sir Peter Mewtas, came to Villers-Côterèts, on the 31st of August, to present their credentials to the young Sovereigns of France and Scotland, who, for reasons of state etiquette, received them in separate presence-chambers. When they had delivered their letters of congratulations to Francis on his accession to the throne of France, they

[1] Forbes's State Papers, p. 214.

[2] Letter from Queen Mary to her mother, the Queen-regent of Scotland, in General Register House, Edinburgh.

would have introduced the affairs of Scotland, but Francis stopped them by saying — "On that subject they must speak with his Queen."[1] The ambassadors were accordingly introduced, by her uncle the Duke de Guise, into Mary's presence-chamber, where she was seated with all her ladies about her. Cardinal de Lorraine delivered to her the letters which Queen Elizabeth had addressed to her royal husband and her, as the conjoint Sovereigns of Scotland. When Mary had read them, she said "that whatever her lord and husband the King, and her good cousin of Lorraine, judged meet, she should do the same." After making due inquiries after the health of her good sister, cousin, and ally, Queen Elizabeth, and behaving with proper courtesy to her representatives, she gave them their *congé*, and they were conducted to the stair-head by Cardinal Lorraine. The next day she went to Nantoullet to visit her sister-in-law and best-loved friend, Elizabeth of France, the sorrowful bride of Spain, who was respited by sickness from setting out on her reluctant journey to her consort Philip II. Mary remained with her one night, and returned the next day to Villers-Côterèts, where, for several days, she and her consort enjoyed the recreation of the chase, and their favourite diversion of fowling. The healths of both were greatly improved by those active sports and exercises in the open air. The young royal pair left Villers-Côterèts, September 11th, on their slow progress towards Rheims, where the coronation of Francis was to be solemnised on the 17th, their first resting-place being the abbey of Langport, distant only two leagues from the palace they had just quitted. The next day they arrived at Lefert, the seat of the Constable de Montmorenci; the following, they advanced to Fismes, and from thence proceeded to an abbey, three leagues from Rheims, where they reposed till all was ready for the pageant of their state entrance into that town.[2] In this, however, they were to be preceded by that of the maiden bride of Spain, Elizabeth of France, who had

[1] State Paper MS.—Correspondence of Throckmorton, Sept. 1559.
[2] Despatches of Throckmorton—State Paper Office MS.

pertinaciously refused to complete the matrimonial sacrifice to which the late King her father had devoted her at the treaty of Cambray, unless she were gratified by being present at the consecration of her brother Francis II. She entered Rheims on the 14th of September, dressed in black velvet, being in the deepest mourning for the late King her father, and was received at the gates by the citizens under a canopy of white damask, which was borne over her head by four of the chief burgesses, who conducted her to the abbey of St Pierre, where she was to be the guest of Mary's aunt, the Lady-Abbess, Renée of Lorraine. The 15th was appointed for the arrival of the King. He travelled in the same carriage with his Queen till within a quarter of a league of the town, where he alighted, mounted a beautiful white charger, and made his solemn entry into the holy city of France, in the midst of a great storm of wind and rain.[1] The state of the weather was unfortunate, for a very attractive pageant had been prepared by the loyal citizens to greet their young monarch and his royal consort. Above the gate of Rheims a stage was raised, but so as not to obstruct the view through the portal up the main street of the city, between pillars wreathed with lilies. Upon this stage was the figure of the Sun as a globe of fire, in which was enclosed a glowing red heart. The King drew up his fair white steed, and looked earnestly at this stage, when the sun opened, and the radiant heart moved forward, then, suddenly expanding, showed a lovely little girl of nine years of age, with fair curls clustering to her waist. She held the keys of Rheims in her hand, and addressed some verses of welcome, as if she were the genius of Rheims, to the young King, who was mightily delighted with the conceit. The little girl then retreated to her Sun, which shut up, but opened again like a flower when Queen Mary's litter followed the King; and again the little envoy, who was called *la Pucelle de Rheims*, came out, and repeated four verses of welcome; but this time she brought presents to propitiate the fair young consort of the Sove-

[1] Letter of Charles de Bouillon to the Duchess de Nemours.

reign.[1] Their Majesties were received by twenty bishops, and as many curés, at the head of whom was Mary's uncle, Cardinal Lorraine, the archbishop of Rheims. The Queen's procession was headed by the city companies, and a canopy of state was borne over her head. The Queen-mother did not arrive till the following day. The alarming illness of the Duke of Savoy, the bridegroom of the King's aunt, Madame Marguerite de France, caused the coronation to be put off one day. On the evening preceding that solemnity, "the King and Queen went in state to attend the service of vespers; and the King, according to ancient usage, customary at both French and English coronations, offered a golden image of his patron saint, being St Francis, worth eight thousand gold florins.

The coronation did not take place till the 18th of September. Cardinal de Lorraine walked before the St Ampoule, or holy oil flask; Mary's other uncle, the Duke de Guise, though a very new peer of France, by the side of the first prince of the blood, the King of Navarre. The Cardinal celebrated the mass of the Holy Ghost, and performed the service of crowning the young King. "That day, owing to the illness of the under chaunter, *I* performed his office,"[2] says the eyewitness and chronicler from whom some of these curious particulars are derived. It was a black coronation; for, out of respect to his father's memory, Francis had issued his orders that no lady, save the Queen of Scotland, his spouse, should presume to appear in gold, jewels or embroidery, or wear any other dress than black velvet or black silk made very plainly[3]—a most impolitic and unpopular decree as regarded the good of trade, and very hard upon the ladies. Mary Stuart alone

[1] Négociations de François II., p. 118. From the MSS. of M. le Basque, canon of the Church of Rheims, communicated to Canon le Court, by M. de Salle, canon and seneschal in 1708.—Lacourt's History of the House of Lorraine. Many curious MSS. at Rheims are printed under the simple head of Négociations sous François II., edited by Louis Paris, librarian of the Archives of Rheims, 1841. By order of King Louis Philippe.

[2] MSS. at Rheims, Négociations de François II., p. 114. [3] Ibid. 115.

wore her jewels, and was arrayed in glorious apparel on that day, amidst the sable train,

> "Fair as a star when only one
> Is shining in the sky."

She was not included in the coronation rite, because, as a Queen-regnant, it would have been beneath her dignity to submit to the forms prescribed for a Queen-consort of France, in which there is an exhortation admonishing the Queen "that she is crowned merely by the favour of her husband, and must undertake nothing without the sanction of the King."[1] Now, Mary Stuart could not take any such vow, being a reigning Sovereign, by whose favour her spouse had recently received the crown-matrimonial of Scotland; she therefore contented herself with gracing with her presence, as an independent Sovereign, the consecration of her royal husband, the King of France, from whom, in point of rank, she could not derive so high a degree as that which her birth had given her.[2] Leading from the grand hall of the palace of her uncle, the Cardinal-archbishop of Rheims, was a staircase and corridor which opened on a gallery over the right side of the altar.[3] Here Mary, her beloved sister-in-law Elizabeth, Queen of Spain, and the ladies of their Courts, looked down on the ceremony without taking any part in it. After the consecration, the King of France went with his procession to a grand banquet held in the Archbishop's hall, which was adjoining the cathedral of Rheims. To the coronation feast the female royalty were not admitted; the Queen and her company occupied another gallery, built in the hall on purpose for their accommodation, from whence they could behold the King, the dignitaries, nobility, and chivalry of France feasting below. At the coronation of Francis II., Montmorenci surrendered by the King's orders his great office of Grand-master of the household of France,

[1] Menin, Anointing and Coronation of the Kings and Queens of France.
[2] Ibid. p. 256. Marie de Medicis was the last Queen of France who was crowned.
[3] Menin, Coronations of the Kings and Queens of France, pp. 138, 151.

to Francis, Duke of Guise, who had officiated as deputy for him at the marriage of his niece, when Montmorenci was prisoner to the Spaniards. Guise had usurped the grand-chamberlainship of France, which office he had so long held for his nephew, Longueville.

The young Queen of Scots, now always called the French Queen, departed with her spouse, the newly crowned King of France, from Rheims towards Lorraine, where Francis was to hold the feast of his order. They went first to Nôtre Dame D'Espine, two leagues from Chalons; on the 25th of September to Vitry, and on the 26th to Bar-le-Duc, where the Duke of Lorraine, the King's brother-in-law, received them with great festivals. The old Duchess of Arschot, Mary's aunt, met the royal party by the way.[1] While at Bar-le-Duc, Francis, through the influence of his consort and her uncles, gave up the suzerainty of the Kings of France over the Barroise, in favour of Duke Charles of Lorraine, his brother-in-law. Throckmorton, who had followed the court of France to Bar-le-Duc, was much offended at not being invited to the high festival of the order of St Michael, and ever after cherished the greatest ill-will against the young Queen, from whom he suspected the slight proceeded. He had very properly protested to the Duke de Guise against the assumption of the royal arms of England on Mary's escutcheons, at the funeral of Henry II. Something conciliatory had then been said, which was nullified by a repetition of the same offence; for the said arms were not only engraven on Queen Mary's plate, as Queen of France, but "set forth very trimly" among the pageants over the gates of Rheims. Throckmorton, in the name of his Sovereign, addressed a spirited remonstrance against this assumption, and was answered "that the Queen of Scotland bore those arms as the descendant of Queen Margaret Tudor, her grandmother, the eldest daughter of Henry VII."[2] To this it was objected "that arms of sovereigns did not descend, as in noble families,

[1] La Popelienière, p. 147.

[2] State Paper Office MSS.—Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Bar-le-Duc, September 30.

to their daughters' posterity, and could not thus be quartered." But Elizabeth herself bore the arms of France through the like channel, as the representative of Isabella, daughter of Philip le Bel, and also of Catherine de Valois, daughter of Charles VI., and this rejoinder was made,[1] "that she styled herself Queen of France, a thing too ridiculous, as the Salic law forbade a female sovereign to reign; and it was demanded that she should drop the title of France, and expunge the Fleurs-de-lys from her shield, if she expected Mary to resign the arms and style of England." "Twelve sovereigns of England have borne the arms and style of France," replied Elizabeth, "and I will not resign them."[2]

Poor young Francis not being in a position to carry the dispute beyond a heraldic wrangle, was persuaded by that wise statesman, M. de Montmorenci, to concede the point, and abstain from setting up his consort's claim to that which Elizabeth was well prepared to defend. Elizabeth's jealousy was now excited against Mary as a woman: the palm of beauty, which she pertinaciously claimed for herself, was, she found, awarded by partial fame to her youthful kinswoman. As it was useless to demand satisfaction from Mary and Francis for this personal mortification, Elizabeth avenged herself by making contemptuous remarks on the delicate health of the one, and the feeble intellect of the other, and predicted they would have no children. Not contented with expressing these sentiments among her courtiers and ladies of the bedchamber, she so far forgot the dignity of her position as a crowned head, and her good breeding as a lady, as to instruct two grave statesmen, Edward Brown, Viscount Montagu, and Sir Thomas Chamberlain, her ambassadors to the Court of Spain, to inform Philip II. "that the Queen of Scots, an infirm Princess, was married to a crazy [sickly] King, without hopes of issue."[3] This communication to her royal brother-in-law,

[1] State Paper Office MSS.—Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Bar-le-Duc, September 30.

[2] Sir James Melville's Memoirs.

[3] Camden's Life and Reign of Elizabeth—Complete History of England, vol. ii. p. 381.

who by his recent marriage with Elizabeth of France stood in the like relation to Francis II., was especially intended to excite his jealousy of Mary's maternal kindred, by whom," she went on to state, "a plot had been laid to ensnare Hamilton, Duke of Châtelherault, who had by the Estates of Scotland been declared heir to that realm, together with his son, who was travelling in France—their design being to annex the Crown of Scotland to that of France; to which design she besought Philip to turn his attention, as very injurious to his own interest."[1]

After his coronation, Francis II. increased in height so rapidly, that a contemporary historian, La Popêlienière, declares that he might be almost seen to grow; but there was evidently no increase of strength to support the burden of care which had suddenly devolved on the pale, sickly stripling in his sixteenth year. He was, moreover, distracted with the conflicting intrigues of the rival parties who desired to govern in his name. He knew his mother's disposition, and resolved to shake off her trammels. This determination he made sufficiently apparent at the meeting of the Estates of France at Tours, where he declared himself able to rule, by the grace of God, without a Regent.

Mary unfortunately used her conjugal influence to induce him to confide all his troubles and difficulties to her uncles, Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duke de Guise, who thus became possessed of the administration of the affairs of the realm. The young Queen acted in this as any other girl of sixteen would have done in the like circumstances. To their guidance she had been confided in her sixth year by her only surviving parent, and to her, at least, they "had

[1] This vague hint of a plot to ensnare the Duke of Châtelherault, and his son the Earl of Arran, confutes the improbable tale of Robertson, that the Guises were about to bring the Earl of Arran to the stake on a charge of heresy, which he evaded by flight; for if any project so monstrous had been devised, surely Elizabeth would not have hesitated to denounce it in the strongest language, especially as Arran was one of her own confederates, who had been deluded into treason by hopes of her hand, in the event of his being placed by the Congregation on the throne of Scotland, and by that means to unite the two realms—a tempting idea to insinuate into the flighty brain of the incipient lunatic who occupied the position of the eldest son of the first Prince of the blood-royal of Scotland.

been all gentleness." They had inculcated on her tender mind that obedience to them was virtue, and that her duty to God required her to second their efforts for the support of the church in whose doctrines she had been nurtured. She reverenced them as the champions of that church with the enthusiastic feelings of a young warm heart, without perhaps pausing to inquire whether the impelling motive of their proceedings "were not a selfish regard for the accumulation of ecclesiastical wealth, which avarice had centred in their family."

To those who have studied the history of that period attentively, it cannot but be a marvel how any Princess placed in the position Mary Stuart was, as the consort of the feeble boy King, Francis II., and the niece of the Guises, could have conducted herself so as to escape the shafts of party malice. Amidst all the horror and hatred excited by the unscrupulous proceedings of her uncles, she preserved her popularity, and was regarded not only with respect, but adoration, by the French nation. Her only enemy was Catherine de Medicis. Mary had incurred the ill-will of her royal mother-in-law, not only by eclipsing her political influence, but on a subject still more likely to provoke angry feelings, having, in the inconsiderate rashness of youth, inquired "if it were true that she was the daughter of a Florentine merchant?"[1]—a taunt on the commercial origin of the wealthy family of the Medici, that was never forgiven by the haughtiest member of that house. Catherine suspected that her royal daughter-in-law's allusion to the sore point in her pedigree had been prompted by Cardinal de Lorraine; it was more probably something she had heard in the salons of Catherine's rival, the Duchess de Valentinois. But from whatever source Mary's erroneous information emanated, the circumstance ought to act as a warning against that worst of folly, creating enmities by inconvenient speaking on subjects calculated to give pain. The observation was not made to Catherine by Mary, but of her, and was doubtless aggravated by any person who was sufficiently devoid of good taste and good feeling as to repeat it.

[1] Letters of the nuncio Prosper de St Croix.

Outwardly, the two Queens lived on conventional terms of civility, and were frequently resident under the same roof. They both, with Francis II., accompanied the young Queen of Spain as far as Poictiers, on her journey towards the frontier, where she was delivered to the persons commissioned by Philip II. to receive her. This progress rather resembled a funeral procession, the bride and all her French retinue, as well as Francis, Mary, and the widowed Queen-mother, being attired in the deepest mourning for the late King. All the churches, and even the halls of reception, were draped with black.[1]

Mary and her beloved sister-in-law parted with many tears, never to meet again. They had been inseparable friends the chief part of their lives. No jealousy or rivalry had ever occurred between them, although they had both been successively affianced to Edward VI. After this lugubrious progress and separation from the friend and companion of her childhood, Mary proceeded with her husband to Blois, where both enjoyed better health than at any other place. They were only too happy to escape from the cares and turmoils of state affairs; and having consigned the burden of these to what they fondly considered wiser, because more experienced, heads than their own, they gave themselves up to occupations more suitable to their inclinations, and better adapted to their age.

About this period, when the young King of France chiefly resided in one or other of the palaces of the Loire, Mary accompanied him and the Queen-mother Catherine in a progress to Champigny, to see Madame Louise of Bourbon, sister to the great Duc de Bourbon, so famous in the time of Francis I. This lady was upwards of a hundred years of age, and retained her faculties, and even her beauty. She never left her chamber; but thither Queen Mary and the whole court repaired every day, and gazed upon this remarkable Princess with the most lively interest, for she greatly resembled her heroic brother, especially when she earnestly regarded any one.[2]

A few days after Mary completed her seventeenth year

[1] Mathieu, Histoire de France, livre iv. p. 213.

[2] Brantôme.

an accident befel her while hunting, which had nearly been attended with fatal consequences. The headlong speed and excitement with which the fair majesty of Scotland and France, and her ladies, were pursuing their game, may be imagined from the methodical account transmitted by the English ambassador to his own court: "On the 19th of December 1559, the young French Queen, being hunting and following the hart at full career, was in her course cast off her hunter by a bough of a tree, and with the suddenness of the fall was unable to call for help. Divers gentlemen and ladies of her chamber followed her; three or four of them passed over her before she was espied, and some of their horses' hoofs were so near her that her hood was trodden on by them. As soon as she was raised from the ground, she spake, and said she felt no hurt; and herself began to set her hair and dress her head, and so returned to the court, where she kept her chamber till the King removed. She feels no ill consequences from her fall, yet she is determined to change that kind of exercise."[1] Mary was not prudent enough to adhere to the sage resolution she formed while the frightful peril from which she had so narrowly escaped was fresh in her mind, for an accident very similar befel her after her return to Scotland, which will be related in the proper order of chronology. She passed that Christmas with Francis II. at the castle of Chambord.[2]

There is an interesting original portrait of Mary at this period of her life, in the possession of Sir John Maxwell, Bart. of Polloc, which appears well worthy of notice. It is a small cabinet-sized half-length, painted and illuminated on oak pannel, representing her in her eighteenth year, beautiful in features and complexion, and with the conscious dignity of a young queenly matron; but deeply touched with premature and anxious thought, which shades her youthful brow, and compresses the pouting lips. She looks as if pondering on her mother's troubles, and meditating some high resolve for her relief, which the remembrance of the difficulties of her own position as the wife of

[1] Forbes Papers. [2] Ibid.

a minor Sovereign, whose realm is torn with contending factions, assures her can never be carried into execution. Her dress is precisely in the costume of that epoch and court, and very chaste and rich. She wears a close fitting white satin boddice, resembling a waistcoat, with diagonal stripes of a slight running pattern in gold: it buttons closely up to the throat in front, and is finished with a high standing collar, edged with gold, and supported by a rich carcanet of alternate rubies and amethysts, set in gold filigree. The collar opens in front, and shows a finely quilled guipure ruff, which touches the ear. She wears her royal mantle of crimson velvet, furred with miniver. Her sleeves, also of crimson velvet, are furred in diagonal stripes with ermine pure. They rise above the shoulders, as in all her early pictures. A reseille of gold thread and pearls, with one large pearl pendant on the forehead, forms the simple royal coiffure of the youthful Queen, and accords better with her age than a more elaborate head-dress. Her well-known portrait by Zuchero, in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, evidently represents her in her riding dress of scarlet velvet and gold, with the small black velvet hat pertaining to that costume, which is not so feminine, and becoming to her, as the pretty round cap of her earlier French pictures. As a work of art, however, that picture is undoubtedly superior to any other delineation of Mary Stuart, except the glorious painting at Culzean Castle, from which our frontispiece is engraved.

There are two portraits in the Royal Historical Gallery at Versailles, lettered François II.; but so different, that it is impossible for both to represent the same person. The first is a handsome spirited-looking youth, seventeen years of age, with dark eyes, arched eyebrows, olive complexion, and rather a square contour of face; wearing a black velvet berret with drooping feathers, and a black velvet doublet slashed with white satin, and trimmed with sable fur: the date on the picture is 1560. The other is of a pale consumptive-looking youth, with elongated visage, wearing pearl earrings, and a black velvet plumed cap, ornamented

with pearls. His doublet is of black velvet, trimmed with ermine fur, and embroidered with gold, a high collar, and closely quilled ruff.

Francis and Mary were residing at Blois, with their court, happy in each others society, and enjoying the pleasures of the fields and woodland sports, when their tranquillity was painfully interrupted by the news of the conspiracy of Amboise. This plot, which occupies a conspicuous place in the history of France, can only be briefly mentioned in the personal annals of Mary Stuart. It was the commencement of that struggle for political and religious liberty provoked by the despotic rule of the house of Guise, which was destined for nearly thirty years to deluge France with blood. The jealousy of the Bourbon Princes, Anthony King of Navarre and his brother the Prince de Condé, had been deeply piqued at finding themselves excluded from any share in the government, by their haughty kinsmen of the house of Guise. The Queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, artfully tampered with their disaffection to her son Francis. She had never loved him; and now, on account of his undisguised preference for his consort, and the cool manner in which he had, as she considered, defrauded herself of her authority as regent, she regarded him with feelings whose hostile character she concealed under the most deceitful caresses.[1] Perceiving the growing power of the Huguenot party, and the unpopularity of the Guise administration, she allied herself secretly with the leaders of the opposition, was admitted to their confidence, and perfectly consenting to the leading objects of their confederacy—which were to surprise and separate the King from his consort, and confine the young royal pair in separate fortresses, to send the Princes of the house of Guise to the scaffold, and place the government in the hands of a council of regency, composed of the King of Navarre, Prince of Condé, Admiral de Coligni, and the Montmorencis—Catherine de Medicis had hoped to occupy the place of supreme head of this junta. But they only used her as their tool, in like manner as she was endeavouring to render them subservient to her ambi-

[1] See for full particulars La Popélienière, D'Aubigné, and De Thou.

tion and her revenge. They were assisted by Queen Elizabeth with money, and encouraged with promises of English troops. Meantime the Duke de Guise obtained intimation of the formidable scheme in agitation, through the treachery of Avenelles, a Huguenot lawyer, and took measures to avert the ruin that impended over him and his family. His first step was to remove the King and Queen from Blois. Francis was excessively annoyed at the communication of a plot so unexpected, and which he suspected to have been provoked by the mal-administration of his informer, for whom he really cherished less affection than was supposed. "What have I done," he exclaimed with passionate emotion, "to displease my people? I listen to their petitions, and desire to perform my duty to them. I have heard," continued he, pointedly, "that it is you, gentlemen, who cause disaffection: I wish you would leave me to myself, and we should soon see whether the blow is aimed at you or me."[1] "Ah, sire!" replied the Cardinal de Lorraine, bending his knee before the young Sovereign, if our retreat would satisfy your enemies, we should not hesitate to withdraw; but it is religion—it is the throne—it is France itself, they wish to subvert. All these are menaced by the Huguenots, whose aim is to destroy the royal family, and to transform France into a republic. Such is the object of this conspiracy. Will you abandon your faithful servants? Will you abandon yourself?"

Francis, thus urged, and convinced by irrefragable proofs of the correspondence of the Huguenot chiefs with England, no longer hesitated to put himself and his consort into the hands of the Guise party. The premature disclosure of the designs of the rival faction increased, instead of diminishing, the power of the house of Guise. Catherine de Medicis, to conceal from the world her share in the unsuccessful conspiracy, renewed her former intimacy with Cardinal de Lorraine, and betrayed and persecuted those who had rashly

[1] The Histories of France by La Popelienière, Mathieu, De Thou, Mezeray, and the Memoirs by Brantôme, afford detailed accounts of those transactions; but, after all, the best condensed narrative connected with the young King and Queen has been digested by Vatout, in his Histories of the Royal Palaces of France.

trusted her. Her crooked policy led her to avail herself of the very plot she had fostered for the purpose of destroying her unfortunate allies. A crisis of horror followed the removal of the young King and Queen to Amboise, where they, together with the young Princes and Princesses of the blood, and other personal attendants, were compelled to witness the heart-rending scenes of slaughter and terror which took place before the palace. The Prince of Condé himself, whose share in the conspiracy it was not convenient to bring home to him then, was unable to excuse himself from being a personal spectator of the massacre of his friends, and of appearing to sanction cruelties from which his soul revolted. That he acquitted Mary of all blame in these frightful transactions, we have the most satisfactory proof by his seeking her for his wife, after the decease of her husband and his own Princess. He was, indeed, one of the most earnest of her wooers; and it is to be lamented that she allowed her passion for the handsome Darnley to deprive her of such a consort as her noble-minded cousin of Condé.

It was at this period that Mary preserved her Latin master, George Buchanan, who was implicated in the conspiracy, from the stake to which he had been doomed, as a priest who had violated his vows.[1] Another countryman of the young Queen, encouraged by her protection of Buchanan, appealed to her for deliverance from the punishment his crimes, both as an assassin and a conspirator, had merited. He bore the same ominous name as the Scotch archer, Robert Stuart, who had intended to poison her nine years before, and he had the audacity to claim kindred with her Majesty. Mary denied the consanguinity, for which she has been censured by De Thou; but it was well that nothing worse could be said of her than her refusal to screen by falsehood one of the most atrocious criminals whom that age of crime had nurtured. He was allowed, nevertheless, to escape, and subsequently murdered the venerable Constable de Montmorenci in cold blood, at the

[1] Michel de Castelnau, Brantôme.

battle of St Denis, on which occasion the following characteristic dialogue took place: "Do you not know me?" exclaimed Montmorenci, who recognised in his slayer a professing Huguenot and a quondam ally. "Yes," responded Stuart, "and it is because I know you that I have given you your death-wound." The Constable, summoning his remaining strength, dashed out the ruffian's front teeth with the pommel of his sword. Stuart had previously shot the president Minart in the back, as he was quietly riding down the avenue leading to the palace of Amboise, and threatened the same fate to Mary's uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine. It was rather unreasonable that she should be expected to extend her patronage to such an assassin. Mary and Francis both sickened with the horrors of their sojourn at Amboise, and were at last permitted to retire for the benefit of their health to Chenonceaux, whence, after a little repose, they proceeded to Loches, and subsequently to St Germain-en-Laye. Mary was plunged in the deepest grief by the death of her unfortunate mother, in Edinburgh Castle, in June.

The young Sovereigns were never stationary many days together: we find them at Romorentin in the beginning of June, at Paris in July; and on the 21st of August they proceeded to Fontainebleau, where the meeting of the Estates of France was convened. Mary was present when her royal husband, in a trembling agitated voice, opened the Assembly of the Notables, as it was called. He had grown tall and slender, almost to attenuation, in the course of the last few months, and his pallid countenance bore traces of his sufferings. Mary looked brighter and more animated than usual. Montluc, the bishop of Valence, who had just returned from Scotland, advocated in the Assembly the necessity both of church and individual reform; and, addressing himself pointedly to Francis, recommended that he and his household should hear a sermon every day. "And you, my ladies, the Queens," said he, turning to Mary and her mother-in-law, "pardon me if I presume to entreat that you will be pleased to ordain that, instead of foolish songs, your ladies and demoiselles shall, for the

future, sing nothing but the Psalms of David, and those spiritual melodies which contain the praises of God."[1] Mary and her royal husband remained at Fontainebleau to recover their tranquillity, after the breaking up of this assembly. While they were resident at that palace, the Duke of Lorraine recounted a strange dream one of the court ladies had told him;—"how, on the morning of the fatal tourney at which Henry II. was slain, she had previously described it all," and added, "that a splinter of the lance of Montgomery had likewise struck the Dauphin in the ear, which stretched him dead,"[2]—a prediction easy to be made, for Francis II. suffered constitutionally with pain in the ear. Of course, it was remembered at his death.

From Fontainebleau Mary and her husband returned to St Germain, where they hoped to enjoy a season of domestic peace and pleasure. But neither repose nor pleasure was allowed the poor young King, under the shadow of whose authority the tyrannical statesmen who grasped the reins of state acted. They had decided on cutting off the Prince of Condé, for the share he had taken in the conspiracy of Amboise; and his death was to be followed by other illustrious victims, for the purpose of striking terror into the party, by whom the principles of the Reformation were supported. This tragedy was intended to take place at Orleans: the presence of Francis, with his popular and prepossessing Queen, was considered necessary to the successful accomplishment of the project. The purpose for which the progress towards Orleans was decreed by the Queen-mother of Francis, and the uncles of Mary, was for a time concealed from the young royal pair, who were required to act the part of acquiescent puppets in measures much opposed to the natural feelings of both. The arrest of Condé had not taken place when the States of France were, at the instance of his mother and ministers, summoned by Francis to meet him at Orleans. Accompanied by Mary, who was never absent from him, whether in joy or sadness, sickness or health, the youthful

[1] Mémoires de Condé, La Popelienière.
[2] Montfaucon Memoirs, vol. v. p. 60.

King bade adieu to St Germain on the 10th of October. At Paris they were joined by the Queen-mother.[1] They set out with a guard of twelve hundred horse, their force gradually increasing, as loyal nobles and chevaliers joined them with their men-at-arms.

Francis and Mary were to make their solemn entry into Orleans, Friday, October 17: one day was spent in her preparations. On the morning of the 18th the royal personages arrived in the Fauxbourg of Orleans, where they went to a house prepared to receive the Queen, while a scaffold was raised, on which she and the King stood and beheld the troops defile before them into Orleans. Four thousand foot-soldiers thus preceded them, thoroughly armed, excepting fire for their matchlocks. Then followed the civic authorities; and as they passed the stand where the King and Queen were, the bailiff of Orleans mounted it, to make his harangue of welcome. All the children of the principal inhabitants, clad in the colours of the King and Queen, followed by the archers of the city, were marshalled before their Majesties. Francis II. then descended, mounted a great horse, guided it under a golden canopy, enriched with the arms of the city, and borne by principal burgesses, and thus moved forward towards the great church of St Croix, called the Temple. Before him marched four hundred archers of his guard, two hundred gentlemen of his household, and the Swiss and arquebusiers of his new guards. After the King came his brother, the Duke of Orleans, (Charles IX.,) Angoulesme, (Henry III.,) and the Prince of Roche sur Yvon, the King's governor, followed by the French nobility and notables. And so to the sound of trumpets and clarions the royal procession went to the Temple of St Croix, where the bishop and clergy received their Sovereign. On the way an accident occurred, which was taken for an evil presage. The young King's horse stumbled, and threw him off flat on the ground; and if assistance had not been promptly rendered, he would have been trampled to death. Queen Mary did not enter Orleans in the same procession with her lord. Near dinner-time the

[1] La Popelienière, Histoire de France, 1581, vol. i. p. 211.

whole of the "fair procession" returned, and defiled before her in the same order and manner. Then Mary mounted a beautiful white hackney, and made her entry, most grandly, proceeding through streets hung with arras and rich tapestry; and, surrounded and followed by a great number of ladies and demoiselles, she arrived at the Palace of Orleans. A considerable force, headed by Marsili di Ciparre, general of the mercenary force hired by the Guises, had been previously marched into this central city. The deputies of the provinces, and burgesses, were expected to be intimidated by the great display of military force. Indeed, all civilians asked each other, "wherefore a young king only just out of his childhood, full of sweetness and humanity, who had never offended the least of his subjects, could need such a host of guards?"

It is matter of notoriety that, under pretence of some offence committed in the King's presence, Condé was to have been assassinated during his first interview at Orleans. Francis II., however, who was perforce informed of the plan, forbade the homicide in such terms that the bold brethren of the house of Guise dared not persist. Disappointed in their *coup d'état*, one of them exclaimed within his hearing,—"By the double cross of Lorraine, but we have a poor creature for our King!"[1] And historians, whether writing in favour of Huguenots or Roman Catholics, have shamelessly concurred in the same opinion, without casting a moment's consideration on the high moral courage manifested by the young monarch in withstanding the wilfulness of his ministers—men whose energy of purpose was equalled alone by their great abilities. As Francis II. was swayed in all he did by his beloved Queen, their niece Mary, it cannot be doubted that she strengthened his just determination. Condé was arrested on the 30th of October, as he was leaving the cabinet of the Queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, who, with her usual treachery, had been persuading him she was very much his friend.

In the midst of the conflicting passions and intrigues which convulsed the court and cabinet of her royal husband,

[1] Memoires de Condé. La Popélienière, Histoire de France.

the young Queen's mind was sorely crossed by the affairs of her own realm. She had especially instructed her commissioners, then treating for peace, not to admit the insurgent lords to their conferences, and by no means to recognise the treaty they had made with Elizabeth, in violation of their allegiance to their native sovereign, and, indeed, to the law of nations. But for some reason, which might probably be explained by a peep into Cecil's account-book of sums expended in the secret service of his royal mistress, the French commissioners thought proper to act in direct contradiction to their orders, and united with those of England and the Lords of the Congregation in concluding the Treaty of Edinburgh, the articles of which were so manifestly against the interests of Mary that Cecil could not refrain from congratulating his royal mistress, Queen Elizabeth, "on its having given her the sovereignty of that realm, which her warlike ancestors had vainly endeavoured to win by the sword."[1]

Mary, although only a girl of seventeen, would have been strangely deficient in the spirit of her race, and unworthy of her vocation as Queen of Scotland, if she could have acceded to such a treaty. Its effects, even unratified, had been to encourage her subjects to act independently of their duty to her, and the laws of their country. They had convened a parliament without her authority, and passed many acts which it was impossible she could approve; and they had communicated their proceedings to the Queen of England, and taken her opinions on them, before they had so much as notified them in any way to herself, their lawful Sovereign. They had, moreover, despatched a grand ambassade of three Earls and their followers to Elizabeth, with thanks for her late assistance, professions of their love and respect for her person, and a secret offer to her of the Earl of Arran, the heir of the realm, for a husband, if she would condescend to accept him.[2] To

[1] Cecil and Wotton to Queen Elizabeth—State Paper Office MS., 8th July, 1550.

[2] Keith. Tytler, Hist. Scotland. Haynes' State Papers.

Mary they only sent Sir James Sandilands, called the Grand-Prior of Scotland and Lord of St John, being the secularised possessor of the rich temporalities of the Knights of St John of Jerusalem in Scotland. He had taken a very decided part against the Queen-regent, and was of course a person little acceptable to his young Sovereign in any respect. Throckmorton, Elizabeth's subtle representative and spy at the court of France, who had followed Francis and Mary from Paris to Orleans, was importunate for the ratification of a treaty so manifestly to the advantage of his royal mistress. After several unsatisfactory interviews with Francis and his premier, Cardinal de Lorraine, Throckmorton received a decided negative to his request.[1] He then demanded to be permitted to confer with Mary herself on the subject, being well aware that her influence with her royal husband was all-powerful, and fancying, perhaps, that it would not be difficult to beguile a girl of her age, and inexperience in diplomacy, into the persuasion that, in confirming this treaty, she would act wisely and well. The separate audience he required of the youthful Sovereign of Scotland was graciously accorded; Throckmorton was introduced into her presence, and made his request to her in such terms as he judged most likely to win her acquiescence. Her reply was alike indicative of her implicit submission to the decision of her consort and her personal high spirit. "Such answer," said she, "as the King, my lord and husband, and his council, hath made you in that matter might suffice; but, because you shall know I have reason to do as I do, I will tell you what moveth me to refuse to ratify the treaty: my subjects in Scotland do their duty in nothing, nor have they performed one point that belongeth unto them. I am their Queen, and so they call me, but they use me not so. They have done what pleaseth them; and though I have not many faithful subjects there, yet those few that be on my party were not present when those matters were done, nor at that assembly. I will have them assemble by my authority, and

[1] Throckmorton's Correspondence on Scotch Affairs, in the State Paper Office.

proceed in their doings after the laws of the realm, which they do so much boast of, and keep none of them."[1]

Mary would have done well had she closed the conference with this sharp truth, but with girlish imprudence she proceeded to express her contempt of the quality of the solitary envoy who had been sent to the King of France and her, as the representative of the three estates of her realm, and indignantly added—"They have sent great personages to your mistress. I am their Sovereign, but they treat me not so: they must be taught to know their duties." Throckmorton observed, "that he was not acquainted with the Lord of St John,[2] but that, as Grand-Prior of Scotland, his rank was equal with that of any Earl in her realm." "I do not take him for Grand-Prior, for he is married," was Mary's shrewd rejoinder; the rank derived from the superiority of that ancient fraternity of military monks, the Knights of St John of Jerusalem, being, like the fellowships of our Protestant universities, incompatible with matrimony. "I marvel," continued the young Queen indignantly, "how it happeneth they could send other manner of men to your mistress."[3] Throckmorton tried to pacify her, by intimating that he had heard, that if she would behave graciously to their present envoy, and confirm the treaty which had been concluded in her name, her nobles meant to send her a more honourable legation. Mary, who was not to be coaxed like a petulant child into good humour, with promises which implied an insult, both to her understanding as a woman and her dignity as a crowned head, sarcastically rejoined—"Then the King and I must begin with them." Throckmorton, perceiving that his affectionate advocacy of her rebellious subjects did not render either them or their proceedings more agreeable to their offended liege lady,

[1] Throckmorton's Correspondence on Scotch Affairs, in the State Paper Office.

[2] This was a decided violation of truth on Throckmorton's part, for in a previous letter to Cecil he notes that the Lord of St John came secretly to confer with him before he delivered his credentials to Queen Mary.—State Paper Office MS., Scotch Correspondence.

[3] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, November 17, 1560—State Paper Office MS.

changed the subject, and spake in the character which more properly beseemed him, that of the representative of his own Sovereign, whose affairs, not those of Mary's realm, were his legitimate business. He proceeded to express his regret that the ratification of the treaty was refused, as it would give the Queen, his mistress, reason to suspect that no good was intended to her by the King and Queen of France, more particularly as they continued, he observed, to bear her arms in direct opposition to the articles of that treaty. "Mine uncles," replied Mary, "have sufficiently answered you on that matter; and for your part," added she, emphatically, "I pray you to do the office of a good minister between us, and you shall do well."[1]

The treacherous ambassador, whose whole time was occupied in the violation of the responsibilities of his sacred office, by playing the part of a spy and mischief-maker, must have felt the reproach implied in the admonitory hint, with which the fair young Queen dismissed him, more uneasily than if she had upbraided him with those instances of perfidy whereof, he was aware, she had too much cause to suspect him. Mary received Sir James Sandilands with civility, when she granted him his audience, though she protested against the measures of those whose delegate he was, and positively refused to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh, or to sanction any of the acts of a Parliament which had assembled without her authority, observing "that they must be taught to know that their duty was to assemble in their Sovereign's name, not in their own, as though they would make it a republic. She lamented that the King her husband, who coincided in all her sentiments, was too ill to admit him to his presence, and dismissed him with good words, and a significant exhortation "to perform his duty as an upright minister, between his Sovereign and her subjects."[2] The disputes regarding the wrangling stock, miscalled the Peace of Edinburgh, are among the

[1] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, November 17, 1560—State Paper Office MS.

[2] Life and Times of Queen Elizabeth, by Wright.

most intolerable bores in history. It was rendered, by Elizabeth, a constant source of annoyance to Mary during the residue of her life; and her refusal to ratify it formed one of the pretences for which her blood was shed on a scaffold, twenty-six years later. Yet Elizabeth was the last Sovereign in the world to have allowed an imposition of the kind to have been forced on herself, under any circumstances.

The illness under which Francis was suffering attacked him on the 15th of November, and is thus noticed by Throckmorton: "The King thought to have removed hence for a fortnight; but the day before his intended journey he felt himself somewhat evil disposed in his body, with a pain in his head and one of his ears, which hath stayed his removing from hence."[1] His physicians declared that his recovery was doubtful, and that such was the feebleness of his constitution, that, under any circumstances, he could not survive two years. Now, although Mary was unremitting in her tender attention to her suffering partner, and was supposed to be likely to bring an heir to France and Scotland, errant fame was busy in providing her with a second husband: some matching her with Don Carlos, the heir of Spain; others bestowing the reversion of her hand on the Emperor's son, the Archduke Charles.[2] Meantime, Francis began to amend, and recovered sufficiently to give audience of leave-taking to Lord Seton, ordering him to be paid eight hundred francs, his arrears as his gentleman of the bed-chamber, thanking him for the good and faithful service done to him and the Queen his wife, and promising further to reward him liberally. Lord Seton was to pass through England, bearing a letter from Mary, and her portrait, which he was to present to Queen Elizabeth. Before, however, the letter is concluded Throckmorton says "that the Queen cannot write at this time, nor have the picture finished."[3] Francis was not so well, and all her attention was engrossed by him. On the 1st of

[1] Throckmorton to Chamberlayne—Wright's Elizabeth.
[2] State Paper Office, Throckmorton to the Queen, Orleans, Nov. 28, 1560.
[3] Ibid.

December, Throckmorton writes to Queen Elizabeth, "The King is better, but so very weak and feeble that he has not been able to keep the feast of St Andrew's Day; yet the physicians mistrust no danger of his life for this time. And whereas," continues Throckmorton, "I wrote to your Majesty that the French Queen was not then minded to send your Majesty her picture, which she had promised, . . . I understand that she has given order that my Lord Seton shall both bring a letter from her to your Majesty, and also her picture."[1]

Poor Francis, who, notwithstanding this deceitful rally, was fast sinking under the twofold pressure of an acute mortal malady and the distractions of the dread crisis into which he had been dragged by his ministers, was eager to escape from the agitating conflicts which surrounded him at Orleans to the retirement of Chenonceaux, with his devoted consort. The consent of the pitiless junta by whom their motions were directed, to the departure of the young royal pair, is, with great probability, attributed by Knox to this reason, "that there should be no suit made to the King for the saving of any man's life, whom they thought worthy of death."[2] Francis, impatient to be gone, ordered his household to be broken up, and his tapestry and other movables to be transported to Chenonceaux. His directions were obeyed with such promptitude that nothing but bare walls were left in the royal apartments on the morning of the 3d of December, the day appointed for his departure. Their Majesties attended the vesper-service in the church of St Croix in their travelling-dresses, intending to have set out on their journey immediately afterwards; but the King, who was not in a state of health to be exposed with impunity to the sharp draughts of a large cold cathedral, at that bitter season of the year, was stricken with agonising pain in his ears and head—a severe and fatal relapse, as it proved, of the illness from which he was only partially recovered. He was conveyed back to his

[1] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Orleans, Dec. 1, 1560.
[2] History of the Church of Scotland, by John Knox, ii. 134.

palace, whence, in consequence of the preparations for his departure with the Queen to Chenonceaux, all the furniture had been removed, so that not even a bed remained for his accommodation. He was laid on a mattress, till a more comfortable couch could be prepared, and a canopy placed over him. Small solace was there in that dismantled desolate chamber for his faithful consort, who never left his side till the termination of his earthly sufferings. His complaint was an abscess in the ear, attended with such acute inflammation in the brain that the physicians talked of trepanning him, in the hope of relieving the agony; but he was too weak to bear the operation, even if such an experiment would have been permitted.[1]

When the last offices of the Church were administered to Francis by Cardinal Lorraine, the dying youth entreated "absolution for all the wicked deeds which had been done in his name by his ministers of state."—a request which created great sensation among the noble crowd who surrounded his bed, for the officiating Cardinal was his premier. Aware that the hand of death was upon him, Francis appeared to regret nothing but his separation from her who was the only true mourner among those by whom his dying-bed was surrounded. She had been the angel of his life, and with grateful fondness he lifted up his dying voice to bless her, and to bear testimony to her virtues and devoted love to him. With his last feeble accents he recommended her to his mother, "to whom he bequeathed her," he said, "as a daughter; also to his brothers and sisters, whom he entreated to regard her as a sister, and always to have a care of her for his sake.[2] The fever and agony in his head and ear returning with redoubled violence, he became speechless, all but a soft low whispering of inarticulate words—addressed to the faithful conjugal nurse, who never stirred from his pillow till the agonising struggle closed. "On the 5th of December, at eleven o'clock in the night," says Throckmorton, "he departed to God, leaving as heavy and dolorous a wife as of good right she had reason to be, who, by long watching

[1] Mathieu, Histoire de France. [2] Connaeo, Vita Maria Stuarta.

with him during his sickness, [which, from the first attack, November 15th, lasted nineteen days,] and by painful diligence about him, especially the issue thereof, is not in the best time of her body, but without danger."[1]

If any reader, whose estimate of Mary Stuart's character and conduct has been framed by the evidence of her self-interested accusers, should ask what friendly hand has sketched this touching picture of the sorrowful young widow, in the first anguish of her bereavement, ill and exhausted with her personal fatigues and anxious vigils by the deathbed of a husband, unattractive to all but her? we answer, that it was no partial pen, being derived from Throckmorton's journalising despatch to Queen Elizabeth; in which, without the slightest intention to paint the rival Queen in colours too interesting, he has, for the information of his royal mistress,[2] related facts as they were, in a few brief words, which say more for Mary than volumes of panegyric from any other source. "Ah, Francis!—happy brother!" would Charles IX. exclaim, whenever he looked on Mary's portrait; "though your life and reign were so short, you were to be envied in this, that you were the possessor of that angel, and the object of her love."[3]

Knox, whose zeal against Papistry pleads his excuse with the majority of his readers for sentiments and expressions which, if proceeding from a Papist, would be justly reprobated for coarseness and intolerance, records the untimely death of Francis with exultation; styles him "the husband of our Jezebel,"[4] and adverts to the circumstances of his last fatal relapse in these words—"For as the said King sat at mass, he was suddenly stricken with an imposthume in that deaf ear, that never would hear the truth of God, and so was he carried to ane void house, laid upon a palliasse, unto such time as a cannobie was set up unto him, where he lay till the fifteenth day of December, [*John reckons by old style,*] in the year of God 1560, when his glory perished, and the pride of the stubborn heart

[1] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, from Orleans, December 6, 1560—State Paper Office MS. [2] Ibid. [3] Brantôme.
[4] History of the Reformation in Scotland, by John Knox, ii. 132.

evanished in smoke."[1] Francis II. had not completed his regal majority, being only sixteen years, ten months, and fifteen days old—an age at which a modern schoolboy is not considered responsible even for a long score at a pastry-cook's shop. "The godlie in France," pursues Knox, "upon this sudden death, set forth in these verses ane admonition to Kings." The stanza which concerns Francis may serve as a specimen of this humane lyric:—

> "Last Francis, that unhappy child,
> His father's footsteps following plain,
> To Christ crying deaf ears did yield,
> *Ane rotten ear* then was his baen."[2]

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[1] History of the Reformation in Scotland, by John Knox, ii. 134.

[2] Ibid. p. 136. The original is in Latin, and the translation is, by the learned editor of the Wodrow edition of Knox, attributed to George Buchanan, who is evidently the "Mr George" by whom Knox, in his marginal note, certifies that the passage relating to the death of Francis II. was corrected; and truly it savours of the author of the "DETECTIO!" Nay, more, let those who are accustomed to verify the authorship of anonymous productions by Sir Francis Bacon's test—a comparison of their spirit and their style with the acknowledged productions of the suspected writer—consider the coincidence between the coarse unfeeling expressions in reference to the cruel malady of which Mary Stuart's first husband died, and those in the letters of silver casket notoriety, alluding to the sufferings of her second from the effects of the small-pox, and then say whether both have not emanated from the same source.

MARY STUART.

CHAPTER V.

SUMMARY.

Mary Stuart's widowhood as Queen-dowager of France—Completes her eighteenth year—Her *deuil* chamber—Her weeds as *blanche Reine*—Memorials of her affection to her consort—Important testimony borne by Throckmorton to her worth, modesty, and admirable conduct—Visits of condolence paid her—Projects of her uncles for disposal of her hand to Don Carlos—Mary's resolution to return to her kingdom—Receives by accident the correspondence of Scottish traitors—Painful contrast drawn by the English ambassador between Mary's virtues and the scandals current of Elizabeth and Lord Robert Dudley—Mary's hand sought by Don Carlos of Spain, Charles of Austria, and the Earl of Arran—Lord Darnley visits her incognito—James Melville sent to her with condolences from Prince Palatine—Mary leaves Orleans—Her unwillingness to marry—Her elegiac verses to Francis II.—Long interview between Mary and Forbes—She accompanies the Court of France to Fontainebleau—Receives there the Earl of Bedford with Queen Elizabeth's condolences—Her conferences with him and Throckmorton—Her melancholy deportment at Fontainebleau—She departs to Rheims—Surrounded by the spies of England—Respect for the purity of her life—Hated for her popularity by Catherine de Medicis—Passion of the King of Navarre for Mary—Her alarming illness—Her conviction of duty as sovereign of Scotland.

THE royal widow, aware that by the death of Francis she had retrograded from her pre-eminent rank in that court to the inferior position of a Queen-dowager, waited not to be reminded by her unsympathising mother-in-law of the change in her degree, but instantly vacated the royal apartments she had occupied in the palace at Orleans as Queen of France. It has been asserted by historians in general that Mary withdrew from Orleans a few hours after the demise of the King her husband, and took up her abode

in a chateau about two leagues distant. Throckmorton's journalising despatches, in which all her motions are carefully noted for the information of his royal mistress, prove that, although she changed her apartments, she remained according to the *rigueur* of regal etiquette in Orleans, in her *deuil* chamber, till after the obsequies of her lamented lord had been solemnised. Her grief was aggravated by perceiving that she was the only sincere mourner for him, and that, beyond her own personal demonstrations, it was not in her power to procure those funereal marks of respect usually shown to the remains of the sovereigns of France. It was among the peculiar customs of French royalty that a Queen-dowager, immediately after the death of the King her husband, always retired into the profoundest seclusion, daylight being rigorously shut out of her apartments, which were hung with black. She was served by lamp-light, and only approached by female officers of her household. The garb she assumed for her deceased royal lord was snowy white from head to foot, and this she wore for forty days: hence she was called in France, *la blanche Reine*. The delicate beauty of Mary Stuart was reported to be more than usually exquisite in these white robes of widowhood.[1] Her portrait was drawn while she wore them, a copy of which is at Hampton Court; but the painting is wretched: it presents but a caricature of her features, and looks more like a woman of forty than a graceful girl of eighteen.

The stormy state of the times, and the fact that Mary Stuart was a regnant Sovereign as well as a Dowager of France, caused some relaxation from the usual seclusion of white widowhood, for we have found, from the accredited MSS. in the State Paper Office, that she was forced to give several audiences on her affairs when she was the *blanche Reine* at the palace of Orleans. The etiquette of the French court permitted the Queen-dowager to come forth into the light of day at the end of the forty days' enclosure, if she had not expectation of offspring. Mary Stuart assumed the black weeds of widowhood, and appeared in public when

[1] Brantôme, who quotes a poem on this subject.

her husband's body was removed for burial at St Denis. Mention is made by one of her Scottish nobles of the great black hood their Queen wore at Orleans the day of the funeral of Francis II. Not that she followed his corpse to the place of interment, but there are ceremonies previous to burial in the ritual of her Church, of dirge, aspersion, and procession round the coffin before removal, at which it appears she assisted. After changing the dress of the *blanche* Queen for the usual sable weeds, Mary wore the widow's black robes through four years of her young life—for such was the custom of her rank at that era. Mary completed her eighteenth year a few days after her bereavement, and her melancholy birthday was spent in her *deuil* chamber in tears and prayers for her deceased consort. The body of Francis lay in state in the great hall, where a few days previously he had assembled the Estates of his realm.

The ambitious uncles of Mary did not waste their time in presiding over the doleful procession which conducted the corpse of their young King to the crypts of the *sainte chapelle* at St Denis. Far from it, they left the care of the burial utterly to the personal servants of the late monarch, the seigneurs of Lansac and La Brosse, who, limited in their command of resources, were obliged to make a very pitiful funeral for their royal master, insomuch that the hand of some bold remonstrant pinned on the pall that covered the coffin, "Where is Tanneguy de Chastel?"—a faithful officer, who in former times had buried Charles VII. at his own expense.[1] An elegant marble pillar was subsequently erected by Mary, as a tribute of her affection, to mark the spot where the heart of Francis II. was deposited in Orleans Cathedral.[2] She also caused a medal to be engraved in commemoration of her love and grief, having the following simple but quaint device, emblematical of her buried consort and herself—namely, a liquorice plant, the stem of which is bitter, bending mournfully towards the root, with this motto, "Earth hides my sweetness."

The decease of her young consort, so quickly following

[1] Varillas's Charles IX., vol. i. p. 4.
[2] Tombeaux des Personnes Illustres, par M. de Sauvreur.

that of her only surviving parent, impressed Mary's mind with deep conviction of the uncertainty of human life. She surrounded herself with sombre images and emblems of mortality. She had a crystal watch made in the shape of a coffin for her own use, and another in the form of a helmeted death's-head, which she presented to her favourite maid of honour, Mary Seton. Both are in existence. The first is in the possession of Sir Peter Murray Threipland, Bart., of Fingask Castle, Perthshire; the other belonged to the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. It is of silver, and as full of curious workmanship and emblems as the locket of Margaret Douglas. The works are in wonderful preservation, and still perform well. The maker's name is Moyse, of Blois. There is a good engraving of it in C. J. Smith's "Historical Curiosities." A large silver bell (for it is a striking watch) fills the middle of the skull. It still tells the hour, and is most musical. It was an ingenious *memento mori* invented by some Roman Catholic devotee, to be placed on the top of a *prie-dieu*.

"The Queen-mother," observes Sir James Melville, "was blithe of the death of King Francis her son, because she had no guiding of him, but only the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal his brother, by reason that the Queen our mistress was their sister's daughter. So the Queen-mother was content to be quit of the government of the house of Guise, and for their sake she had a great misliking of our Queen." The death of Francis II. was not allowed to be natural by those who were losers by his decease. The usual outcry of poison took place, and the story went that his mother, Catherine de Medicis, had bribed his barber to put some poison in his ear. The unnatural joy she manifested strengthened this report.[1]

The respect which the conduct and character of Mary excited at this period, both from friend and foe, may best be seen from the testimony borne by the generally invidious pen of Throckmorton, in his report to the English Privy Council, three weeks after the death of Francis. "Now that God hath thus disposed of the late French

[1] Etienne Pasquier, one of Catherine's libellers, published the accusation.

King, whereby the Scottish Queen is left a widow, one of the special things your lordships have to consider, and to have an eye to, is the marriage of that Queen. During her husband's life there was no great account made of her, for that, being under the bond of marriage and subjection to her husband, who carried the burden and care of all her matters, there was offered no great occasion to know what was in her:" a statement which assuredly ought to have exonerated Mary from all reproach for political transactions, including the assumption of the arms and title of England, with which she has been upbraided by unreasoning prejudice. If her counsel had been sought, a more prudent and conscientious line of conduct might probably have been adopted in regard both to France and Scotland. The artful statesmen, who exercised the power of the crown in both, placed, however, small importance on the opinion of a girl in her teens, and she under the control of wedlock. "But since her husband's death," proceeds Throckmorton, "she hath showed, and so continueth, that she is both of great wisdom for her years, modesty, and also of great judgment in the wise handling herself and her matters, which increasing in her with her years cannot but turn to her commendation, reputation, honour, and great benefit to her and her country. And already it appeareth that some such as made no great account of her, do now, seeing her wisdom, both honour and pity her."[1]

After this high testimony to the prudence with which Mary had conducted herself under circumstances, the difficulties whereof were well known to this minute observer of the complicated intrigues and conflicting passions of the French court, he gives the following curious record of her proceedings in the first stage of her widowhood: "Immediately upon her husband's death she changed her lodgings, withdrew herself from all company, and became so solitary, and exempt from all worldliness, that she doth not to this day see daylight, and so will continue out forty days. For the space of fifteen days after the

[1] Throckmorton to the Privy Council, Dec. 31, 1560.—State Paper Office MS.

death of her said husband, she admitted no man to come into her chamber, but the King," (Charles IX., a boy of ten years old; who was excessively fond of her,) "his brethren, the King of Navarre, (her first cousin,) the Constable, and her uncles; and about four or five days after that was content to admit some bishops, and the ancient knights of the order," — meaning that of St Michael, of which Mary was, as the consort of the late Sovereign of France, one of the ladies. She probably received an address of condolence from the elder brethren of that noble fraternity. She was too prudent, as Throckmorton testifies, to admit any of the younger knights to her presence, except Martigues, who, "having done her good service, and married the chief gentlewoman of her chamber, had so much favour shown him." The ambassadors were afterwards admitted, who, continues the representative of England, "have all been with her to condole, saving I,[1] which I have forborne to do, knowing not the Queen's Majesty's pleasure in that behalf. Among others, the ambassador of Spain hath been with her alone an hour together, which is thought to be far more than the ceremony of condolence required. He hath also since that time dined and had great conference with the Cardinal of Lorraine; and though I cannot yet think that it be about any matter of marriage for her with the Prince of Spain, (for I think the council of Spain too wise to think upon it, without other commodity,) yet it is not amiss to harken to the matter. For she, using herself as she beginneth, will make herself to be beloved, and to lack no good means of offers. As for my part," continues Throckmorton,[2] who had, as we have seen, for upwards of a year and a half, kept the most vigilant observation, both personal and by his agents, on her every look, word, and action, "I see her behaviour to be such, and her wisdom and queenly modesty so great, in that she thinketh herself not too wise;"—a significant hint, intended apparently for the benefit of his own sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, for he

[1] State Paper Office MS., Throckmorton to Privy Council, December 31, 1560. [2] Ibid.

shrewdly adds—"but is content to be ruled by good counsel and wise men, which is a great virtue in a Prince or Princess, and which argueth a great judgment and wisdom in her, that by these means she cannot do amiss." It is curious to observe how entirely the present system of ministerial government, under a sovereign held irresponsible for the acts done in the name of the Crown, is defined in the above passage, from the pen of one of the acutest statesmen in the service of the most despotic of English Monarchs.

The estimate formed by Throckmorton of Mary's courage and practical abilities being fully equal to his idea of "her wisdom and queenly modesty," he cannot, he says, "but fear her proceedings, if any means be left, and offered for her to take advantage of:" implying thereby, that, however disposed she were as a young woman, occupying a most difficult post, to listen with due attention to the opinions of more experienced persons than herself, she would be no *Reine fainéante*, but, if opportunity were afforded, prove herself as formidable a neighbour as the mightiest monarchs of her line had done. "I understand very credibly,"[1] continues he, "that the said Scottish Queen is desirous to return into Scotland. Marry! she would so handle the matter as that the desire should not seem to come of herself, nor of her seeking, but by the request and suit of the subjects of Scotland. To compass which device she hath sent one Robert Leslie, who pretendeth title to the earldom of Rothes, into Scotland, to work by such as are hers, and of the French faction; and besides them, doubteth nothing to procure to her a good many of those that were lately against her. Among others, she holdeth herself sure of the Lord James, and of all the Stuarts, wholly to be at her devotion. She mistrusteth none, but the Duke of Châtelherault and his party; and besides these, she nothing doubteth to assure to her, by easy persuasions, the whole or most part of those who carried themselves as neuters all

[1] State Paper Office MS., Throckmorton to Privy Council, December 31, 1560.

this time, who are thought to be many. Besides, the common people, to have their Queen home, will altogether, she thinketh, lean and incline unto her." He then goes on to explain to the English Council, that the young Sovereign's policy, into which he had fully penetrated, would be—if she succeeded in obtaining a request, to be addressed to her by the Estates of Scotland, to return to her own realm—to demand that the forts and principal castles belonging to the Crown should be delivered to her or her officers, "to the end," continues Throckmorton, "that she may be the more assured against the evil meanings of the hollow-hearted." It is amusing to detect the English statesman calling the Scotch tools and pensioners of his royal mistress by a name so characteristic of their conduct towards their Queen and country. He further informs his colleagues that Mary, from her *deuil* chamber, was working to have promises of all obedience and duty belonging to loving and obedient subjects included in the request for her to come home to her own people and realm; and that she would engage, in return, to assure them of all the favours and benevolence that a Prince can promise or owe to good subjects."[1] In this design Mary succeeded, as will be shown hereafter; for the neutral or sensible party, aware that a settled monarchical government afforded a reasonable hope for that domestic peace and prosperity, and security for property, which can rarely be found under a republic, united with her friends in desiring to be under the mild sway of their young liege lady, instead of suffering the evils attendant on the absentee system, and being involved in the feuds of a selfish oligarchy.

Mary gained an unexpected insight into the treasonable proceedings of some of her subjects at this juncture, in consequence of a circumstance, which is thus related by Throckmorton to Cecil: "I pray you let Francis Tenant, the Scottish merchant of Edinburgh, perceive in his passage that way that he hath done amiss in delivering my

[1] State Paper Office MS., Throckmorton to Privy Council, December 31, 1560.

pacquet to the Queen of Scotland, whereby sundry letters addressed to sundry Scottishmen here, from their friends in Scotland, are in way to occasion some trouble and displeasure to many of them. He is a very *lewd*[1] person." We should think a manly honest fellow, who scorned to be rendered an instrument in the knavish confederation between the English secretary and ambassador, the traitors in Scotland, and their spies in France, with whom his liege lady, and she a desolate widow of eighteen, was surrounded. If there had been even a closely-balanced minority of Scottish Peers of the same spirit as the loyal Edinburgh merchant, Francis Tenant, Mary Stuart had never fallen into the crafty web of her false cousin of England. We should like to know, however, what was the fate of this loyal merchant, Francis Tenant, for he is commended to the attention of Cecil, with the following ominous hint from Throckmorton: "He hath, as I understand, her Majesty's passport to come and go through England. It may like you to say something of him to those who have authority in Scotland."[2]

In the same letter, Throckmorton apprises Cecil that the greatest personages in that court had been curiously cross-questioning lately Morette, the Duke of Savoy's ambassador in England, about Queen Elizabeth's reported matrimonial engagement to Lord Robert Dudley, whose wife Amy Robsart's tragic death only occurred in the preceding September 1560. Heartily annoyed Throckmorton appears to be, for the honour of England, at the scandalous rumours on that subject. "But if her Majesty (Queen Elizabeth) do so foully forget herself in her marriage," he says, "as the bruit runneth here, never think to bring anything to pass either here or elsewhere. I would you did hear the lamentation, the declamation, and sundry affections which have cause here for that matter. Sir, do not

[1] This word meant, in old English, uncultured and lowly born. Robert Manning says of his translation of Piers Langtoft's Chronicle of England, it was written "not for the learned but the lewd" English—for men drinking at the ale.

[2] State Paper Office MS., Sir N. Throckmorton to Sir William Cecil, Orleans, December 31, 1560.

so forget yourself as to think you do enough, because you do not further the matter. Remember your Mistress (Elizabeth) is young, and subject to affections. You are her councillor, and in great credit with her. You know there be some of your colleagues which have prosecuted the matter. There is nobody reputed of judgment and authority that doth to her Majesty disallow it, for such as be so wise as to mislike it be too timorous to show it, so as her Majesty's affection doth find rather wind and sail to set it forward, than any good advice to quench it. My duty to her, and good-will to you, doth thus move me to speak plainly; I trust you will take it in good part."[1] Elizabeth, at the time her youth is so obligingly pleaded by her sorely vexed, but faithful servant, Throckmorton, in extenuation of her weakness regarding that disreputable widower, her handsome Master of the Horse, was in her eight-and-twentieth year—a far maturer age than that at which Mary Stuart was, seven years later, cozened out of her crown, in consequence of the suspicious circumstances in which her unhappy entanglement with Bothwell had involved her; a matter that will be fully entered into in the proper order of chronology, which is rarely violated in our royal biographies either by prospective or retrospective views. It is, however, impossible to refrain from a passing glance at the relative positions of the two Queens in 1560 and 1567. Comparisons have frequently been instituted between them, and generally to the disadvantage of Mary; yet the correspondence of Throckmorton with his colleagues, all faithful and devoted servants of Elizabeth, leads to an inference very opposite to the hackneyed assertions regarding Mary's levity and Elizabeth's feminine discretion. The following conversation, Throckmorton informs Cecil, took place between him and the Spanish ambassador, "who did, among other matters," writes he, "earnestly entreat me to tell him 'whether the Queen, my mistress, were not secretly married to the Lord R[obert Dudley],' 'for,' said he, 'I assure you, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, this Court is full of it; and whatsomever any man doth make

[1] State Paper Office MS., Throckmorton to Cecil, December 31, 1560.

your Mistress believe, assure yourself there never was any Princess so over-seen, if she do not give order in that matter betime. The fruits of her doings,' said he, 'be very strange in all courts and countries. The Queen your mistress doth show that she hath done but for a few in her realm, for no man will advise her to leave her folly.'[1] With other things," adds Throckmorton, "which were grievous for me to hear."

In this very remarkable letter Throckmorton mentions that the hand of the Queen of Scotland was sought by the Archduke of Austria, son to the Emperor, and the report was that they should marry. He writes the same day to the object of Elizabeth's indiscreet passion, Lord Robert Dudley—a passion which the mysterious and tragical death of his hapless wife, Amy Robsart, rendered no less disgraceful to her as a woman than derogatory to her dignity as a Queen. Throckmorton makes no allusion in that quarter to the painful report he had communicated to Cecil; but he speaks of the prudence and virtues of her royal kinswoman in such terms as were doubtless intended to impress on the mind of the presumptuous Dudley how injurious the contrast between the deportment of the two Queens at this period would be to Elizabeth. "For assuredly," he says, "the Queen of Scotland, her Majesty's cousin, doth carry herself so honourably, advisedly, and discreetly, as I cannot but fear her progress. Methinks it were to be wished of all wise men, and her Majesty's good subjects, that the one of these two Queens of the isle of Britain were transformed into the shape of a man, to make so happy a marriage as thereby might be an unity of the whole isle and their appendancies."[2] The alarm felt by Elizabeth's ministers lest she should be betrayed by her passion for the widower of Amy Robsart into a marriage, calculated to disparage her both as a woman and a Queen, was unfounded. Elizabeth's passion was not a sentiment. She never loved any man well enough to induce her to make a sacrifice for his sake. She knew that wedlock involved wifely submission, and that if

[1] Inedited State Paper Office MS., Letter of Throckmorton to Cecil; December 31, 1560. [2] Ibid.

she married her handsome favourite, she might convert an obsequious slave into an imperious master. Her cautionary regard to self-interest in this instance prevented her from contracting an alliance which might have proved as calamitous as the subsequent marriage of Mary Stuart with Bothwell, and would have been no whit more reputable.

The year 1561 dawned on Mary in her darkened chamber at Orleans, and found her, though closely secluded from the world, the object of matrimonial proposals and speculations. "The house of Guise," writes Throckmorton, "do use all the means they can to bring to pass the marriage betwixt the Prince of Spain and the Queen of Scotland. The King of Navarre and the Constable work as much, on their parts, for the marriage of her to the Earl of Arran."[1] Mary's hand had been negatively engaged to Arran in the first month of her life and reign. He was the eldest son of the heir-presumptive to the throne of Scotland, beautiful in person, and had received a French education—having been resident in that polite court almost as long as Mary herself. He had also been much in her society; and, till he saw her absolutely married to the Dauphin, had cherished hopes of becoming her husband. After that event he had suffered himself to be deluded by the English faction into treasonable practices against his Sovereign, and made a formal offer of his hand to Queen Elizabeth. It had been the policy of that Princess to encourage without accepting him; but when Mary became a widow he broke through all the snares in which he had been entangled, and resolved to enter the lists with the royal suitors who contended for her hand. Mary, of course, scorned the idea of wedding one of her own subjects, who had so far forgotten his allegiance to her as to have rendered himself the tool and dupe of her kinswoman of England; but she availed herself of his courtship so far as to draw the chief persons of the powerful house of Hamilton from the adverse party, and render them subservient to her authority for a time.

[1] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, Orleans, Jan. 10, 1560-1—State Paper Office MS.

From her *deuil* chamber at Orleans, Mary wrote conciliatory letters to all her Scotch nobles, announcing the death of her royal husband, expressing her grateful sense of the affection of the loyal, and offering, to those who had acted in opposition to her regal authority, both pardon and oblivion of all offences past. She even promised favour and employment to several of those who, by their traitorous correspondence with England, had given her cause to regard them with suspicion and dislike—especially her natural brother James, the secularised Prior of St Andrews; her late mother's treacherous secretary, Lethington; Kirkaldy of Grange, and Henry Balnaves. Regard to their own selfish interests had induced these men to accept the bribes of England, and she fancied it might be in her power to attach them to her service by the same means. As early as the 8th of January 1560-1, she, in a letter addressed to the Lord Gray, intimates her intention of returning to Scotland. "Sinee," says she, "it has pleased God to call the King our lord and dearest husband to his mercy, we have thought good to make you participant that our intent is to pass shortly in those parts, to live amongst our subjects in all content and amity."[1] "It shall not be amiss," writes Throckmorton to Cecil, on the 10th January 1560-1, "that the Queen of Scots be with writing and words kindly handled,"[2] in order to incline her to amity with the Queen of England; and also that the Cardinal de Lorraine, and the Duke de Guise, may be moved to use their good offices with her for the same purpose. He mentions that the Queen of Scotland had sent letters by the bearer, a Scotchman, with whose coming she had appeared pleased, to the Lord James her brother. Moreover, that the King of Navarre, who, with the Constable Montmorenci, took a lively interest in Mary and her affairs, "had charged this Scotch gentleman to endeavour to procure a deputation from Scotland, soliciting the Queen's return, and her marriage with the Earl of Arran."

[1] Extract from the original document in the collection of W. Fitch, Esq., Norwich—signed, "Your guid freinde, Marie," and addressed, "To our traist cousing, the Lorde Graye." I have Anglicised the spelling, as it is in old Scotch.

[2] State Paper Office MS.

The most interesting event that occurred to the fair widow during her forty days' seclusion from the light of day, in her white weeds and black-draped chamber, was the incognito visit she received from her youthful cousin, Henry, Lord Darnley. That politic and deep-seeing lady, Margaret, Countess of Lennox, having, on the death of her niece's royal consort, Francis II., conjectured that Mary's return to Scotland to assume the government of her own realm must follow as a matter of course, had taken the bold step of despatching her eldest son very secretly to seek an interview with Mary, and deliver letters of condolence from herself and his father Matthew, Earl of Lennox; assuring her of their sympathy for her loss, with such expressions of affection and zeal for her service as might best bespeak her favour for the reversal of Lennox's attainder, and the restoration of his family estates. But these were trifles in comparison to the vast possessions in Scotland which she claimed as the only child of Archibald, Earl of Angus, her deceased father. The wealth and honours of that powerful house were now in the occupation of the nephew and ward of the Earl of Morton, and thus materially assisted in giving a preponderance to the formidable faction that had opposed itself to the authority of the late Queen-regent of Scotland, as an independent oligarchy. Under these circumstances, the Lady Margaret was eager to take the earliest opportunity of demonstrating to her royal niece that the power of the Crown of Scotland would be materially augmented by dispossessing the ward of the inimical Morton of the earldom of Angus, in favour of herself, or rather to transfer it to her son, as the male descendant of the elder line, who would be devoted to her service. Another inheritance of far greater importance, even that of the Crown of England, was in perspective; and in this the interests of Mary Stuart, as the heiress-presumptive, and her aunt the Countess of Lennox, as the next in succession to her, were closely connected. But in case of unfriendly relations arising, a very formidable rivalry might be set up against Mary's claims by the Lady Lennox, who possessed the advantage of being an English-

born Princess; whereas Mary, as a Scottish woman, was accounted an alien;—and this circumstance was by a strong party objected, as disqualifying her for the regal inheritance. Mary had no child, but the Countess of Lennox was the mother of a fair son, English born, and fast approaching to man's estate. Reason and political expediency alike suggested the question—why should not these formidable rivals unite their interests and strengthen their cause by marriage? There was, however, a disparity of three years in their ages, which, if added to that of the male, would have been well;—but it unluckily happened that the young Lord Darnley only completed his fifteenth year on the 7th of December; while Mary, on the 8th, attained to the comparatively mature age of eighteen—an era in the female life when the idea of a boy-husband is peculiarly derogatory to the dignity of a girl-woman. Darnley was, however, precocious in stature; had received as elaborate an education as Mary herself; had been carefully instructed in all courtly accomplishments and etiquettes which his position as the first Prince of the blood-royal of England rendered necessary. He had acquired some distinction in the Court of his late cousin, Queen Mary of England, as a poet and a classic scholar; and of his early feats in penmanship, specimens had already been submitted to the attention of the young Queen of Scots.

History and tradition have both asserted that the first interview between Mary and Darnley took place in the wave-beaten towers of Wemyss, on the coast of Fifeshire, in 1565; but documentary evidence proves that these ill-fated cousins met four years earlier, in the ominous gloom of Mary's *deuil* chamber, in the French King's palace at Orleans. The presentation of Darnley was easily effected through the agency of his uncle, the Lord d'Aubigny, who was in the service of the young French monarch; and, having been in that of the late Queen-regent of Scotland, was on confidential terms with Mary herself, to whom his relationship afforded him access, even during her seclusion from the rest of the world. The manner of Darnley's introduction into the presence of the royal widow was so stealthily

arranged as to escape alike the attention of the Queen-mother of France and the espionage of the Argus-eyed Throckmorton. Darnley might easily have been brought in, enveloped in one of those enshrouding hooded cloaks worn both by the officers and the ladies of the royal household, during the depth of the mourning for the recent death of the young King.

The fact of Darnley having performed an incognito journey from Temple Newsome to Orleans, to obtain this meeting, at all risks, invested the youthful adventurer with the attributes of one of the maiden knights of romance; and though we are not inclined to coincide in the opinion of the most erudite of Mary's biographers, Chalmers, that the arrangements for this inauspicious marriage were actually made before her return from France, it is certain that a very close bond of union between the widowed Queen and Darnley's mother was entered into at this period. Mary wrote a letter in French, with her own hand, to the Earl and Countess of Lennox, in reply to those of which they had made their princely heir the bearer to her. The secret of the juvenile Paladin's stolen expedition to visit *la blanche Reine* in her *deuil* chamber at Orleans, whereby he actually got the start of the maturer suitors for her hand, who were content to woo by their grave old diplomatic procurators, and the circumstance of her intrusting him with letters for the Earl and Countess of Lennox, were divulged, several months after his return, through the domestic spies whom Queen Elizabeth had employed to watch the movements of the Countess, and especially her correspondence with the Queen of Scots.[1]

Mary remained at Orleans till her forty days of seclusion from the light of the sun within her dolorous chamber were fully accomplished. Having paid this ceremonial mark of respect to her late lord, she withdrew to a chateau at a short distance from that town.[2] Sir James Melville, who came

[1] See Forbes's Examinations in the State Paper Office Correspondence; also the Life of Margaret Countess of Lennox.—Lives of Queens of Scotland and English Princesses, vol. ii.

[2] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—State Paper Office MS.—Orleans, January 23, 1560-1.

as the representative of the Prince Palatine, to pay her a state visit of condolence and to comfort her, says, "Our Queen seeing her friends in disgrace, and knowing herself not to be well liked, left the Court, and was a sorrowful widow when I took my leave at her in a gentleman's house, four miles fra Orleans."[1] She received, however, every proper demonstration of attention from the members of the royal family in her voluntary retirement, being visited every other day by her little brother-in-law, the King of France, the Queen-mother, and all the Princes of the Court. The Spanish ambassador and his lady were also frequent visitors.[2] Their intimacy with Mary excited the jealousy of the Queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, who entertained a strong political objection against her forming a matrimonial connection with Don Carlos, the heir of Spain, and kept the most vigorous observation on the proceedings of the young royal widow. She signified her displeasure on the subject to Mary's uncle, the Duke de Guise, and intimated that the Queen of Scotland would do well to remove from the immediate neighbourhood of Orleans.[3] That Mary had entered into no such marriage negotiations as her unfriendly mother-in-law suspected, may be certified from the evidence of the following touching letter, written by her own hand to Philip II., in reply to his formal letter of condolence on the death of her beloved Francis:—

"To the King of Spain, Monsieur, my good Brother.

"Sir, my good Brother,—I would not willingly lose this opportunity of writing to thank you for the courteous letters you have sent me by Signor Don Antonio, as well as for the honourable words in which both he and your ambassador have expressed to me your regret for the death of the late King my Lord, assuring you, my good brother, that you have lost the best brother you ever had; and consoled by your letters, the most afflicted, poor woman, under heaven, God having deprived me of all I loved and held most dear on earth, and left me no other comfort than that of seeing others deplore his loss and my too great misfortune. God will assist me, if it please him, to bear what comes from him with patience; for without His aid, I confess, I should find so great a calamity too heavy for my strength and little virtue. But knowing that it is unreasonable for me to weary you with

[1] Melville's Memoirs. [2] Throckmorton's Letters—State Paper MSS.
[3] Miss Benger's Life of Mary Queen of Scots.

my letters, which can only be filled with this grievous subject, I will conclude this by entreating you to be a good brother to me in my affliction, and to continue me in your favour, to which I affectionately commend myself, praying God to give you, Monsieur, my good brother, as much happiness as you can desire.

"Your very good Sister and Cousin,

"MARIE."[1]

No word is here of her willingness to supply the place of the consort, whose loss she so feelingly deplores, with the young heir of Spain, who was indeed considerably her junior, and one of the most unpromising princes in the world, having early manifested traces of the dreadful phrenal malady inherited from his great-grandmother, the royal lunatic Joanna of Castille.

How entirely Mary's heart was buried in the grave of the wedded love of her youth may be seen by the elegiac verses she employed her melancholy retirement in composing. As none of the numerous translations which have appeared of those stanzas have at all done justice to the tender pathos of the sentiments, the peculiar measure of the verse, or the original beauty of the metaphors, it will be more satisfactory to allow the royal poet to speak for herself in her own words.

VERSES WRITTEN BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, AFTER THE DEATH OF HER FIRST HUSBAND.[2]

1.

En mon triste et doux chant
D'un ton fort lamentable,
Je jette un œil tranchant
De perte incomparable.
En soupirs cuisans
Passe mes meilleurs ans.

2.

Fut-il en un tel mal-heur
De dure destinée?
Ny si triste douleur
De Dame fortunée,

[1] From the original French, printed in Labanoff, vol. i. p. 90–1.

[2] Verses by Mary Queen of Scots, quoted by the Sieur de Brantôme, and given, vol. i. p. 532-3, in Le Laboureur's illustrations or additions to Castelnau.

Qui mon cœur et mon œil
Voit en biere et cercueil.

3.

Qui en mon doux printemps,
Et fleur de ma jeunesse,
Toutes mes peines sens
D'une extrême tristesse ;
Et en rien n'ay plaisir
Qu' en regret et desir.

4.

Ce qui m'estoit plaisant,
Vies m'est peine dure,
Le jour le plus luisant
M'est nuit noire et obscure ;
Et n'est rien si exquis
Qui de moy soit requis.

5.

J'ay au cœur et à l'œil
Un portrait et image,
Qui figure mon deuil
Et mon pale visage
De violettes teint,
Qui est l'amoureux teint.

6.

Pour moi mal etranger,
Je ne m'arreste en place ;
Mais j'en ay eu beau changer,
Si ma douleur j'efface :
Car mon pis et mon mieux
Sont les plus deserts lieux.

. . . . . .

8.

Sur parfois vers cieux
Viens a dresser ma veue,
Le doux trait de ses yeux
Je voy en une nue.
Soudain le vois en l'eau
Comme dans un tombeau.

9.

Si je suis en repos,
Sommeillant sur ma couche,
J'ay qu'il me tient propos,
Je le sens qui me touche :
En labeur et requoy
Toujours est près de moy.

10.

Je ne vois autre objet
Pour beau qui se presente
A qui que soit sujet.
Oncques mon cœur consente,
Exempt de perfection
A cette affection..

11.

Mets, chanson, icy fin,
A si triste complainte,
Dont sera le refrein
Amour vraye et non feinte,
Pour la separation,
N'aura diminution."

Mary was not, however, so entirely absorbed in her poetic reveries, and mental communing with her lamented Francis, as to render her unmindful of her duties as a Sovereign. Somers, the secretary of Throckmorton, informs Cecil that "Captain *Forbus*" [1] had been sent to France on a secret mission to the King of Navarre from the Scotch Lords; but at his arrival in Orleans, January 20th, he posted straight "to the place where the Queen of Scotland lieth, two leagues off, who did not only well receive him, but also talked with him an hour and a half together at his first coming, and then next day likewise, a very long while, at what time she promised him his short *depêche*. She hath used him with the best entertainment and good words that may be devised for a man of his sort. In his *depêche* homeward again, she hath written a letter of her own hand to the Earl of Arran, which is found somewhat more than wonted entertainment and common dealing towards subjects being in those terms that the said Earl was lately in with her." [2] Considering the vigilant espionage of Mary's *unfriends* of England on

[1] The two Forbeses often mentioned at this era must not be confounded together in the minds of readers. Captain Thomas Forbes was the confidential agent of the Duke of Châtelherault and of his son Arran. The other, William Forbes, the spy of Cecil at Settrington House, in the family of the Lady Margaret, mother of Lord Darnley, was the person whose MS. depositions, still extant in the State Paper Office, have furnished us with much important intelligence respecting the movements of her and her son.

[2] State Paper Office MS., Somers to Cecil—Orleans, Jan. 23, 1560-1.

the one hand, and the wily Queen-mother of France on the other, her conduct must have been exemplary indeed, to have afforded no cause for censure or ill report from either. "She will win all men to serve her turn,"[1] is the remark of the all-observing Throckmorton on the captivating influence of Mary's manners even on the inimical agents of the Lords of the Congregation. Her earnest wish of accompanying her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, to his diocese of Rheims, that she might pass the residue of that sorrowful winter with her aunt, Renée de Lorraine, the Abbess of St Pierre, in the seclusion of a conventual retreat, was prevented by the arrival of the Earl of Bedford, the English ambassador extraordinary, who had been deputed by Queen Elizabeth to congratulate the new king of France on his accession, and condole with the Queen-mother and her on the death of Francis.[2] Mary accompanied the Court to Fontainebleau, where it was the will of the Queen-regent of France Bedford's first reception should take place on the 16th of February. When the Earl had performed his errand to Catherine and her son, the resident ambassador, Throckmorton, informed her and her premier, the King of Navarre, they had orders to visit the Queen of Scotland, and to declare their Sovereign's condolences to her for the loss of the late King her husband.[3]

"Whereupon," as the two ambassadors relate in their joint letter, "the Queen-mother called Monsieur de Guise unto her, and willed him to conduct us both to the Queen of Scotland's chamber, and to present us unto her, according to our requests. At our coming unto her we found her accompanied with the Bishop of Amiens, divers other French bishops, and many gentlemen and ladies. There I, the Earl of Bedford, did the Queen's Majesty's commendations unto her, and delivered her Majesty's letter, and did that part of mine instructions that touched the condolence. She answered, with a very sorrowful look and speech, 'I thank the Queen's Majesty for her gentleness in comforting me now

[1] State Paper Office MS., Somers to Cecil—Orleans, Jan. 23, 1560-1.
[2] Ibid.—Letter of the Earl of Bedford to Cecil, February 11, 1560-1.
[3] Bedford and Throckmorton to the Privy Council.

when I have most need of it; and, considering that the Queen my sister doth now show the part of a good sister and cousin, whereof I have great need, I will endeavour as much as lieth in me to be even with her in good-will, and in doings, also, according to my power; and though I be not so able as another, I yet trust the Queen's Majesty will take my good-will in good part.' Then," continue their Excellencies, "we declared unto her 'that for that time we would trouble her no further, but that, at some other convenient time at her pleasure, we had to say somewhat else to her from the Queen's Majesty.' She said 'that whensoever we would we should be welcome to her, and prayed us to advertise her uncle, the Duke of Guise, when we would desire to repair to her;' and so commanded Monsieur d'Oysell, her knight of honour, to conduct us to our lodgings." Mary sent d'Oysell to conduct the two ambassadors into her presence, on the afternoon of February 18th; when the Earl of Bedford having spoken at some length on all the points contained in his instructions, she replied, "that she thanked her Majesty, the Queen of England, for her good advice, which she said she would take in good part and follow it, both because it came from her good sister and cousin, and also that she took it to be profitable for her; adding, that now she had good need of friendship and good counsel, considering in what case and estate she stood. There were more reasons," she said, "to move perfect and assured amity between the Queen's Majesty her good sister and her, than betwixt any two princes in all Christendom, for they were both in one isle, both of one language, the nearest kinswomen that each other had, and both Queens—so as there were many reasons and conveniences to establish good amity betwixt them; and that she would use all the good offices of a good cousin and sister, to move the Queen's Majesty to think that she was her assured friend, good cousin, sister, and neighbour, trusting she should find the like on her part."[1] "Madam, I am glad to hear these words come from you," observed Throckmorton, "and I trust you will make them good in deed as you speak

[1] Bedford and Throckmorton to the Privy Council.

them; and so shall you find the Queen my mistress such a sister and neighbour as you desire to have her. And because in your late husband's time there were occasions given of unkindness, which after were accorded and compounded by the deputies of the Queen my mistress, and those of the said King and yours at Edinburgh; and also that God hath now so ordained and disposed of things by the death of that King, your said late husband, that you have the absolute authority and power to govern your own realm at your pleasure, and to accord all articles and conventions heretofore made between the Queen my mistress and you,—it may please you to ratify and confirm the late treaty, accorded at Edinburgh, without any more delay, whereby the Queen, my mistress, shall have great cause to esteem and take you to be the same good sister and friend, indeed, that you say you will be."

"I am here, as you see," answered Mary, "without any counsel; mine uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, who hath had the order of all mine affairs, and by whom (as reason is) I ought to be advised, is not here presently; and, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, the Queen my good sister's advice is, that I should take the counsel of the nobles and wise men of mine own realm, as hath been declared by you unto me. You know well enough here are none of them; but I do look to have some of them here shortly, and then will I make the Queen such an answer as she shall be pleased with it." Then said the Earl of Bedford, "Madam, I was very glad to hear that uttered by you, that you did declare of your intent to entertain and embrace the Queen my mistress's amity, and more gladder I would be a great deal that you would put the same in proof by the ratification of this treaty, whereto you are bound in honour." "Helas! my lord," replied Mary, "what would you have me do? I have no Council here; the matter is great to ratify a treaty, and especially for one of my years." "Madam," observed Throckmorton, "Monsieur de Guise, your uncle, is here present, by whom, I think, as reason is, you will be advised. I see others here, also, of whom you have been pleased to take counsel; the

matter is not such but that you may proceed without any great delay, seeing it hath been promised so often that it should be ratified." "Helas! Monsieur l'Ambassadeur," returned the young Sovereign, "for those things that were done in my said late husband's time I am not to be charged; for then I was under his obedience, and now I would be loath to do anything unadvisedly. But because it is a great matter, I pray you give me respite till I speak with you again, and then I will make you answer."[1] "With which answer and request of hers," continue the two diplomatists, "we thought meet to content ourselves for that time, and so took our leave of her for that present. At our going away the said Queen said unto the ambassador-resident, 'Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I have to challenge you with breach of promise; you can remember that you promised me, in case I would send to the Queen my good sister my picture, that I should have hers in recompense thereof; and because I made no small accompt of the same, I was very glad that that condition was offered me to have it. You know I have sent mine to the Queen my good sister, according to my promise, but have not received hers. I pray you, therefore, procure that I may have it, whereof I am so desirous, and now more than before, that I shall think the time long till I have it.'"[2]

There is a portrait of Mary Stuart at Windsor castle, in the lobby of the private chapel-royal, which, although it has attracted little attention, is one of the most beautiful and touchingly interesting of all her contemporary likenesses. It represents her in the tender bloom of sweet eighteen, but entirely enveloped in black crape, which forms both veil and mantle, being simply confined on the breast with one large pearl pin. The effect is very peculiar; for, with the exception of the lawn border of her widow's cap, which is subdued by being seen through the transparent folds of the black crape, that pearl is the only white in the picture. She holds a cross in one hand and a crowned globe in the other, looking mournful but resigned, and as

[1] Bedford and Throckmorton to the Privy Council. [2] Ibid.

if her thoughts were more on heaven than earth. This was probably the picture she here alludes to, as having sent to Elizabeth, after the death of Francis II.

"In the evening," continue the ambassadors,[1] "the Queen-mother willed the Duke of Guise to send to us, to know if we would come and see the dancing, and a mask after supper; that the King, his brother and sister, with some other of this Court, were disposed to make to be merry, being Shrove-Tuesday, which to do we would not refuse. And so we were brought into the King's gallery, where the same was, and much courtesy showed us in our placing and entertaining." The next day, February 19th, they had a final audience with Mary, when, being introduced into her presence by her uncle, the Duke of Guise, the Earl of Bedford addressed her in these words—"'Madam, it may please you to call to your remembrance that yesterday, at our last audience, I and my colleague, the Queen's Majesty's ambassador-resident, required on our Mistress's behalf your ratification of the late treaty accorded at Edinburgh, your answer whereunto it liked you to respite till our next access unto you, and therefore we do now desire to know your resolute answer in that behalf.' 'My Lord,' quod the Queen, 'inasmuch as I have none of the nobles of my realm of Scotland here to take advice of, by whom the Queen my good sister doth advise me to be counselled, I dare not, nor think not good to ratify the said treaty; and, as you know, if I should do any act that might concern the realm without their advice and counsel, it were like I should have them such subjects unto me as I have had them. But for all such matters as be past, I have forgotten them, and at the Queen my good sister's desire I have pardoned them, trusting that I shall find them hereafter, by her good means, better and more loving subjects than they have been. Whether I have had cause to think amiss of them or no I put it to her judgment. This, my lord, I pray you think concerning the ratification of the treaty. And I pray you so tell the Queen my good sister. I trust ere it be long

[1] Bedford and Throckmorton to the Privy Council.

some of the nobility and Council of Scotland will be here, for I do hear they mean to send some shortly unto me —peradventure you know it as well as I; and when I shall have communed with them I mind to send my good sister, the Queen your mistress, such an answer as I trust she shall be pleased with it; for I mean to send one of mine own unto her ere it be long: in the mean time, I pray you, declare unto her from me that I would we might speak together, and then I trust we should satisfy each other much better than we can do now by messages and ministers. This the Queen my sister may assure herself of, that she shall find none more willing to embrace her friendship and amity than I, and there is none who ought to take more place with her than I. She can consider in what state I am, and what need I have to have the amity of such a one as she is. Tell her, I pray you, how much I am desirous to see her, and also that I am in good hope it will come to pass.' And thus, after many good words to and fro, we took our leave of her. Marry, she forgat not to pray us both once again to remember to procure that she might have the Queen's Majesty's picture."[1]

In their final conversation with the King of Navarre, our two statesmen introduced Mary's matrimonial affairs to him in these words, Throckmorton being the spokesman:— "Sir, there is a bruit come to our ears that there is communication of marriage betwixt the Prince of Spain, or the Duke of Austriche, with the Queen of Scotland. And, sir, if either of them take effect, though it may perhaps prove cumbersome to the Queen my mistress, yet it is of much more importance to this realm, and, most of all, to your ownself particularly. The considerations and reasons thereof you can best consider." "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur," said he, "there is such a thing in hand, indeed— not with the Prince of Spain, but for the Duke of Austriche; and that was one of the chiefest errands of the Emperor's late ambassadors coming hither, and not for such causes as the world spake of—for demanding restitu-

[1] Earl of Bedford and Sir N. Throckmorton to the Council—Paris, 26th February, 1560-1—State Paper Office MS.

tion of any places; and I do know that he hath been of late again with the Cardinal of Lorraine secretly about that matter, since he went from the court." "But," asked his Majesty of Navarre, "how can we let (hinder) it? You know she is out of our power, and so may do as she list." "Sir," said Throckmorton, "this her going to Joinville, in the skirts of Lorraine, fast by Almaine, (Germany,) will greatly further that matter; for they may then practise as they list, without your knowledge. But continuing in this court, there can no such thing be done, without your knowledge who goeth or cometh for that or any other purpose." "You say well," observed the King. "I pray you hearken to the matter as much as you may for your part, and I will do as much as shall lie in me therein."[1] This attempt on the part of the ambassadors to deal underhand with the King of Navarre, to prevent Mary from going to visit her own relations in Lorraine, is worthy of attention. They thus proceed, in their communication to their colleagues: "The Queen of Scotland had appointed to go toward Joinville the 24th of this present, there to have remained for three or four months with her grandmother, the old Duchess of Guise, as we have partly touched to your Lordship before, in our talk with the King of Navarre that she would. Now we understand that that determination is broken till, as some say, Mid-Lent, or, as others say, till after Easter, so that it is now uncertain. Whereby we gather that our talk with the King of Navarre thereof, and of that might ensue by her going thither, hath stayed her said journey."[2]

Mary acknowledged, in a courteous autograph letter, the respect Queen Elizabeth had paid her, in sending the Earl of Bedford to offer her condolences on the death of her

[1] State Paper Office MS.—Throckmorton and Bedford to the Privy Council, thus dated, "From Parys, this 26th of February, 1560.—Your Lordshippes humbly at commaundement alwaies,

"T. BEDFORD.
"N. THROCKMORTON."

Endorsed—"To the right honourable and our verie good Lordes, the Lordes and others of the Quenes Ma^tes. Pryvie Counsell."

[2] Ibid.

royal husband. "If the friendship and consolations of the dearest friends," she says, "had power to alleviate the affliction which it has pleased God to send us—and our trouble, which is extreme, would be, without the grace of God, insupportable—I confess that we have cause to find this visitation (by the ambassador) very agreeable, inasmuch as we have learned from him the desire you have of continuing that perfect amity, that we have all our life desired to exercise towards you." In conclusion, the young Sovereign adverts to the proximity of blood between her and her good sister and cousin, as affording a powerful motive for the affectionate relations which ought from henceforth to unite them and their realms. This letter is dated at Fontainebleau, the 20th day of February.[1]

Of all the hundred French palaces which Mary, during the brief reign of her royal consort Francis, called her own, she loved Fontainebleau the best. That abode of regal luxury and delight, which has been not inappropriately termed by one of her modern French biographers "the Alhambra of France," had been endeared to her,[2] not only by the gay fêtes and pageants, in which she had been accustomed, from her sixth year upwards, to play a leading part, but by the tender recollections of that dear companion of her early joys, whom she should behold no more. The mournful circumstances under which she revisited it renewed all her grief. Her appearance in her widow's weeds, enveloped in the folds of her long crape veil, as she was seen walking with slow melancholy steps down one of the most solitary shaded walks in the garden, lonely and in tears, was celebrated by Ronsard in these touching lines:—

"Un crespe long, subtil, et delié,
Ply contre, ply retois, et replié—
Habit de deuil! vous sert de couverture
Depuis le chef jusques à la ceinture,
Qui s'enfle ainsi qu'un voile, quant le vent
Souffle la barque et la single en avant.

[1] In Prince Labanoff—Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart, vol. i.
[2] M. Dargaud.

De tel habit vous etiez accoustrée,
Partent, hélas ! de la belle contrée,
Dont aviez eu le sceptre dans le main ;
Lorsque pensive, et baignant vostre sein
Du beau crystal de vos larmes roulées;
Triste marchiez par les longues allées
Du grand jardin de ce royal chasteau,
Qui prend son nom de la beauté d'une eau."

After remaining for about a month at Fontainebleau, Mary departed for Rheims rather suddenly, and without waiting for the arrival of the Danish ambassador, though aware he was charged with letters and messages of condolence from her royal kinsman, his Sovereign, to herself.

Nothing can illustrate the system of espionage, by which the young Queen was environed by Elizabeth's ministers, more clearly than the following passage in Throckmorton's letter to Cecil, announcing her departure for Rheims, on her way to Lorraine: "And, sir, for that the Queen of Scotland is like to be so far off from where I am, that, notwithstanding all my best means, I shall not be able to come at the knowledge of her doings there, for that some of mine instruments are left behind, and others cannot go where she shall be as yet, I will use the best means I can. If you have any means, by any minister in Almain, or in those parts, by whose diligent ear you may come to the knowledge thereof, in mine opinion, it shall be very good and necessary to have an eye that way."[1] The quaint proverb, implying that "their conduct who live in glass houses had need be good," is surely applicable to Mary's situation at this period, when, surrounded by inimical spies, anxious to be able to report evil of her, the purity and innocence of her life were such as to defy their malice. Nor can the slightest cause of blame be brought against her at this time, except her attachment to the faith in which she had been educated; and this, being clearly against her political interests, ought rather to be mentioned as a proof of conscientious regard to duty, than imputed to her as a crime, however erroneous her creed might be.

[1] State Paper Office MS., Throckmorton to Cecil, Paris, March 22, 1560-1.

"The said Queen came to this town the 20th of this month," writes Throckmorton from Paris, "and having staid a day to look upon such robes and jewels as she hath here, took her way straight towards Rheims, where she will continue all this Easter, and then mindeth to go to Joinville to see her grandmother, the old Duchess de Guise, and from thence to Lorraine to Nanci, where and thereabout, it is thought, she will continue at the least six months, for she is not looked for here sooner. Divers reasons may be pretended and alleged of the cause of her going so far, and long absence from this court—as change of air to take away some part of her sorrowful remembrance of her late husband, and such like. But it is thought rather that the matter of the late motion of a marriage with one of the Emperor's sons may be better and more secretly handled there, and with fewer lookers-on than if she remained in this realm. This matter is greatly followed by her uncles, but not so well liked of the rest here."[1] In the same letter Throckmorton mentions that the object of the ambassador of the King of Denmark was not only to offer the usual compliment of state condolences on the death of Mary's royal consort, but to propose his master as a candidate for her hand. "As for the marriage of the Queen of Scotland that way," continues our authority, "there is no great likelihood hitherto of her uncle's liking thereof, whatsoever the rest think of it, or could be content with it. The said ambassador is upon his return, but goeth not the same way he came, for from the court he goeth to the Queen of Scotland, where she now lieth, to talk with her by the way."[2]

In fact, every royal bachelor or widower in Christendom, whether of the old faith or the new, entered the lists of diplomatic intrigue, in hopes of winning Mary Stuart to wife. The Roman Catholic princes preferred their suit through her uncles, Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duke of Guise; the Protestants through the King of Navarre and the Queen-mother of France, who were at this crisis sup-

[1] State Paper Office MS., Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, March 31, 1561. [2] Ibid.

ported by the political Protestant interest in France. Catherine, anxious to be rid of the presence of her beautiful daughter-in-law, whose universal popularity displeased her, laboured to make up a match between her and the Earl of Arran. The King of Navarre discouraged all Mary's royal suitors, whether Protestants or Catholics, and pretended to favour the suit of his friend Arran; but the secret spring of much mysterious finessing and double-dealing in his conduct was, that, being deeply enamoured of Mary himself, he was casting about in his own mind how he might rid himself of his own wife, the virtuous Jane d'Albret, in order to try his fortunes among the rival aspirants for her hand—a scheme no less profligate than absurd on the part of a man of his age and profession, as one of the leaders of the reformed party.

The jealous observation kept by Queen Elizabeth's representative in France, on the matrimonial prospects of the lovely widow, is further demonstrated by the following passage from his letter of March 31:[1] "I understand that at the Queen of Scotland's coming to Rheims, which was the 26th of this month, she was received by her uncles, the Cardinals of Lorraine and Guise, the Duke d'Aumale, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, and her grandmother, the old Duchess of Guise. Thither was come eight days before, as was reported, the young Duchess of Arschot,[2] who stayed there but one night after the Queen's arrival. When I consider that the said Duchess of Arschot is sister to the Prince of Orange, and that she had never been in France before, and that she never had occasion given her by the said Queen that should deserve so much kindness as to make her only errand to Rheims to see her, it maketh me deem that there may be somewhat in hand that way for the Prince of Orange."[3]

This young Protestant hero, who had little to offer to the beauteous Sovereign of Scotland beyond his hereditary vir-

[1] State Paper Office MS., Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, March 31, 1561.

[2] Arschot is a town in South Brabant, nine miles from Louvaine.

[3] State Paper Office MS., Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, March 31, 1561.

tues and courage, would have been a consort far more worthy of Mary than either of the royal bachelors who were eagerly competing for her hand. Like many an heiress of less distinguished rank, when beset by wooers of all degrees, Mary Stuart reserved herself for one little deserving of her preference. At this juncture, however, her inclinations were so averse from matrimony, that it required all the influence of her uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandmother, to prevent her from burying herself in the convent at Rheims, of which her aunt, Renée of Lorraine, was the Abbess. Though only eighteen, Mary was world-weary, having already received sharp lessons on the unsatisfactory nature of earthly greatness, and she shrank with natural alarm from the uncongenial lot that awaited her, in her fatal vocation, as the Sovereign of a divided realm. She had, within the last few months, wept over a mother's broken heart and a husband's premature deathbed—both victims to the pains and penalties of royalty, under circumstances of precisely the same character as those with which she, in her youth and inexperience, was expected to struggle. Who can wonder that she was anxious to exchange the crown of thorns that awaited her for the veil of a peaceful recluse? The sacrifice, as it was called, was not permitted. She was persuaded, against her own prophetic misgivings, that a high and glorious destiny awaited her; and that it was her duty, both to God and her country, to fill the throne which had descended to her from a hundred monarchs of her line.

MARY STUART

CHAPTER VI.

SUMMARY

Mary's progress from Rheims to Joinville—Her favour to her brother, Lord James—She gives audience to him as delegate of the Scotch Protestants—And to Bishop Lesley from the Roman Catholics—Rejects the flattering offers of the latter—Bothwell's first presentation to Mary—Marriage negotiations between her and Don Carlos, heir of Spain—Mary escorted from Joinville by the Lord James—She dismisses him before proceeding to Lorraine—Objects to his visiting the French Court—Forbids him to approach that of Queen Elizabeth—Mary betrayed by him in his treacherous revelations to the English ambassador—Her mode of return to Scotland shown by him to Elizabeth—Mary's splendid reception at Nanci—Falls sick with intermittent fever—Too ill to attend Charles IX.'s coronation—Nursed by her grandmother at Joinville—Mary and the straw-plaiters of Lorraine—Mary's recovery, and public entry into Paris—Her interviews with Throckmorton—Mary requests of Elizabeth leave to pass through England—Is denied—English ships sent to seize her on her voyage to Scotland—Her final departure from Paris.

MARY'S sojourn at Rheims was limited to a few days. She spent her Easter festival there, and then commenced her progress towards Joinville, where she had promised a visit to her grandmother on her way towards Nanci, the residence of her kinsman the Duke of Lorraine. "Our Queen, then Dowager of France," observes Melville, "retired herself, by little and little, farther and farther from the court of France, that it should not seem that she was in any sort compelled thereunto, as of a truth she was, by the Queen-mother's rigorous and vengeable dealing, who alleged that she was despised by her guid-daughter

during the short reign of King Francis, by the instigation of the house of Guise."[1]

Independently, however, of the natural desire Mary felt to remove herself from scenes where everything reminded her of the change in her position, as well as her irreparable loss, she had affairs of great importance connected with her own realm to arrange. The leading members of the two jarring parties which divided Scotland—the adherents of the old faith and the supporters of the Reformation—had each sent a deputy to invite her return to Scotland; and these had been appointed to meet her at separate towns in Champagne, as remote both from the inimical spies of the English embassy, and those of the French cabinet, as she could devise. The delegate of the Roman Catholic nobles was John Lesley, afterwards Bishop of Ross; that of the Lords of the Congregation was her illegitimate brother, the Prior of St Andrews. They started from different points of Scotland at nearly the same time. Lesley sailed from Aberdeen to Brill, in Holland, and met the young Queen at St Vitry, in Champagne, on the 14th of April. The Prior of St Andrews passed through England, that he might receive his instructions from Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was affectionately entertained for several days; and, notwithstanding this agreeable delay, arrived at his place of destination, St Diziers, on the fifteenth of the same month.[2]

Lesley brought offers of devotion from four of the Roman Catholic magnates, who entreated their Sovereign to come, supported by a military force, from France; and promised, if she would land at Aberdeen, where every one was of her own religion, they would meet her with twenty thousand men, and enable her to repeal, with a high hand, all the statutes that had been passed by the illegal Parliament, which had convened without her authority, and to re-establish both Church and State on the old model.[3] Mary fully justified the estimate Throckmorton had expressed of her wisdom and regnal talents, by resisting this temptation. Melville

[1] Melville's Memoirs, printed by the Bannatyne Club.
[2] Keith. Lesley. [3] Keith. Robertson.

attributes her decision to the advice she received from those much abused French counsellors of the unfortunate Queen-regent her mother — d'Oysell, Rubay, La Brosse, and Martigues—who demonstrated to her the impolicy of attempting to put down the reformed party by force, and suggested the expediency of her conciliating those who had hitherto been formidable opposers of her government, by taking them into office ;—especially recommending her to bestow her favour on the Lord James, Prior of St Andrews, and the Earl of Argyll, who had married her illegitimate sister, the Lady Jane, and by all means to secure the services of the Lords of Lethington and Grange.[1]

Mary's early affection for her brother, which had been strong in childhood, revived when they met. He promised faithful obedience for the future, and assured her she would require no foreign army to support her authority, for that all the Congregational party were willing to return to their allegiance, if she allowed what they had settled in regard to the establishment of the reformed religion to remain undisturbed. Mary and her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, endeavoured to persuade him to return to the profession in which he had been educated, but found him immovable on that point. He had got all he could hope for in Scotland from the Church of Rome—the secure possession of the richest abbey there, without the drawback of being put to the slightest expense for the maintenance of the stately structure, which he had, with a shrewd regard to the prevention of such demands on his revenues, lent a helping hand to destroy. He held these rich estates, not as he would have done had he remained an ecclesiastical Prior—merely as a life tenant, subject to the control of the Church government—but as an hereditary possession for himself and his heirs, or with power of alienation if he deemed it desirable to enjoy its value in gold. Mary tried to tempt his pride with the offer of procuring him a Cardinal's hat ; his cupidity, with the promise of foreign benefices ;—but those were all vague and imaginary in compari-

[1] Melville's Memoirs.

son with the solid wealth and advantages he held at present. He had the "the bird in hand," and if he coveted "two in the bush," they were to be found in Scotland, where his popularity and talents had given him the foremost place;—and though not able to establish himself as King in name, against the three-fold competition of the Sovereign, the Hamiltons, and the Lennox-Stuarts, he intended to exercise the power of the Crown as his royal sister's minister, if she would accept him in that capacity; if not, under any other pretence he could hereafter devise. He loved the daughter of the Earl Marischal, and was beloved by her, and intended to enter into the pale of wedlock as soon as he had the earldom of Moray to lay at her feet. That earldom was the rightful property of the Earl of Huntley, from whom it had been somewhat despotically torn by the late Queen-regent, and he was making suit to Mary for its restoration. The conscientious Prior, who, however rich in church lands, was ambitious of secular possessions and honours, urged her to bestow it on him. Mary, willing to oblige him, yet fearing to act unfairly by Huntley, hesitated, and postponed a definite answer till her return to her own realm. The Prior's prudent refusal of the red hat in *petto*, and all the reversionary preferments which her interest (now a dead letter) with the Crown of France might obtain for him hereafter, was regarded by the young Queen as a satisfactory test of the incorruptibility of his principles. The bluntness of his manners impressed not only his royal sister, but that polished dissembler, Cardinal de Lorraine himself, with a respect for his honesty and uncompromising sincerity of word and deed; and he recommended Mary to admit him to her councils, and, in fact, to place him at the head of her affairs.

Mary not only treated her base brother with the same favour and distinction as if he had been a legitimate scion of the royal house of Scotland, but consulted him on her most private affairs, and was disposed to grant him a commission to govern her realm till her proposed return in August. She invited him to accompany her to Joinville, when she proceeded on her long-anticipated visit to her

grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchess-Dowager de Guise. This Princess, who was endowed with "heroic virtue," says Varillas, "had retired since her widowhood to her dower castle of Joinville, where she resided in such complete solitude that she had no intercourse with the world, scarcely any with her species, excepting when she issued from its walls to distribute in alms the money she would not consume in pleasure or luxury. She passed her time in austere asceticism, practising most rigidly all the observances of the Romish church." Therefore it was to no place of pleasure or gaiety that the sorrow-stricken young Queen craved to flee, from the tumults and hollow ceremonials she left at the French court. At Joinville, Mary received a melancholy visit from Archibald Craufurd of Craufurdland, the almoner of the late Queen her mother, whose long-unburied remains he had attended with duteous care, in the preceding month, from Edinburgh to Fescamp, in Normandy, where they lay in state in the cathedral, on their way to their final resting-place at Rheims.[1]

Several of Mary's nobles came to pay their duty to her while she was at Joinville, and formed themselves into a guard of honour to attend her on her progresses during her sojourn in France. Among those were the Earls of Eglin-

[1] This interview is recorded among the old papers discovered in the Craufurdland Castle charter-chest, together with the original commission from Mary herself, where, in acknowledgment "of the good, true, and thankful service done to our dearest mother, the deceased Queen Regent of our realm of Scotland, by our weel-belovit clerk, Mr Archibald Crawfurd," &c., he is appointed to fill the like office in Mary's service which he had so faithfully discharged in that of his late royal mistress, with the addition of three hundred marks per annum to his salary, till he should be provided with a benefice of greater value. This instrument is signed "Marie," and sealed with her signet, bearing the golden *Fleurs-de-lis* of France in an azure field, one of the said Fleurs on the sinister side and half of that beneath being effaced by the arms of Scotland parted per pale —the whole surmounted with her regal crown. The date is "Joinville, the seventeenth day of April 1561;" and this certifies that Mary was with her grandmother at that time. I am indebted to my venerable and intelligent friend, Mrs Howison Craufurd of Craufurdland Castle, for the communication of these curious papers in illustration of obscure facts in Mary's personal proceedings at a period of her life which has either been hurried over in half a page by her biographers, or erroneously detailed by those who have been more diffuse, for want of verifying discrepant statements of her movements, by comparing them with the dates of Throckmorton's minute record of these in his ambassadorial reports.

ton and Bothwell, who remained in her service and returned in her train to Scotland.[1] It is a point of some importance in the progressive development of the events of Mary's life to mark the time, place, and circumstances, under which her first acquaintance commenced with the man who produced so baleful an influence on her destiny. Few persons are aware of the fact that Bothwell was in attendance on his youthful Sovereign for upwards of four months when both were single, and there was nothing to prevent Mary from bestowing her hand upon him if he had been the object of her affections; and surely at six-and-twenty he was more likely to have been a thriving wooer than at a more advanced period of life, when—

> "All that gives gloss to sin, all gay
> Light folly, passed with youth away;
> But rooted left, in manhood's hour,
> The weeds of vice without their flower."[2]

Bothwell, notwithstanding the advantages of a French education, which he had enjoyed, and the literary talent he undoubtedly possessed, was rough and uncourtly in his manners, and awkward in his gait. His person was unprepossessing, and his natural ugliness was rendered more conspicuous by the loss of an eye.[3] He was a man of sufficient political importance to merit particular observation from the English resident ambassador in France, as appears from the following notice of his movements in the preceding autumn, and the accurate sketch of his character, from that minister: "The said Earl is departed suddenly from this realm to return to Scotland by Flanders, and hath made boast that he will do great things, and live in Scotland in despite of all men. He is *glorious*, boastful, rash, and hazardous, and therefore it were meet that his adversaries should both give an eye to him and keep him short."[4]

Bothwell, besides a rich patrimony, was the claimant of several great hereditary offices, which had been granted by

[1] Lesley's History of Scotland, p. 294. [2] Scott. [3] Dargaud.
[4] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, Orleans, Nov. 28, 1560 — State Paper Office MS.

James IV. and James V. to his loyal progenitors, the first and second Earls of Bothwell. In right of these he was Lord Admiral of Scotland, Keeper of Edinburgh Castle and Hermitage Castle, Sheriff of West Lothian, and Lieutenant of the Southern Border. Under these circumstances, it was manifestly the young Sovereign's interest to treat him with consideration, in order to bind him to her cause. He had, moreover, entitled himself to her grateful recognisance on account of the signal service he had rendered to the late Queen her mother, in the autumn of 1559, by intercepting and tearing from the traitor, Cockburn of Ormiston, Queen Elizabeth's bribe of four thousand pounds, which the said Cockburn had received from Crofts and Sadler, and was conveying to the insurgent lords,[1]—an exploit never, of course, to be forgiven by the party he had disobliged, although he was, as far as hatred to Romanism could render him, a stanch reformer; nor could Mary ever induce him to practise the slightest conformity to the observances of that Church, to which she was so ardently attached. But of this hereafter.

The matrimonial prospects of the Queen of Scots continued to engage the attention of the English ambassador far more, apparently, than of her whose heart was still depressed with sorrowful memories of her much lamented consort. The going and coming of Captain Forbes, the agent of the Earl of Arran, with private letters between his lord and Queen Mary, excited at first an apprehension that a marriage between her and the heir-presumptive of her realm would deprive Elizabeth of one means of troubling her government, and establish her firmly in the favour of a nation jealous of foreign alliances. But this fear was quickly superseded by a more formidable cause for alarm: the reports of the courtship of Spain at this period assumed so confident a tone, that Throckmorton was persuaded that the royal widow was only amusing Arran till she should have placed herself, by her alliance with the most wealthy and powerful house in Europe, in a position

[1] Sadler's State Papers.

to crush all opposition to her government. "If you call to remembrance," writes this diplomatist to Cecil,[1] "I sent you an intelligence by Henry Middlemore of the Spanish inclination to further the Queen's marriage, where it is thought it is much coveted. Now I begin to smell the *rayson* and the *trayson*. This I can assure you, the Queen of Scotland will never marry the Earl of Arran, whatsoever any man here maketh him believe; and yet I know the King of Navarre hath given his ministers good words, and put them in hope it will take effect. So hath the Queen-mother done also, and yet bewrayeth all to the Queen of Scotland. You may use this matter to the Earl of Arran as you shall think good, for the Queen's (Elizabeth) purpose."[2] This significant hint was not lost on the astute strife-sower between Mary and her nobles; but Arran's flighty brain was now so thoroughly possessed with visions of love and empire, through a marriage with his beauteous Sovereign, as to render him deaf to any representations calculated to damp his aspiring hopes;—hopes which might have been realised if he had not previously suffered himself to be seduced into unprovoked treason against her who was now inflicting upon him a punishment proportioned to his deserts.

"You shall shortly hear news of the Lord James's return," pursues Throckmorton, "who is come so far back as Paris this day homewards, abiding a despatch from the Queen of Scotland, wherein I guess it doth appoint him and others (but rather I think him alone) to have the *manyment* and superintendence of affairs in her absence, till she repair thither, which I think shall be in August next, before which time I suspect she shall be fianced to her husband, and yet the same marvellous secretly, and repair into her own country as though she were at liberty, the better to work her husband's purpose. This husband, as I suspect, is the Prince of Spain, which I am sure will make you look about you if it prove true. There is great working

[1] Throckmorton to Cecil, Paris, April 23, 1561—State Paper Office MS. inedited.

[2] Ibid.

on all sides to bring it to pass."[1] The incorrectness of the information on which these conjectures were grounded, was rendered apparent by subsequent events; yet it is certain that Throckmorton had no intention to deceive his colleague, but was himself deceived. Why, then, should his reports, and those of his coadjutor, Randolph, on matters of a scandalous nature, tending to criminate the unfortunate Queen of whom they wrote so many diplomatic falsehoods, be considered more worthy of credit?

The tidings of Mary's secret engagement to Don Carlos, and her suspected purpose of returning to Scotland privately betrothed to him, was clearly not invented by Throckmorton. He told the tale to Cecil "as 'twas told to him," with an evident conviction that it was not more strange than true, and that it involved perils to England against which it behoved the premier of that realm to be on his guard. The respective tragedies of Mary Stuart and Don Carlos of Spain were so distinct that no one would dream of quoting Throckmorton's report, in proof that a clandestine engagement ever existed between them; but if any subtle forger had obliterated the name of the Prince of Spain, and substituted that of the Earl of Bothwell, who was then in attendance on her at Joinville, it would have been triumphantly cited in confirmation of her asserted passion for him, by the same writers who draw presumptions of her guilt from evidence equally fallacious.

Mary's brother, the Lord James, remained with her about a week at Joinville, and attended her four leagues out of that town on her way to Nanci, where she dismissed him. Much disappointed was he at not being permitted to accompany her to the court of her kinsman, the Duke of Lorraine, where he might have had opportunities of exerting his

[1] Throckmorton to Cecil—State Paper Office MS. Lesley's History of Scotland. The latter pages of the curious volume, Negotiations, &c. de François II., are filled with letters of Catherine de Medicis, expressing anxiety and displeasure at the determinate purpose of her daughter Elizabeth, the then Queen of Spain, to obtain the hand of Mary Queen of Scots for her son-in-law, Don Carlos, in order that she, Elizabeth, might enjoy the society of her friend Mary in Spain.

powers of observation more fully, for the benefit of his English friends. Mary positively interdicted him from visiting the court of France, where, unless presented by her chamberlain or lord-in-waiting, or in some manner accredited by her, his Sovereign, etiquette would not have allowed him to be received. She also entreated him not to return through England; but, as she had no power to prevent his doing so, he preferred keeping his appointment with Queen Elizabeth to acting in conformity with the desire of his royal mistress. The honourable nature of his proceedings with regard to his sister and Sovereign are best explained by Throckmorton himself, in a letter from Paris addressed to Queen Elizabeth:[1]—"The Lord James being the same day arrived in this town, came to my lodging secretly unto me, and declared unto me at good length *all* that passed between the Queen his sister and him, and between the Cardinal of Lorraine and him—the circumstances whereof he will declare to your Majesty particularly, when he cometh to your presence. I suppose he will be in England about the 10th or 12th of May. In the said Lord James's proceedings with the Queen his sister and the Cardinal, these be the things that I do specially note. First, She would not suffer him to accompany her to Nanci in Lorraine, whereby I do gather there is something there in hand that she would be loth he should be privy to. Next, I note she is not disposed to ratify the treaty at Edinburgh with your Majesty, using a new delay, deferring the matter until she come into Scotland, that she may have the advice of her three Estates in that matter. Thirdly, She is not glad of the kindness between your Majesty's realm and Scotland, nor doth not greatly allow nor like such as be affected to your Majesty, but doth covet to dissolve the league made betwixt the realms, and to provide that from thenceforth there be no *traffic*[2] *betwixt the subjects* of either realm. Fourthly, I note she hath said she will never marry the Earl of Arran, (for so, lately, the Duke of

[1] State Paper Office MS.

[2] A polite word for treasonable correspondence between Mary's subjects and Elizabeth's cabinet.

Guise's master of the horse told me.) Fifthly, She will use all the means she can to win the consent of her realm to marry some foreign prince. Sixthly, Methinketh she is as careless of the amity of France as she is of that of England, and meaneth to defer the ratification of the French treaty until she come into Scotland herself, for she hath commanded the Estates of the realm shall not be assembled, nor no matter of importance ordered or answered, until she come there. Seventhly, *She meaneth not to return into her country by England, but by sea.* Eighthly, I perceive as yet she giveth no great ear to the King of Denmark his suit for marriage; nevertheless I do well understand that some of her subjects in Scotland, (yea, and some of the wisest of them,) that do greatly covet and wish, if she marry not the Earl of Arran, then that she should marry the King of Sweden, as the man in their opinion most fittest for their realm;—for the King of Denmark is noted to be a dissolute and indolent prince, albeit he be a Protestant, and the King of Sweden reputed to be a wise and virtuous prince." History has not confirmed the opinion of Prior James and his ally, the English ambassador; for Eric of Sweden showed no great wisdom, or virtue either. The King of Denmark was Frederic II.: it is curious that he was Mary's suitor before he vindicated her character years afterwards. "Lastly," continues Throckmorton, "I do well perceive the Lord James to be a very honourable, *sincere*, and godly gentleman, very much affected to your Majesty, (Elizabeth,) upon whom you never bestowed good turn better than on him, in my opinion. He is a man, in my simple judgment, for many respects most worthy to be cherished, and his amity to be well embraced and entertained; for, besides his own well-deserving, he is as well able to serve your Majesty's turn by himself and his friends, as any man there in Scotland; though the Queen his sister will seek to bring in thither some puissant foreign power, to subvert all upside down—or though she would seek to serve her turn and affection by some others of her nation that be inclined to great *légèreté*, inconstancy, and corruption. And yet the case is such, partly as I believe the

Earl of Arran, and his father both, will be glad to have your Majesty's favour and support. And I suspect the Queen of Scotland will bear them but hollow heart. They be such as for your own surety and commodity you may take good of them; therefore they are neither to be neglected nor cast off, neither to be driven into despair. For, if I be not greatly deceived, no man can tell yet, nor is able to ground a certain judgment what shall become of the realm of Scotland; therefore it shall be good for your Majesty, upon all events, to retain as many friends there as you can, that if one will not serve your turn another can. It may please your Majesty to be by the said Lord James informed of the talk that the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Queen of Scotland had with him (Lord James) of your Majesty's religion, and how they made their advantage of the cross and candles in your chapel, saying 'that you were not resolved of what religion you would be.' There be attending here on the Lord James two amongst others that are to be cherished by your Majesty: the one is the Lord of *Patarre*, (Pitarrow,) a grave wise man, and such a one as the Queen of Scotland, for God's cause and yours, doth most mislike. The other is Mr John Wood, secretary to the Lord James, a man in whom there is much virtue and sufficiency. There be two others which are well known to your Majesty, which are in like case to be well cherished. The one is Alexander Clarke, the other is Robert Mellvyne." The traitors thus to be cherished by Elizabeth, were among the men who consummated Mary's deposition and ruin—of course with the very best intentions.

Mary pursued her progress, meantime, in regal state towards Lorraine, accompanied by her uncles, the Dukes of Guise and d'Aumale, and Cardinal de Lorraine, and attended by her French and Scottish ladies and lords in waiting. She was met and welcomed on the frontier of Lorraine by the reigning Duke, her cousin, his mother the Duchess-Dowager, who was a niece of the Emperor Charles V., the Prince of Vaudemonte, and a splendid company of nobles and ladies who came to do her honour, both as the widow of

their late Sovereign, Francis, and as a Sovereign herself by birth, reigning in her own right, and also on the mother's side a daughter of the house of Lorraine, and esteemed both for her charms of mind and person, and her virtues, the flower and glory of the Carlovingian line. A grand triumph was made in honour of her entrance into Nanci; and all the ordnance, great and small, on the wall of the town, were shot to salute her.[1] At the Duke's palace she was honourably and affectionately received by her royal sister-in-law and early playmate, the Duchess Claude, and heartily welcomed by that amiable Princess and her consort to their happy home—a locality of no slight interest to Mary, as the ancient paternal nest whence her grandsire, Claud Duke of Guise, that illustrious scion of the house of Lorraine, and all her maternal ancestry, had emanated. "The Queen of Scotland," writes Throckmorton, "was accompanied at Nanci with the Dowager of Lorraine, whom they call there '*son Altezze*,' the Duke and Duchess of Lorraine, Monsieur de Vaudemont, the Cardinals of Lorraine and Guise, and the Duke d'Aumale. One of the chiefest causes of her going thither from Joinville, being eighteen Lorraine leagues off, as I hear, was to christen Monsieur Vaudemont's young son, born lately at Mallegrange, a quarter of a league from Nanci."[2]

Pleasures, to which Mary had been long a stranger, wooed her, in every varied form, in the gay festive court of her young kinsman of Lorraine and his consort, the royal Claude of France, who had arranged her palace and routine of life on the model of Fontainebleau—only with fewer ceremonials and more domestic happiness. The mornings were devoted to hunting, hawking, jousting, riding at the ring, or beholding pleasant shows and plays; and the evenings to balls, music, masques, and other princely pastimes.[3]

Mary had neither health nor spirits to enable her to sustain her part in this ceaseless round of amusement. Even

[1] Lesley's History of Scotland, 295.
[2] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—State Paper Office MS.
[3] Lesley's History of Scotland. Miss Benger.

in joy her heart was sorrowful; and it was observed that her white veil was not more tintless than the fair pale cheek it shaded. She had made her arrangements to grace the approaching coronation of the young King of France with her presence, in token of her friendly disposition, as the Sovereign of Scotland, towards the maintenance of the ancient alliance between their realms; and being attended by a loyal band of Scottish nobles, who formed a voluntary guard of honour for her person, it was her intention to go in state. The assertions that Mary was actually present at that royal solemnity, have naturally enough been grounded on what she herself says in her dry laconic reply to one of Throckmorton's epistolary importunities for the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh, which greeted her on her arrival at the court of Lorraine, having been written by the ambassador at Paris, on the 13th of April, in the full persuasion that she would be accompanied to Nanci by his friend and confederate, the Lord James, whose presence, he intimates, was likely to facilitate that object. [1]

QUEEN MARY TO THROCKMORTON.

"NANCI, *the* 22 *of April*, 1561.

"Mr AMBASSADOR,—I have read the letter you have written to me by the gentleman, present bearer; and because I am now departing from this place I cannot reply to you sooner than from Rheims, where I hope to be at the consecration of the King, (Charles IX.,) I will not make this longer than to tell you that, as to the Lord James having been with me, he came to perform his devoir to his Sovereign lady, as I am, but without charge or commission which concerns anything beyond that duty.

"I pray God, Monsieur Ambassador, to have you in his care. Written at Nanci, the 22d day of April 1561.—Truly yours,

"MARIE."

The Lord James lingered several days in Paris, in expectation that a confidential friend, whom he had left with his royal sister, would bring the commission she had half promised to grant, investing him with the government of her realm during her absence; but, to his great mortification, the gentleman brought only letters from the young Queen, intimating that she had altered her mind. Secretly

[1] State Paper Office MS., (French, inedited.)

as his visit to the English ambassador had been made, the intelligence had reached her, and engendered a very natural distrust of his fidelity.

In the midst of the gay doings at Nanci, Mary fell sick of the tertian ague, which Lesley, who was with her, quaintly terms "ane fever *terce;* whereof," continues he, "the Duchess of Guise, her *guid-dame*, being advertisit, came fra Joinville to Nanci with goodly speed, and caused the Queen to be convoyit therefrom, by easy journies, to Joinville; affirming, by long experience, nothing to be better for the relief of that sickness than easy travel and changing of the air." [1]

The coronation of the young King of France was fixed for the 15th of May; and as Mary had postponed her answer to the English ambassador's persevering demand for her to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh till her arrival at Rheims, unremitting attention was directed to her movements in the interim by his spies. The first notice of her indisposition appears in a letter from Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, dated Paris, 9th of May: "Hither is come a bruit that the Queen of Scotland is fallen sick of an ague at Nanci in Lorraine." A few days later he tells his colleague, Cecil, "that the Queen of Scotland is either sick, or will be sick, to avoid the answer for the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh." [2]

There would have been little cause for surprise if the poor young widow, who had been so mercilessly harassed by the ceaseless importunities of the English ambassador on this embarrassing subject, had been worried into a nervous fever in consequence. She had been called from her anxious attendance by the bedside of her dying husband, and pressed to act independently of him in giving an assent to it. The subject had been intruded upon her in her *deuil* chamber, long before the ceremonials that surrounded royal widowhood in France permitted the light of day to look upon her grief. It was introduced as the sequence to the condolences with which her sorrow was tortured by the Earl of Bedford at Fontainebleau; and she had been pur-

[1] History of Scotland, p. 295-6.

[2] State Paper Office MS.

sued with reiterated messages, letters, and applications on the same unwelcome business, from place to place, when she fled from the French court to seek the repose and solace of which she stood in need among her kinsfolk in Lorraine. No importunities, whensoever or wheresoever addressed to her, had succeeded in extracting from her any other reply than this: "I am too young and inexperienced in affairs of state to decide on so important a matter on my own responsibility; neither am I in a position to do so in a foreign land, without the advice of my Scotch Council, after I shall have ascertained the sense of the Estates of my own realm." [1]

Mary, whose illness was real and unaffected, continued under the fostering care of her loving grand-dame in the melancholy castle of Joinville—a place far more congenial to her sad spirit than the excitement and publicity of the royal pageant, of which her presence was expected to form one of the attractions. Notwithstanding all the rumours of her grievous sickness, Throckmorton was persuaded in his own mind, that the beautiful young widow would not resist the temptation of displaying herself, in royal state, in her independent character of Queen-regnant of Scotland, at the coronation of her little brother-in-law, Charles IX.; especially as her friends and kindred of the house of Lorraine, root and branch, intended to be present. Being himself prevented by severe indisposition from going to Rheims, he had made due preparations for goading Mary by his diplomatic deputy, having procured proper credentials for that purpose from Queen Elizabeth for his secretary Somers.[2]

While Mary, for whose delicate health and sensitive mind the events of the last terrible year had been too much, was confined to her bed by fever at Joinville, under the cherishing care of her kind grandmother of Guise, Somers posted to the general scene of attraction at Rheims, and sought for her among the royal guests. The answer that she had been confidently expected, but was prevented

[1] Tytler. Keith. Throckmorton's Despatches.
[2] French Correspondence—State Paper Office MSS., May 31, 1561.

by sickness from keeping her appointment, not satisfying him, he proceeded to her uncle, Cardinal Guise, and stated "that he had come by the Queen his niece's appointment to receive her answer about the Treaty of Edinburgh, and did demand the same." The Cardinal answered, "that the Queen of Scots was sick at Joinville, and therefore Somers could not speak to her; and as for himself, he meddled no more in her affairs, and would not be inquired of about them:"[1] adding, "that the Queen of Scotland would shortly be at Villers-Côterèts, where Somers might speak to her, and obtain her answer." Somers was about to make a rejoinder, but the Cardinal cut him short by refusing to listen, and referred him to Mary herself.[2] To Villers-Côterèts, therefore, Somers prepared to go, in malcontent mood with the royal invalid, whose severe illness, far from exciting the slightest expression of sympathy, was considered by her diplomatic tormentors a very poor excuse for her non-appearance at Rheims, in fulfilment of her promise.

While the representatives and spies of Mary's arch-enemy, Queen Elizabeth, had been following her from place to place, for the twofold object of traversing her suspected matrimonial engagement with the heir of Spain, and endeavouring to persuade or menace her into signing, on her personal responsibility, a treaty which compromised alike her dignity as the Sovereign of Scotland, and her interests as the legitimate heiress of the English crown, the attention of the young Queen had been occupied on a subject which entered not into the narrow sphere of their calculations. During her progress through Lorraine, she had observed that the women and children were industriously and profitably occupied in plaiting and making straw-hats. Perceiving, also, that the condition of the peasantry was much better in those districts where this domestic manufacture was practised than where it was not, she conceived a desire

[1] French Correspondence—State Paper Office MSS., May 31, 1561.

[2] Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, May 21, 1561—State Paper Office MS. This document affords positive proof that Miss Benger, and other modern biographers of Mary Stuart, have been mistaken in supposing that the royal widow was present at the coronation of Charles IX.

of introducing the same light and pleasant handicraft among her own subjects, as a means of enabling the mothers of large families, who had hitherto relied on receiving the alms of the church in times of distress, to earn their own livelihood, and to render their children instrumental in the same object. Under these impressions, Mary, whose talents as a peace Sovereign, like those of all the Stuarts, were much in advance of a ferocious age, engaged a company of the Lorraine straw-plaiters to return with her to her own country, in order to instruct her countrywomen in their simple art; and thus was the first straw-hat manufactory established in Scotland under the kind auspices of a female Sovereign of eighteen, whose name, however clouded by calumny, is traditionally dear to the industrial classes, whose ancestors she strove to benefit. The calamities in which Mary Stuart was involved, deprived her little colony and pupils of the encouragement they would otherwise have received from her royal patronage; still they struggled on through much adversity, and continued to exist till her son James, who took a kindly interest in his unfortunate mother's straw-plaiters, transplanted them and their useful craft to Luton, in Bedfordshire, after his accession to the English throne. Several generations, however, passed away before Mary's enlightened projects for the employment of women and children in this department were fully realised by the general popularity of British straw-bonnets, both at home and abroad.[1] Those produced by Mary Stuart's Lorraine protegées were probably of the picturesque form, which has been immortalised by Rubens' pencil in his portrait of his second wife, Helena Forman, known by the familiar name of La Paliasse.

Sir James Melville of Halhill tells us that he came to Joinville, while the young Queen was there, for the purpose of offering his duty to her as his native Sovereign, though he was at that time in the service of the Elector Palatine. Duke Hans Casimir, the second son of that Prince, who

[1] My attention was first directed to this interesting fact by a very able pamphlet on female employment and domestic manufactures, by Mrs Mooney, the wife of an Irish clergyman.

was paying his addresses to the sister of the Duke of Lorraine, Mary's cousin, wrote a letter of condolence to the fair young widow, by Melville, to comfort her for the loss of Francis, offering in most chivalric terms his services to her, in case any in France should do her wrong, and promising to bring to her aid ten thousand men on her simple letter. "Her Majesty," observes Melville, "was meikle rejoisit at this his honest offer, for even then she had ado with the help and comfort of her friends." She thanked Melville for the good opinion he had always expressed of her at the court of France, and also in the German courts, telling him, "that if ever he left that service, she should be happy to employ him in hers."[1]

The repose Mary enjoyed in the quiet castle of Joinville, together with the cherishing care of her grandmother, the old Duchess of Guise, having at length restored her to convalescence, she proceeded to Rheims, where she remained for several weeks in the conventual seclusion of the monastery of St Pierre, with her aunt the Abbess Renée of Lorraine. It was with difficulty that the persuasions of her uncles, the Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duke of Guise, could induce the reluctant young Queen to quit this peaceful haven, to launch her lonely bark amidst the same stormy waves which had overwhelmed that of her heart-broken mother.

Towards the middle of June, Mary found herself well enough to travel to Paris. The compliment of a public entry was decreed her there, as a testimonial of the respect in which she was held. The two little brothers of the young King of France, Anjou and Alençon, accompanied by all the Princes of the blood-royal, both Catholics and Huguenots, and a splendid train of nobles, came to receive and welcome her at the gate of St Denis, and conducted her to the Louvre, which was appointed for her residence during her abode in Paris. Lesley, however, tells us, "that the Princes conveyed her Highness very honourably through the town of Paris to the Fauxbourg of St Germain, where the King was lodged, because he had not yet

[1] Memoirs of Sir James Melville, p. 89.

made his public entrance into Paris; and that she remained there in company with him and the Queen-mother till near the end of July, well and honourably entertained, with all kinds of honest recreations, as well by boating on the river Seine, as otherwise by triumphs and feats of arms exercised within the Abbey of St Germain." [1]

All Mary's royal brothers and sisters-in-law doated upon her. She was always fond of children, and had doubtless been very kind to them when she had it in her power to contribute to their happiness.

The Queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, received Mary at the Tournelles, and returned her visit at the Louvre, where it was observed that Mary studiously yielded the precedence to her, to which, as Queen-regent, her haughty mother-in-law was now entitled.[2] Mary was no longer the first lady at the court of France; but the respect, the homage, the adoration with which she was treated, proved that she enjoyed a pre-eminence of which no accidental declension in point of rank could deprive her; or, to quote a brilliant sentence from Miss Benger, "the charms of her conversation, her graceful address, her captivating manners, had raised the woman above the Queen." But Mary possessed higher claims to the esteem of the excellent of the earth than beauty, fascination and grace could give—she had passed through the ordeal of the most licentious court in Europe with unsullied fame. Her conjugal devotion to her sickly unattractive boy-husband, her unaffected grief for his death, and the prudence and wisdom with which she had conducted herself since that event, rendered her deservedly popular with all degrees, irrespective of party. The hatred in which her maternal kinsmen, the haughty and bigoted Princes of the house of Guise, had involved themselves, extended not to her, for she had borne her faculties during her prosperity so meekly as to have excited only one enmity—that of her mother-in-law, Catherine de Medicis; and even she found herself compelled to treat her with respect.

[1] Bishop Lesley's History of Scotland, p. 296.
[2] Dargaud's Life of Mary Stuart.

The arrival of Mary in Paris was followed by a request from Throckmorton that she would grant him an audience, for the purpose of delivering a compliment in the name of his royal mistress, on her recovery from her late illness. "The 18th of this present June," writes his excellency to Elizabeth, "I sent Somers to the Queen of Scots for audience, who appointed me to come the same day after dinner, which I did. To her I did your Majesty's hearty commendations, and declared unto her your Majesty's gladsomeness of her recovery from her late sickness, whose want of health, as it was grievous unto your Majesty, so did you congratulate and greatly rejoice of the good tidings of health she was presently in."[1] These civilities were merely the prelude to a fresh attack on the score of the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh. Although the subject of the said treaty must have been some degrees less agreeable to the young Queen than the recurrence of one of her tertian ague fits, she listened with imperturbable patience to the ambassador's recapitulation of the many times he had importuned her in vain for a positive answer whether she intended to sign or not to sign; and when he came to a pause, she courteously replied, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I thank the Queen, my good sister, for her gentle visitation, and congratulation of this my recovery; and though I be not yet in perfect health, yet I thank God I feel myself in very good health in coming to,"—meaning that she was not quite well, but convalescent, with a prospect of soon regaining her strength. "And," continued she, "for answer to your demand of your ratification, I do remember all things that you have recited unto me, and I would the Queen my good sister should think that I do respite the resolute answer in this matter, and performing thereof, until such time as I might have the advices of the nobles and estates of mine own realm, which I trust shall not be long, as I intend to make my voyage thither shortly; and though this matter doth touch me principally, yet doth it also touch the nobles and estates of my realm too, and therefore it shall be meet to use their advices therein. Therefore as

[1] Keith.

they have seemed to be grieved that I should do anything without them, they would now be more offended if I should proceed in this matter of myself, without their advice."[1] After this reasonable explanation—which was, however, only a recapitulation of her previous answers, when urged on this troublesome business by Throckmorton and his colleagues—Mary added, "I intend to send Monsieur d'Oysell to the Queen your mistress, my good sister, who shall declare that unto her which I trust shall satisfy her, by whom I will give her to understand of my journey into Scotland. I mean to embark at Calais. The King hath lent me certain galleys and ships to convey me home, and I intend to require of my good sister the favours that princes use to do in these cases; and though the terms we have stood in heretofore have been somewhat hard, yet I trust that from henceforth we shall accord together as cousins and good neighbours. I mean to retire all the Frenchmen from Scotland who have given jealousy to the Queen my sister, and miscontentment to my subjects, so as I will leave nothing undone to satisfy all parties—trusting the Queen my good sister will do the like, and from henceforth none of my disobedient subjects shall find aid or support at her hands."

To this frank amicable address, Throckmorton answered with diplomatic hardness, implying that the terms to which she alluded had originated in injuries done to the Queen his mistress, and that the best way of burying these in oblivion would be for Mary to ratify the treaty, adding, "that although it pleased her to suspend this till she had the advices of her nobles and estates, the Queen his mistress did nothing doubt of their conforming to it, seeing it was made by their consents." "Yea," replied Mary, "by some of them, but not by all."[2] This was a very temperate manner of implying, that one of her most cogent reasons for objecting to the treaty was that it was concluded by a convention of her subjects, who had allied themselves with a foreign power, and were acting in open violation to their

[1] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, June 23, 1561. See Keith; likewise MSS. in State Paper Office.

[2] Ibid.

duty to her, and therefore it was impossible for her to sanction their acts. Now Throckmorton was as well aware of these facts as she was herself, and it was his great object to entrap her into speaking her mind openly, for the purpose of embroiling her with that powerful faction, who would have been glad of any pretext on which to rise in arms against her to prevent her return. But as it was Mary's desire to re-establish her authority by conciliatory measures, she had the prudence to refrain from aggravating words. Nothing could be more mild and feminine than her language, when compelled to enter into a discussion she vainly endeavoured to waive.

"It will appear," she continued, "when I come among them, whether they be of the same mind that you say they were then of. But this I assure you, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I, for my part, am very desirous to have the perfect and assured amity of the Queen my good sister, and I will use all the means I can to give her occasion to think I mean it indeed." Throckmorton replied, "that it was the wish of the Queen his Sovereign to do the like." "Then," rejoined Mary, "I trust the Queen your mistress will not support nor encourage none of my subjects to continue in their disobedience, nor to take upon them things which appertaineth not to subjects. You know," added she, "there is much ado in my realm about matters of religion; and though there be a greater number of the contrary religion to me than I would there were, yet there is no reason that subjects give a law to their Sovereign, and specially in matters of religion, which, I fear, my subjects shall take in hand."[1] There was both truth and sense in Throckmorton's reply to the inexperienced young Sovereign,—"Madam, your realm is in no other case at this day than all other realms in Christendom are, the proof whereof you see verified in this realm, France; and you see what great difficulty there is to give order in this matter, though the King and all his council be very desirous thereunto." As Charles IX. was but a little boy, under ten years old, Throckmorton's allu-

[1] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, June 23, 1561. See Keith. Likewise Original MS. State Paper Office.

sion must have been to Mary's deceased husband, whose perplexities on the subject of warring creeds and sects she had witnessed. "You have been long out of your own realm," continued Throckmorton, "so as the contrary religion to yours has won the upper hand in the greater part of your realm. Your mother was a woman of great experience, of deep dissimulation, and kept that realm in quietness till she began to constrain men's consciences. And you think it unmeet to be constrained by your subjects, so it may like you to consider the matter is as intolerable to them to be constrained by you in matters of conscience; for the duty due to God cannot be given to any other without offence of His majesty."

"God commandeth subjects to be obedient to their princes, and commandeth princes to read his law, and govern thereby themselves and the people committed to their charges," replied the young Queen, who certainly had good Scripture warrant for her regal maxim. Throckmorton, however, thought proper merely to reply to the first proposition in her speech, "That God commandeth subjects to obey their princes." "Madam, in those things that be not against his commandments." Now, as Mary had distinctly stated the obligation of princes to read God's laws, and to govern both themselves and their people by that divine code, she perceived the real drift of his rejoinder. "Well," said she, "I will be plain with you; the religion which I profess I take to be most acceptable to God, and neither do I know, nor desire to know, any other. Constancy becometh all folks well, but none better than princes, and such as have rule over realms, and specially in matters of religion. I have been brought up," added she, "in this religion, and who might credit me in anything if I should show myself light in this case? And though I be young, and not well learned, yet I have heard this matter oft disputed by my uncle, my Lord Cardinal,[1] with some that thought they could say somewhat in

[1] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—in Keith, and original MS., State Paper Office.

the matter, and I found therein no great reason to change my opinion."

"Madam," said Throckmorton, "if you judge well in that matter, you must be conversant in the Scriptures, which are the touchstone to try the right from the wrong. Peradventure," added he, "you are so partially affected to your uncle's arguments that you could not indifferently consider the other party's; yet this assure you, Madam, your uncle, my Lord Cardinal, in conference with me about these matters, hath confessed that there be great errors come into the Church, and great disorders in the ministers and clergy, insomuch that he desired and wished there might be a reformation of the one and the other." "I have oft heard him say the like," rejoined Mary, who, from Throckmorton's own showing, conducted herself with equal frankness and good-humour during the whole of this deeply interesting conversation. She listened with great courtesy to all he chose to say on subjects of a very exciting nature, and bore his plain speaking with unruffled sweetness. "I trust," continued Throckmorton, "that God will inspire all you that be princes, that there may be some good order taken in this matter, so as there may be one unity in religion through all Christendom."

"God grant!" responded the young Queen fervently. "But for my part," added she, "you may perceive that I am none of those that will change my religion every year; and, as I told you in the beginning, I mean to constrain none of my subjects, but could wish that they were all as I am; and I trust they shall have no support to constrain me."[1] However widely we may differ from Mary's creed, it is impossible to impugn the liberality of her sentiments, which were fully borne out by her conduct; for, to her honour be it said, she was the only Sovereign in that age against whom no instance of persecution can be recorded.

When Mary gave Throckmorton his *congé*, she entreated him so to represent matters to his royal mistress as might

[1] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—in Keith, and original MS., State Paper Office.

best tend to conciliation; for "I know," added she, impressively, "ministers have it in their power to do much good and much harm."[1] Mary spoke feelingly—the injuries that had been inflicted on her by the envoys of England having commenced in the third month of her life and reign, as the despatches of Sir Ralph Sadler abundantly prove. But treachery surrounded her on every side: even d'Oysell, her mother's old friend, in whom she placed implicit confidence, acted an unfaithful part in his mission to England, and is accused of having seconded her base brother's crooked policy in giving Queen Elizabeth information of her secret thoughts and intentions, and also of the route by which she proposed to travel.[2]

D'Oysell delivered Mary's credentials to Elizabeth, and requested a passport for that Princess to pass through England, on her return to her own dominions, or, in case rough weather or sickness rendered it expedient, to land and refresh herself; but Elizabeth, like a true daughter of Henry VIII., gave a rude and peremptory refusal, with loud and acrimonious expressions, in the presence of the Spanish ambassador and a numerous audience, who were thus made witnesses of a most unfeminine as well as unprincely act of discourtesy, equally insulting to Mary and dishonourable to herself. "This proceeding," writes Cecil to the Earl of Sussex, "will like the Scots well"—meaning, of course, his own confederates of that nation: "men who," to use Knox's indignant sarcasm in regard to their doings, "had greedily gripped the possessions of the Church, and others who thought that they would not lack their part of Christ's coat." Of such was the Lord James, Prior of St Andrews, who, having eschewed the errors of the Church to which he had been injuriously devoted by his royal sire in childhood, and endowed with the richest abbey in Scotland, retained the temporalities for his own use, when he abandoned the clerical profession and conditions on which they were held. But this wealth was not enough to satisfy him. He and his confederates openly

[1] Throckmorton to Cecil—in Keith. Likewise in the original MS., State Paper Office.

[2] Tytler.

protested against the idolatries of Rome, but were deaf to the injunctions of the apostle against the idolatry of covetousness. The first were alike opposed to the reasoning powers, the Scripture learning, and the independent will of men of strong minds. Sound sense there was, surely, but small merit, in throwing off a yoke so burdensome, and which involved intolerably annoying demands on their time and money; but to have resisted the temptation of appropriating to their own behoof the funds which ought to have been reserved for the support of a purer Church, and the maintenance of the sick and poor, would have cost too severe a struggle with the sin that did so easily beset them. "The chief great man," says Knox, "that professed Christ and refused to subscribe the Book of Discipline was the Lord Erskine. And no wonder; for, besides that he had a very evil woman to his wife, if the poor, the schools, and the ministry of the Church had their own, his kitchen would lack two parts and more of that which he now unjustly possesseth." This was John, Lord Erskine, originally a Churchman, Prior of Inchmahome, and Queen Mary's tutor, who, on the death of his father and two elder brothers, succeeded to the family honours, forsook the cowl, and seized the endowments of his monastic benefices for his own use. He was the brother of the notorious Lady of Lochleven, and consequently uncle to the leading man of the Congregational party, the Prior of St Andrews. Subsequently he obtained the regency of Scotland; but of this hereafter.

As much of the credibility of the charges brought against Mary depends on the characters and motives of her accusers, the following testimonial of them from the pen of Knox may not be considered irrelevant:[1] "Assuredly, some of us have wondered how men that profess godliness could of so long continuance hear the threatenings of God against *thieves* and their houses, and knowing themselves guilty in such things as were openly rebuked, that they never had remorse of conscience, neither yet intended to restore that they had stolen and reft.

[1] History of the Reformation in Scotland—Wodrow Society edition.

There were none within the realm more unmerciful to the poor ministers than those which had the greatest rents of the Church." Such men naturally regarded with uneasiness the return of the lawful ruler of the realm, whose duty it was to redress disorders and to prevent wrong and robbery. They resolved to do what they could to prevent her coming, by urging Queen Elizabeth to intercept and capture her. They leagued themselves with a foreign power to overthrow her government; they determined to deprive her of that liberty of conscience, in her personal worship, which the meanest peasant in her realm had a right to claim; and they endeavoured to render her odious to her people, by converting the pulpits into rostrums for the public dissemination of invectives and anathemas against her—making, at the same time, zeal for the gospel a pretext for acting in glaring opposition to its divine precepts. "I assure your honour," writes their confederate Randolph to Cecil, on the subject of Mary's return, "that will be a stout adventure for a sick *crazed* woman; it may be doubted as well what may happen to her upon the seas, as also how heartily she may be received, when she cometh to land, of a great number who are *utterly persuaded* that she intendeth their utter ruin, come when she will."[1] Mary had certainly given no cause for any one to entertain such notions, yet here is evidence that the minds of her subjects had already been poisoned against her for the purpose of inciting them to an insurrectionary movement on her first appearance among them. What honest heart thrills not with indignation at the revelation which Randolph's next paragraph unfolds of the practices of the worthy trio, by whom Mary's ruin was subsequently effected? "I have shown your honour's letter unto the Lord James, Lord Morton, and Lord Lethington: they wish, as your honour doth, that she may be stayed yet for a space; and if it were not for their obedience' sake, some of them care not though they never saw her face."[2]

What faith, what service, what true report had Mary to

[1] Randolph to Cecil, August 9, 1561—Cott. Lib., B 10, f. 32.
[2] Randolph to Cecil—Robertson's Appendix.

expect from subjects like these?—yet to two of them, her treacherous brother and the specious traitor Lethington, unwarned by her mother's example, she had already given her confidence. They were the ablest men of their party; and she fancied that, if she could render it to their interest to devote their talents to her cause, their disloyal practices would cease. Her letter to Lethington on this subject is a remarkable specimen of plain dealing and plain speaking,[1] for she tells him, that if he will employ himself in her service with sincerity, he need not fear the reports of talebearers; that she is aware he has been the principal instrument employed in the treasonable practices of her nobles with England; but, as she has already promised oblivion for his past offences, so he may rely on her good faith and good will for the future, provided he will give proofs of his good intentions by breaking off his correspondence with his English confederates, and do what becomes a dutiful subject, especially in a service wherein she thinks he can make his dexterity and address singularly useful to her. She then explains that it is her earnest desire to live in peace and good understanding with her nobles, and on terms of good neighbourhood with the Queen of England; and intimates that, above all, she wishes him to take proper steps for relieving her pecuniary straits by obtaining an immediate supply of money for her journey and the arrangement of her house, on her return into her realm, stating that it is more than a year since she has received any portion of her revenues, and, in the mean time, she has been subjected to many casualties and accidental expenses. She insinuates, in conclusion, that she will not be unmindful of so important a service when she is put in a position to reward those who enable her to do so. Poor Mary!—this confession of poverty was not very likely to procure the support she required from the selfish statesman she was endeavouring to propitiate. A few days before the date of this conciliatory letter, Lethington had written to Throckmorton, hinting that French gold might work much mischief if England grew lukewarm, and suggesting that fresh bribes

[1] June 29. Printed in the original French in Tytler's Appendix, vol. vi.

were requisite. "I remember," observes he, impressively, "one old verse of Chaucer—

'With empty hand men should no *hawkis* lure.'" [1]

Such were the political maxims, such the patriotism of the leading men of the party by whom their young Queen's return to her realm was secretly plotted against, and who finally succeeded in working out Elizabeth's plans for her ruin.

Mary's arrangements are thus noticed in another letter from Throckmorton to Elizabeth, dated July 13th: "The said Queen's determination to go home continues still: she goeth shortly from the Court to Fescamp, in Normandy, there to make her mother's funerals and burial; and from thence to Calais, there to embark." [2] "And in this mean time," says Lesley, "her Majesty put order to her particular affairs, and prepared all things necessary for her journey into Scotland; obtained all kinds of security needful upon her dower of France; appointed her treasurers, receivers, commissioners, and officers; caused send down by the water of Seine, to Rouen and Newhaven, all her hangings, habiliments, and all kinds of furniture, which was there embarked, and after carried to Scotland." [3]

In the month of July Mary bade adieu to Paris for ever, followed by the passionate regrets of all ranks of the people. Her approaching departure was lamented as a national calamity; and the general feeling on that occasion found a voice in the graceful stanzas of Ronsard, who thus expresses himself: "As a lovely mead despoiled of its flowers, as a picture deprived of its colours, as the heavens

[1] Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. vi. p. 225—Letter dated Lethington, to Throckmorton, June 10.—State Paper Office MS.

[2] Thus we see that Miss Benger, in her very interesting memoir of Mary Stuart, had no correct authority for describing the effect produced on the young Queen by the sight of her mother's tomb at Rheims. The idea was natural enough, but merely founded on probabilities. The facts that the corpse of Mary of Lorraine remained nine months in Edinburgh Castle, before it could be secretly embarked for France, and nearly three more lying in state at Fescamp, ere it was consigned to its appointed resting-place in the church of St Pierre des Dames, at Rheims, are entirely at variance with Mary's visit to her tomb at Rheims, in May 1560.

[3] Lesley's History of Scotland.

in the absence of stars, the sea of its waves, a ship of its sails, a palace of royal pomp, or a ring bereft of its precious pearl—thus will France grieve, bereft of her ornament, losing that royalty which was her flower, her colour, her beauty. . . . . Ha! Scotland! I would that thou mightest wander like Delos on the face of the sea, or sink to its profoundest depths, so that the sails of thy bright Queen, vainly striving to seek her realm, might suddenly turn and bear her back to her fair duchy of Tourraine."

MARY STUART

CHAPTER VII.

SUMMARY

Mary is accompanied by the French royal family to St Germain — Her sojourn there—Dejection of spirits—Interview with Throckmorton—Informed of Elizabeth's refusal of safe-conduct—Her indignant sense of the discourtesy—Urged again to sign the Treaty of Edinburgh—Recapitulates reasons for declining—Her desire of amity—Reproached with assuming the arms of England—Her explanation—Throckmorton recommends Elizabeth to send out ships to capture her—Spies and traitors in her household—Her want of money—Raises a loan on her French jointure—Quits St Germain—Respect shown her by the court of France—Bids adieu to the royal family—Her popularity with the people—Her homeward journey—Her final interview with Throckmorton—Honours paid to her at Calais—Treasonable practices of her nobles against her return—Silent parting with her friends—Embarks for Scotland—Her retinue—Her fond regrets for France—Her humanity to the galley-slaves—Her adventures on the voyage—Her melancholy forebodings—Arrives at Leith—Delight of the people.

MARY was accompanied by the royal family and court to St Germain-en-Laye: that familiar palace, which had been her first home in France, was to be her last resting-place among the friends and associates of her youth. The delay of a few days, which the completion of the arrangements for her departure rendered necessary, was welcomed by her as a precious respite. A sad presentiment that her journey would be fatal to her oppressed her heart; and, in the midst of a fête which had been prepared as the parting tribute of respect for her, she was observed to be pensive and tearful. Ill at ease in these gay scenes, she withdrew herself from the joyless fatigue of pleasure to the retirement

of her uncle Cardinal de Lorraine's house at Dampierre. Brief was the repose which awaited her there. She received, on the 17th, a letter from d'Oysell, informing her of Queen Elizabeth's offensive manner of refusing the favour she had condescended to request; two days later, application was made by Throckmorton for audience, that he might communicate his mistress's pleasure on the subject. Mary appointed to receive him the next day, at the palace of St Germain, whither she returned for that purpose.

Mary was in conversation with d'Oysell when Throckmorton was introduced into her presence. She dismissed d'Oysell, and rose to greet Throckmorton, who delivered Queen Elizabeth's message in these words: "Madam, whereas you sent lately Monsieur d'Oysell to the Queen my mistress, to demand her Majesty's safe-conduct for your free passage by sea into your own realm, and to be accommodated with such favours as, upon events, you might have need of upon the coast of England; and also did further require the free passage of the said Monsieur d'Oysell into Scotland, through England—the Queen my mistress hath not thought good to suffer M. d'Oysell to pass into Scotland, nor to satisfy your desire for your passage home, neither for such other favours as you require to be accommodated withal at her Majesty's hands." After this announcement he explained, with technical prolixity, that the reason of this refusal was, "because Mary had not ratified the Treaty of Edinburgh; but that he was commanded to inform her, that if she would be better advised, and agree to the ratification, Elizabeth would not only grant her free passage, but would be glad to see her in her realm, for her to enjoy the pleasures thereof, that they might have such friendly conference as might lead to the establishment of perfect amity between them."[1]

The young Queen, who had remained standing during this address, when the ambassador ceased speaking, resumed her seat, and courteously invited him to sit down by her. She then requested those who were present to retire to a

[1] Letter of Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—Paris, July 26, 1561. Printed in Keith. The original is extant in the State Paper Office.

greater distance, prefacing her rejoinder with this sarcastic allusion to Elizabeth's public display of incivility: "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I know not well mine own infirmity, nor how far I may be with my passion transported, but I like not to have so many witnesses of my passions as the Queen your mistress was content to have when she talked with Monsieur d'Oysell."[1] Mary's indignant sense of the injurious treatment she had experienced manifested itself as she proceeded. "There is nothing that doth more grieve me than that I did so forget myself as to require of the Queen your mistress that favour, which I had no need to ask. I needed no more to make her privy to my journey than she doth me of hers. I may pass well enough home into mine own realm, I think, without her passport or license; for, though the late King your master used all the impeachment he could, both to stay me and catch me as I came hither, yet you know, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I came hither safely, and I may have as good means to help me home again as I had to come hither, if I would employ my friends. Truly," continued she, "I was so far from evil meaning to the Queen your mistress, that at this time I was more willing to employ her amity to stand me in stead, than all the friends I have; and yet you know, both in this realm and elsewhere, I have friends, and such as would be glad to employ their forces and aid to stand me in stead. You have, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, oftentimes told me, that the amity between the Queen your mistress and me was very necessary and profitable for us both. I have reason now to think that the Queen your mistress is not of that mind; for I am sure, if she were, she would not have refused me thus unkindly." In a tone of reproach as gentle as it was possible for an aggrieved Sovereign to use, when adverting to circumstances of the most aggravating nature—the confederacy and friendship which existed between Elizabeth and the insurgent party in Scotland—Mary added: "It seemeth she maketh more account of the amity of my disobedient subjects than

[1] Letter of Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—Paris, July 26, 1561. Printed in Keith. The original is extant in the State Paper Office.

she doth of me their Sovereign, who am her equal in degree, though inferior in wisdom and experience—her nighest kinswoman and next neighbour; and trow you that there can be so good meaning between her and my subjects, which have forgotten their principal duty to me their Sovereign, as there should be betwixt her and me?"[1] Throckmorton, not being provided with a specious answer to this unexpected query, remained speechless; while the young royal plaintiff continued her remonstrance with all the varying passions of feminine eloquence. "I perceive," said she, "that the Queen your mistress doth think that, because my subjects have done me wrong, my friends and allies will forsake me also. Indeed, your mistress doth give me cause to seek friendship where I did not *mind* (intend) to ask it; but, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, let the Queen your mistress think that it will be thought very strange, amongst all princes and countries, that she should be first to animate my subjects against me, and now, being a widow, to impeach my going into mine own country." It may be observed that Mary, although she spoke and understood English well, uses the pretty Scotch idiom "mind," for intend, and the French impeach, or "empesche," for hinder, in all her conferences with Throckmorton, by whom they appear to have been verbally detailed with great minuteness. Her language becomes more animated as she proceeds, with reference to the rival Queen. "I ask her nothing but friendship. I do not trouble her state, nor practise with her subjects; and yet I know there be in her realm that be inclined enough to hear offers. I know also they be not of the mind she is of, neither in religion nor other things. The Queen your mistress doth say that I am young, and do lack experience; but I have age enough, and experience, to use myself towards my friends and kinsfolk friendly and uprightly, and I trust my discretion shall not so fail me that my passion shall move me to use other language of her than becometh a Queen and my next kinswoman. Well, Mon-

[1] Letter of Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—Paris, July 26, 1561. Printed in Keith. The original is extant in the State Paper Office.

sieur l'Ambassadeur, I could tell you that I am as she is, a Queen—allied and friended, as is known; and I tell you, also, that my heart is not inferior to hers, so as an equal respect could be had betwixt us on both parts; but I will not continue in comparisons."

After this retort-royal to the taunting expressions Elizabeth had used to d'Oysell respecting her, the youthful widow proceeded to explain, as she had done on former occasions, why she had not ratified the treaty—being, indeed, as she very mildly represented, in a widely different position from what she was at the time the joint plenipotentiaries of herself and the royal minor, Francis II., suffered themselves to be deluded into agreeing to arrangements such as were manifestly contrary to her interest.

"First, you know," said she, "that the accord was made in the late King my lord and husband's time, by whom, as reason was, I was commanded and governed; and for such delays as were in his time used in the said ratification I am not to be charged, since at his death, my interest failing in the realm of France, I left to be advised by the Council of France, and they left me to mine own Council. Indeed, mine uncles, being occupied in the affairs of this realm, do not think meet to advise me in mine affairs; neither do my subjects, nor the Queen your mistress, think it meet I should be advised by them, but rather by the Council of my own realm. Here are none of them, neither such as is thought meet I should be counselled by. The matter is so great it toucheth both them and me, and it were meet to use the advice of the wisest of them. I am about to haste me home as fast as I may, to the intent the matter might be answered; and now the Queen, your mistress, will in no wise suffer neither me to pass home, nor him that I sent into my realm. So as it seemeth, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, the Queen your mistress will be the cause why in this matter she is not satisfied, or else she *will not* be satisfied, but liketh to make this matter a quarrel between us, whereof she is the author."[1] This was com-

[1] Letter of Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—Paris, July 26, 1561. Printed in Keith. The original is extant in the State Paper Office.

ing very near the state of the case, for assuredly Elizabeth would not have considered herself bound to ratify any treaty under such circumstances, unless the articles were such as met with her fullest approbation. Mary, feeling the insecurity of her own position, was resolutely determined not to purchase the hollow friendship of Elizabeth by committing herself in the manner required. "The Queen your mistress saith I am young," pursued Mary; "she might well say I were as foolish as young, if I would, in the state and country that I am, proceed to such a matter of myself without any council. For that which was done by the King my late lord and husband must not be taken to be my act; neither in honour, nor conscience, am I bound, as you say I am, to perform all that I was by my lord and husband commanded to do. And yet," continued she, "I will say truly unto you, and as God favours me, I did never mean otherwise to her than becometh me to my good sister and cousin, nor meant her no more harm than to myself. God forgive them that have otherwise persuaded her, if there be such. What is the matter, I pray you," inquired Mary, with increasing earnestness, "that doth so offend the Queen your mistress, to make her thus evil affected to me? I never did her wrong, neither in deed nor speech. It should the less grieve me, if I had deserved otherwise than well; and though the world may be of divers judgments of us and our doings one to another, I do well know God, that is in heaven, can and will be a true judge both of our doings and meanings."

"Madam," replied the imperturbable statesman, "I have declared unto you my charge commanded by the Queen my mistress, and have no more to say to you on her behalf, but to know your answer for the ratification of the treaty." The pertinacious return of Throckmorton to a subject on which he had been, within the last ten minutes, informed by the young Sovereign that she could not resolve him in a foreign land, situated as she then was, might have provoked a more apathetic person than Mary to betray some impatience, if not irritability; but, having been early instructed "that patience with the tiresome is a virtue," she

kept her temper, and with quiet dignity replied, "I have aforetime showed you, and do now tell you again, that it is not meet for me to proceed in this matter, without the advice of the nobles and estates of mine own realm, which I can by no means have until I return among them. You know, as well as I, there is none come hither since the death of the King, my late husband and lord, but such as come for their own private business, or such as dare not tarry in Scotland. But I pray you, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur," said she, "tell me how ariseth this strange affection in the Queen your mistress towards me? I desire to know it, to the intent I may reform myself if I have failed." Poor Mary, in trying to escape from the *weariful* subject of the Treaty of Edinburgh, drew upon herself a most bitter castigation, on the score of the serious provocation Elizabeth had received, in consequence of the assumption of her arms and title of Queen of England. Glad at any cost, however, to have an opportunity of representing that she ought not to be considered accountable for what was done in her name, when she was a girl of fifteen, in subjection to her husband, and his royal father, the young widow meekly replied, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I was then under commandment of King Henry, my father, and of the late King, my lord and husband; and whatsoever was then done by their order and commandments, the same was continued until both their deaths, since which time, you know, I neither bore the arms nor used the title of England. Methinks," continued she, "these my doings might certify the Queen, your mistress, that that which was done before was done by commandment of them that had power over me."[1] Mary could not, however, refrain from vindicating her right to bear the arms, not as a supplanter of Elizabeth, the representative of the royal house of Tudor, but as an immediate descendant from Henry VII., seeing that they were borne by the descendants of his younger daughter, Mary's rivals in the regal succession of England—a circumstance which rendered her natur-

[1] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Paris, July 26—in Keith. Likewise in the original MS., State Paper Office.

ally desirous of not relinquishing this achievement, unless Elizabeth could be induced to acknowledge her as her lawful successor to the throne after her death. One of the great objections Mary felt to ratifying the Treaty of Edinburgh was the article by which it was stipulated, that she and Francis "were *never* to bear the arms and title of England in times coming." Now this would have been construed by the cadet descendants of Henry VII. into a positive renunciation of her right to assume both, in the event of Queen Elizabeth's death without lawful issue.

"It were no great dishonour to the Queen, my cousin, your mistress," observed Mary to Throckmorton,[1] "though I, a Queen also, did bear the arms of England, for I am sure some inferior to me, and that be not so well *a-parented* as I am, do bear the arms of England. You cannot deny but that my grandmother, (Margaret Tudor,) was the King her father's sister, and I trow the eldest sister he had. I do assure you, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, and I do speak unto you truly, as I think, I never meant nor thought matter against the Queen my cousin. Indeed, I know what I am, and would be sorry either to do others wrong or suffer too much wrong to myself. And now that I have told you my mind plainly," said she, "I pray you behave like a good minister, whose part is to make things betwixt Princes rather better than worse."[2] With this salutary admonition, which Mary Stuart, in the simplicity of her period of life, addressed to the subtle diplomatist, every time they met, she closed the conference.

The Queen-regent of France herself expressed regret to Throckmorton, that the Queen of England had refused Mary a free passage home to her own realm, and endeavoured to mediate between them. "They are neighbours and near cousins," she said, "and either of them hath great friends and allies, so as it may chance that more unkindness shall ensue of this matter than is to be wished for, or meet to come to pass. Thanks be to God, all the Princes of Christendom are now in peace, and it were great pity

[1] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Paris, July 26—in Keith. Likewise in the original MS., State Paper Office.

[2] Ibid.

they should not so continue. I perceive," continued she, "the matter of this unkindness is grounded upon the delay of ratification of the treaty. The Queen, my daughter, hath declared unto you, that she doth stay the same until she may have the advice of her own subjects, wherein methinks my daughter doth discreetly; and though she have her uncles here, by whom it is thought, as reason is, she should be advised, yet, considering they be subjects and counsellors of the King my son, they are not the meetest to give her counsel in this matter. The nobles and states of her own realm would neither like it, nor allow that their Sovereign should resolve without their advice, in a matter of consequence; therefore, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, methinks the Queen your mistress might be satisfied with this answer, and accommodate the Queen my daughter, her cousin and neighbour, with such favour as she demandeth."[1]

This confirmation of Mary's reasons for not signing the treaty was as unavailing as the oft-repeated explanations from the lips of the young Queen herself had been. Elizabeth had made up her mind to force a quarrel, as an excuse for endeavouring to intercept and capture Mary on her homeward voyage. Throckmorton, to his eternal infamy, advised this proceeding, and lent his assistance to further the project, by playing the spy *in propria personâ*. "And to the intent," writes he to Elizabeth,[2] "that I might the better decipher whether the Queen of Scotland did mind to continue her voyage, I did the same 21st of July repair to the Queen of Scotland to take my leave of her, unto whom I then declared, "that, hearing by common bruit that she minded to take such voyage very shortly, I thought it my duty to take my leave of her, and was sorry she had not given your Majesty so good occasion of amity, as that I your minister could not conveniently wait upon her to her embarking."

[1] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Paris, July 26—in Keith. Likewise in the original MS., State Paper Office.

[2] Printed in Keith, p. 176-7.

"If my preparations were not so much advanced as they are," replied Mary, "peradventure the Queen your mistress's unkindness might stay my voyage; but now I am determined to adventure the matter, whatsoever come of it. I trust the wind will be so favourable that I shall not come upon the coast of England; and if I do, then, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, the Queen your mistress will have me in her hands to do her will of me; and if she be so hard-hearted as to desire my end, peradventure she may then do her pleasure, and make sacrifice of me—peradventure that casualty might be better for me than to live. In this matter God's will be fulfilled."[1] The mournful presage of the dark doom which sooner or later awaited her, as the victim of Elizabeth's political jealousy, so touchingly expressed by the lips of Mary Stuart at eighteen, is one of the most remarkable passages in the history of this hapless Princess. The Christian heroism of Mary Stuart's deportment, at the consummation of her long-delayed and torturing sacrifice, is strikingly consistent with the Christian philosophy and resignation to the will of God manifested in her declaration to Throckmorton, in the morning bloom of her youthful charms, amidst those high and glorious prospects which flattered without intoxicating her who had dwelt in the Circean court of Valois, and was quitting it unstained by its pollutions.

In reply to Mary's intimation that she fully understood the peril she was likely to incur, in consequence of Elizabeth's hostility, Throckmorton told her "it depended on herself to stand on terms of perfect security, if she chose." Mary's spirit was too high to be either cajoled by flattery or subdued by menaces, yet she replied, with unruffled sweetness: "I have, methinketh, offered and spoken that might suffice the Queen, my sister, if she will take anything well at my hand. I trust, for all this, we shall agree better than some would have us, and, for my part, I will not take all things to the worst. I hope, also, the Queen my sister will do the like, whereof I doubt not, if

[1] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, July 26—Keith. The original is among the State Paper MSS.

ministers do no harm betwixt us." At parting, Mary, in token of her amity, vouchsafed to embrace the representative of her royal kinswoman of England—a demonstration in accordance with the etiquette of the period; but if it were a favour extraordinary, the grave diplomatist records it purely as a matter of business without a comment.[1] What would not the enamoured Huguenot chief, d'Amville, have given to have been privileged to act as his deputy on this occasion!

"As far as I can perceive," writes Throckmorton, "the said Queen of Scotland continueth her voyage still, and I hear that Villegaignon and Octavian have the principal order of the said voyage, and mean to sail along the coast of Flanders, and so to strike over to the north part of Scotland, as the wind shall serve. She did once mean to use the west passage; but now she dare not trust the Duke of Châtelherault nor the Earl of Argyll, and therefore dareth not pass by the west seas."[2] In a letter written the same day, and addressed to Cecil, Throckmorton expresses some surprise at not having heard of any naval force being sent out in readiness to *impesche* or hinder the Queen of Scotland's passage, and thus make good his royal mistress's menace to d'Oysell, "that she would provide to keep the Queen of Scotland from passing home." "Better," he observes, "it had been that no such thing had been said, but passage granted, if no provision or show be made to *impesche* her indeed. . . . And yet I will not advise you to counsel the Queen to be at any great cost, inasmuch as the truth and certainty of the Queen of Scotland's journey is not known, nor the place of her embarking." He adds the following postscript: "If you mind to catch the Queen of Scots, your ships must search and see all, for she meaneth rather to steal away than to pass with force."[3]

Thus Throckmorton, who could talk like an angel of light on modes of faith, felt neither remorse nor pity for

[1] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, July 26—Keith. The original is among the State Paper MSS.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Throckmorton to Cecil—State Paper Office MS.

the young creature who was to be thus cruelly seized on her return, as a sorrowful widow, to her native land, in order to be consigned to a life-long captivity in an English prison, like her hapless cousins the ladies Catherine and Mary Gray. Common humanity—to say nothing of chivalry, or its impelling principle, Christian charity—might, we should think, have induced any one in the form of man rather to have warned the intended victim of the peril that impended over her, than to have become a busy instrument in the barbarous design; but the hearts which the Prince of this world hardens become callous, not only to every generous emotion, but to conscience itself.

Surrounded by mercenary traitors, Mary found herself under the painful necessity of repressing the naturally confiding feelings of a young warm heart, and to keep the plan of her journey secret from those who ate of her bread and drank of her cup. Even the brother of one of her Scotch Maries, the son of her faithful Lord Keeper Livingstone, had been tampered with by Throckmorton, who thus writes to Elizabeth on the subject of their conferences:[1] "My Lord of Livingstone, being ready to go homewards into Scotland, through England, went to the Queen of Scotland for her leave so to do; but she hath commanded him to tarry and wait on her, without letting him know anything else. He, in doubt what she will do, is content to expect her coming thither, and to do then as she shall command him; and seeing no likelihood of her not passing, which he saith is uncertain, but that she will go to Calais, there to hover, and hearken what your Majesty doth to stop her, and according thereunto to go or stay, he mindeth to get him home. He hath required my letters of recommendation to your Majesty's officers at his landing in England, which, for his good devotion to your Majesty, and for that he is one that wisheth the same well, I have not refused him; and so I humbly beseech your Majesty's good favour towards him at his coming to your Majesty for his passport."

One of Elizabeth's great objections to the return of Mary

[1] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, July 26—Keith 177.

to Scotland was her jealousy of the courtship of her own matrimonial suitor, Eric, King of Sweden, to the royal widow, to whom he had transferred his addresses. "The Queen of England apprehends," writes Chantonay, the Spanish ambassador, "that the moment the Queen of Scotland lands in her own realm, she will be espoused to the King of Sweden, and, strengthened by his power, will then attempt to contest the crown of England with her; but this is a futile reason for endeavouring to prevent her passage, since the Queen of Scots could as easily be married to the King of Sweden in France as in Scotland, if such were her intention."[1]

The real cause of Mary's delay and uncertainty in her movements was, not fear of the English ships, but want of money. She had received no part of either her royal revenue or personal income from Scotland for more than a year, during which time she had been living on her jointure as Queen-dowager of France, and the estates she had inherited from the late Queen her mother. Other motives, therefore, besides the really important one of differences in religion, rendered the leading powers of the provisional government in Scotland averse to the return of their young Sovereign. Mary, courageous as she was, felt it would not do to return empty-handed, consequently she was under the necessity of obtaining a personal loan of 100,000 crowns from the King of France, for which she gave a mortgage on her dowry in security.[2] When she had completed this arrangement, and not till then, she commenced her homeward journey.

Mary departed from St Germain-en-Laye on the 25th of July 1561, attended by a numerous and brilliant retinue of nobles and princes. Her royal mother-in-law, and the young King and his brethren, to mark their respect, accompanied her one stage from St Germain, where they parted with mutual demonstrations of regret.[3] Catherine de Medicis, though rejoiced at being relieved from the presence of the

[1] Despatch of Chantonay to Philip II., Paris, July 26—in M. Teulet's Collections, vol. ii.

[2] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—in Keith. [3] Benger.

fair dowager of France, was too politic not to play the amiable on this occasion, being well aware how entirely Mary was the darling of the people of France. Never was any Queen of that realm, either before or since, so beloved, regretted, and esteemed, as Mary Stuart. Her own feelings on this occasion were fondly expressed in that well-known chanson from her pen—

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie
La plus cherie,
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance—
Adieu, France ! adieu nos beaux jours !
Le nef qui déjoint nos amours
N'a eu de moi que la moitié :
Une part te reste, ello est tienne ;
Je la fié
A ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne."

"The Queen of Scotland," writes that vigilant reporter of her movements, Throckmorton, "departed from St Germain yesterday, the 25th, towards her voyage, as she bruiteth it. She sendeth most of her train straight to Newhaven, to embark; and she herself goeth such a way between both as she will be at her choice to go to Newhaven or to Calais, upon the sudden. What she will do, or where she will embark, will be a-known to never a Scotchman, and but to few French. And for all these shows and boasts, some think she will not go at all; and yet all her stuff is sent down to the sea, and none other bruit in her house but of her hasty going. If it would please your Majesty to cause some to be sent privily to all the ports on this side, the certainty shall be better known to your Majesty that way than I can advertise it hence. She hath said that, at her coming into Scotland, she will forthwith rid the realm of all the Englishmen there, and forbid mutual traffic" (not meaning trade, but treason) "with your Majesty's subjects. If she make the haste to embark that she seemeth to do, she will be almost ready to embark by that time this shall come to your Majesty's hand."[1]

[1] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—Keith.

In consequence, apparently, of these representations, or, according to Camden, the persuasions of Mary's fraternal rival, the Lord James, Queen Elizabeth sent out a squadron for the purpose of intercepting and capturing her young widowed kinswoman on her homeward voyage. Meantime, the royal traveller slowly and sorrowfully pursued her journey through France and Normandy. She was, however, attended by a train of the most illustrious persons in France, among whom her six uncles and her aunt by marriage, Anne d'Este, Duchess of Guise, stood pre-eminent. So numerous and brilliant a retinue of cavaliers and ladies as that which followed Mary as a widow to the place of embarkation, anxious to pay that farewell tribute of regard, had never swelled the train of a royal bride of France. "All the bravest and noblest gentlemen of France," says one of Mary's biographers of that nation,[1] "assembled themselves around the fairest of queens and women. Several were enamoured of her, especially the second son of the Constable Montmorenci, Maréschal d'Amville, of whom the following romantic incident is related. One day, during the civil strife which subsequently ensued between the Catholics and Huguenots, d'Amville, who fought on the side of the latter, found himself sorely pressed, yet suddenly paused in his retreat, and at the imminent peril of his life stooped to pick up a treasure he had unwittingly dropped. It was a handkerchief of Cyprus silk, whose value consisted in having been honoured by the use of Mary Stuart." She, however, testified no more sensibility to his passion than to that of any other of her numerous adorers. Her heart was full of melancholy images of the vicissitudes and uncertainty of human life; and the sorrowful pilgrimage she performed to visit her royal mother's bier, then resting at Fescamp, during this journey, did not tend to raise her spirits. Much has been said of the levity of Mary Stuart; but of this it would be difficult to quote an instance, especially during her residence in France, where her manners, though captivating from the graceful turn of her mind and the innate courtesy of her disposition,

[1] Dargaud.

were singularly grave and dignified for a girl of eighteen. Of this we may be certain, that Throckmorton, if he could have detailed a grain of scandal, or even the report of an indecorum relating to Mary, whether as Dauphiness, Queen-consort, or Queen-dowager of France, would not have withheld it from Elizabeth, to whom anything in the shape of detraction would have been far more palatable than those testimonials of the prudence and wisdom of her hated rival, with which his French despatches abound. Throckmorton, when he had been a few years longer in Elizabeth's service, wrote, in a strain more consonant to the views of his royal mistress and her premier, letters that were not consigned to oblivion among the sealed mysteries of a state-paper office, but were used for the purpose for which they were prepared.

Mary was at Beauvais on the 2d of August, but as she did not arrive at Abbeville till the 7th,[1] her melancholy journey to Fescamp must have been performed in the interim. Nearly eleven years previously, a rapturous reunion between Mary and her mother took place in Fescamp Abbey, amidst royal pomp and pageantry;—under what different circumstances did the young Queen revisit it in 1561, when, as a weeping pilgrim clad in her weeds of early widowhood, she came to bid a last farewell to the lifeless remains of that beloved parent to whom Scotland had denied a grave!

After assisting at such offices as her own church fondly deemed requisite for the repose of her mother's soul, Mary resumed her journey. She had requested Throckmorton to meet her at Abbeville; and there, on the 8th of August, she had a parting conference with that minister, telling him she had sent for him before she left France, to ask him by what means she could satisfy the Queen his mistress.[2] "By confirming the Treaty of Edinburgh," he replied—supposing, of course, that the young Queen, having held out to the last moment, was now intimidated, by the refusal of a free passage and Elizabeth's menaces, into conceding the point. Mary, who only wished for an opportunity of ex-

[1] Labanoff's Chronology. [2] Camden's Annals. Keith.

plaining the impossibility of doing what was so pertinaciously demanded of her, answered in these words: "I desire you to hear me, and then judge whether they be not very cogent reasons which the Queen, your mistress, takes for excuses and delays. The first article, that for confirming the truce of Cambray, does not in the least concern me. The second, which relates to the treaty there made between the English and Scots, was ratified by my husband and myself, and cannot be repeated unless in my name only, whereas my husband is expressly named therein. The third, fourth, and fifth articles are already answered and fulfilled, for there are no further warlike preparations;—the French garrisons are remanded from Scotland; the fort at Eyemouth is razed to the ground. I have, since my husband's death, quitted the arms and title of England. To obliterate and strike them out of all the furniture, buildings, and charters in France is a thing noway in my power; neither can I send the Bishop of Valence and Monsieur Randan, who are no subjects of mine, into England to assist at a conference about the sixth article. As for the last article," continued Mary, "I hope my rebel subjects will not complain of any great severity towards them; but the Queen of England, I perceive, designs to prevent any proofs I might show of a merciful disposition, by endeavouring to hinder my return. What is there now behind, in this treaty, that can any way prejudice the affairs of your mistress?" inquired Mary, as well she might, for every article of the treaty had been fulfilled, although she declined committing herself personally by affixing her sign and seal, in compliance with the imperious demand of Elizabeth for that purpose. Mary became the more resolute in her refusal, when menaces were used, because of the secret consent of her traitor lords to Elizabeth's revival of the oft-disputed claim of England to the suzerainty of Scotland.[1] Of this unworthy concession she prudently betrayed no knowledge, but dismissed Throckmorton with a farewell exhortation to demean himself as became one who held the sacred office of an ambassador. And so they parted;—

[1] Camden.

happy would it have been for the youthful Sovereign if never to meet again, for she had piqued him by resisting his diplomatic subtleties, and offended him by allowing her suspicions of the treacherous game he was playing to become apparent. Throckmorton returned to Paris to continue his political machinations against Mary, while she pursued her journey towards Calais.

"The Scottish Queen," writes Cecil to Sussex, "was the 10th of this month at Boulogne, and meaneth to take shipping at Calais. Neither they in Scotland nor we here do like her going home. The Queen's Majesty hath three ships in the north seas, to preserve the fishers from pirates: I think they will be sorry to see her pass."[1] Mary could have made no sojourn at Boulogne, for she arrived at Calais on the same day. She was received with regal honours in that town, and the garrison fired a salute from the clock tower. Her uncle, the Duke de Guise, recognising among the gunners one of the veteran soldiers who had assisted in winning that town from the English, and calling him by name, shouted, "Fire away, Constantine! fire—fire for love of me!" The warlike duke was exhilarated by revisiting the scene of his greatest triumph; but nothing could cheer the depression of his royal niece, now on the eve of bidding farewell to her beloved France. Intelligence of Elizabeth's preparations for capturing her reaching Mary on the French coast, she determined to play a finessing game, and, by affecting a fear she was far from feeling, impressed the English Sovereign with the idea that she dared not risk the passage without a safe-conduct, for she despatched the Abbot of St Colm's Inch to London to prefer a second request to Elizabeth for that favour, or, at the least, to permit her to land in case of tempestuous weather.[2] It was, of course, imagined that the young Queen would wait for the return of her envoy. Mary in the interim remained at Calais, where she indeed tarried five days; not, however, for the doubtful return of St Colm with her passport, but for a favourable wind.

[1] Tytler. Wright's Elizabeth.
[2] Her letter to Elizabeth is dated, Calais, August 11th.

During her sojourn at Calais, Mary appeared in the grand mourning costume of a widowed queen of France. She wore a ruff of point lace, of what would in modern parlance be termed a vandyked pattern. Her ample veil was embroidered with a stiff edging of gimp, and confined on each shoulder. Her sleeves were of cloth-of-silver, tight from the elbow to the wrist, and full above. Her hair was smooth on the head, but craped above the temples—a fashion very trying to beauty, and decidedly unbecoming to Mary, whose forehead was singularly expansive for a woman. A light coiffure, something between a cap and hood, in the form of a scallop shell, shaded without concealing her regal brow, surmounted by three rows of pearls of the finest shape and water. A collar of pearls, which her exquisite taste taught her to prefer to all other jewels, surrounded her neck.[1] Like some of our early Plantagenet queens, Mary wore, while in France, an *aumonière* or *sac* of the same velvet as her robe, suspended from her girdle by her side, together with a gold whistle, with which the princesses of that age were accustomed to summon their pages from the ante-chamber. A volume of Ronsard, or some other of her favourite poets,[2] "in velvet bound and embroidered o'er," always accompanied the perfumed ball called the pomander,[3] her *étui*, purse, *bonbonnière*, golden tablets,

[1] Dargaud, Histoire de Marie Stuart, vol. i. p. 126. [2] Ibid.

[3] The following description of one of Queen Mary's pomanders, now in the possession of Mr Murdoch of Airdrie, has appeared in a contemporary Scotch journal, and may possibly interest some of the fair readers of her biography:—"It is a small round box, bearing a tolerably close resemblance, in point of size and general appearance, to the vinegarette presently in use among the ladies, and may not improbably have been used for the same purpose by the unfortunate Queen. The substance of which it is composed resembles gold, though it is evidently an inferior metal, the nature of which, however, we did not ascertain. In the lid is set a very fine specimen of the *lapis lazuli*, a rare stone of a beautiful blue colour, very expensive in our day, and probably equally so in the time of Queen Mary. This box was presented by her to a favourite gardener named M'Culloch, in the gardens attached to the royal palace at Linlithgow, and has ever since remained in the possession of his descendants, being handed down from father to son, and cherished by them as a precious relic, gifted to their progenitors by the ill-fated Princess. One of these descendants, a Miss M'Culloch, is at present residing in Linlithgow, and has the custody of the keys of the palace—a privilege which it appears she enjoys by a sort of hereditary right. The last descendant of the family, however, into whose

pencil, thimble-case, and other domestic trinkets, of which this *gibecière*, as it was then called, was the depositary. Mary's thimble-case, in the possession of the late Lady Anne Hamilton, was of richly chased gold, in the classic form of an urn, of which the cover formed a lid, attached with hinges, opening on touching a spring.

"Besides the Queen's highness's furniture, hangings, and apparel, which were shipped at Newhaven and carried to Scotland, was also in her own company," says Lesley, "transported with her Majesty into Scotland many costly jewels and golden work, precious stones, orient pearls, the most excellent of any that was in Europe, and many costly habilliments for her body, with meikle silver work of costly cupboards, cups, and plate."[1] If we may credit Buchanan, Cardinal de Lorraine thought more of the safety of this rich and goodly gear than of that of his royal niece, and suggested that it ought to be left in his keeping, to prevent the risk of its falling into the hands of the English Queen, who, under the pretext of clearing the north seas from pirates, was preparing to play the buccaneer herself. But Mary, suspecting his motives, shrewdly replied, "Since I venture my person, I need scarcely fear to venture my goods."[2]

Meantime the information regarding the time and manner of her return, which Mary had confided to her nobles in Scotland, was dutifully communicated by the ready pen of the authorised secretary of the English faction, Lethington, to Elizabeth's premier, Cecil, in a letter dated August 15, wherein he says: "Hither came yesternight from France a Scottish gentleman called Captain Anstruther, sent by the Queen our sovereign, who left her Majesty, as he saith, at Morin, six leagues from the court at St Germain, where she had left the King, and was coming towards Calais, there to embark. He hath letters to the most of the noblemen, whereby she doth complain 'that the Queen's majesty

hand the box came, was Mr M'Culloch, present Procurator-Fiscal of Airdrie, who lately presented the relic to Mr Murdoch of that town—a gentleman who possesses, perhaps, the largest private collection of antiquities in the west of Scotland."—*Glasgow Argus.*

[1] Lesley's Hist. of Scotland, 295. [2] Buchanan's Hist. of Scotland.

(Elizabeth) not only hath refused passage to M. d'Oysell, and the safe-conduct which she did courteously require for herself, but doth also make open declaration that she will not suffer her to come home to her own realm; yet is her affection such towards her country, and so great desire she hath to see us, that she meaneth not for that threatening to stay, but taketh her journey with two galleys only, without any forces, accompanied by her three uncles, the Duke d'Aumale, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, and the Great Prior, one of the Constable's sons, Monsieur d'Amville, and their trains, and so trust her person in our hands.'"[1] This frank appeal to the honour and loyalty of her peers, from a beauteous widowed Sovereign of eighteen, with which she fondly trusted to rekindle every spark of chivalry in brave and manly bosoms, elicited only a sarcastic sneer from the secret-service men of the English Queen. As for the classic Lethington, he shames not to acknowledge the baseness of his party in this emphatic sentence—"I marvel that she (Queen Mary) will utter anything to us which she would have kept close from you!"[2] If Mary Stuart had possessed the same facilities of penetrating into the iniquitous correspondence of these traitors, which her biographers enjoy, she would have been more cautious.

Like his correspondent Throckmorton, Lethington was uneasy at the idea of the young Queen performing her homeward voyage in safety, scarcely crediting her bold determination to make the attempt. "If two galleys may quietly pass," he observes, "I wish the passport had been liberally granted;" adding this quaint sarcasm on the want of energy in the English cabinet, for not taking more vigorous measures to make good their Sovereign's menaces of impeding Mary's passage: "To what purpose should you open your pack and sell none of your wares, or declare those enemies whom you cannot offend? It passeth my dull capacity to imagine what this sudden enterprise should mean. We have determined to trust no more than we shall see; yet can I not but fear the issue, for lack of charges and sufficient power. If anything chance amiss we shall

[1] Tytler's Appendix, vol. vi. p. 400. [2] Ibid. p. 401.

feel the first dint, but I am sure you see the consequence." He then suggests the expediency of bringing an English military force on the Border to overawe, or, if need were, to assist in coercing his own Sovereign. "It shall be well done that the Queen's majesty (Elizabeth) keep some ordinary power of good force at Berwick so long as we stand on doubtful terms, as well for safety of the peace as our comfort. The neighbourhood of your men will discourage our enemies, and make us the bolder."[1] He encourages the English premier to this measure, by the information that Captain Anstruther, Mary's envoy, had brought a commission to receive from the French captains the forts of Dunbar and Inchkeith, and send all the French soldiers home before she herself arrived, in order to prove to her people that she was sincere in her assurance that it was her intention to confide herself entirely to their honour and loyalty, without any other defence for her person and realm. On the 15th of August, the same day Lethington and his confederates were betraying her intended movements to Cecil, Mary embarked for Scotland with her three uncles, and her ladies and retinue. She was attended to the water's edge by the Duke and Duchess de Guise, Cardinal de Lorraine, and a numerous company of weeping friends and servants. Two galleys had been prepared for her accommodation and that of her followers, and four French ships of war for her convoy. Sobs choked her voice when she arrived at the place of embarkation, and saw the vessels that were destined to convey her from the country where she had been cherished and protected as a child, honoured as a queen, and almost adored as a woman. She looked at her friends, pressed her hands on her heart, and parted from them in silence expressive of anguish too great for utterance. She knew they would meet no more on earth, and could not bear to bid them a last farewell.[2]

Mary was attended by six score noble French gentlemen, among whom were the enamoured Maréschal d'Amville and his friend Chastellar the poet, Brantôme the historian, and

[1] Tytler's Appendix, vol. vi. p. 401. [2] Dargaud.

many other distinguished persons, besides her ladies, "especially," notes Lesley, "her four maids of honour, who passed with her Highness to France, of her own age, bearing every one the name of Mary, as is before mentioned, and likewise a doctor of theology, and two doctors of medicine." As Mary left the harbour of Calais, she was painfully agitated by witnessing a tragic accident which befell another vessel that, in endeavouring to enter the port she had just quitted, struck on the bar, foundered, and sank.[1] The young Queen rushed to the stern of the galley, calling upon her uncles and the captain to save the poor mariners, and promised liberal rewards to those who should succeed; but the catastrophe was too sudden and instantaneous for human aid.[2] "Ah, my God!" exclaimed Mary, "what a portent for our voyage is this!"[3]

When the sails were set, and her galley began to get out to sea, Mary's tears flowed without intermission. Leaning both her arms on the gallery of the vessel, she turned her eyes on the shore she was leaving with longing, lingering looks, crying at every stroke of the oars, "Adieu, France! —beloved France, adieu!" And thus she remained for the first five hours after her embarkation, motionless as a statue, and deaf to all the attempts of her friends to comfort or divert the sad current of her thoughts. When darkness approached, she was entreated to descend into the state cabin that had been prepared for her accommodation, and partake of supper. But her heart was too full of grief to permit her to taste food. She felt and spoke like a poet on this occasion. "It is now, my dear France, that I have lost you," said she, "for the envious darkness, like a black veil, conceals you from these eyes which are thus deprived of their chief desire. Adieu, then, my beloved France!—I lose sight of you, and I shall never, never, see you again!" She observed "that, unlike Dido, who, after the departure of Eneas, looked evermore towards the sea—her regards were fixed upon the land that was receding from her sight for ever." Instead of retiring for repose into the cabin in the poop, which was set apart for her use, she ordered a

[1] Brantôme. [2] Dargaud. [3] Miss Benger. Brantôme.

traverse or temporary chamber to be prepared for her above on the poop gallery, and her couch to be spread for the night within that curtained screen.[1] Before she retired she requested the pilot, that, in the event of France being still visible, as soon as it should be light enough to discern objects, to direct her ladies to awaken her, no matter how early it might be, that she might take another look of that dear land.

The breeze, as if to favour the romantic desire of the royal voyager, died away soon after she had wept herself to sleep, the weary rowers slumbered on their oars, and when the dawn dispelled the brief darkness of the summer night, the galley had made so little way that it was still hovering on the French coast. Faithful to his promise, the pilot informed Mary's attendants that this was the case. On being awakened with this intelligence, she caused the curtains of her traverse to be drawn back on that side, and raising herself on her arm, she fondly gazed on the receding shore till it became indistinct in distance. Then with a fresh burst of weeping she exclaimed, "It is past! Farewell, farewell to France! beloved land which I shall behold no more."[2] She remained pensive, and oppressed with melancholy forebodings, during the whole of her voyage. Yet was not the young Queen so entirely absorbed in her own regrets and sorrows, as to render her indifferent to the distress of others. Her feminine sympathy was much excited when she saw the poor galley-slaves chained to their oars; and though it was out of her power to enfranchise them as her mother had formerly done John Knox, and those who were Scottish subjects, she would not suffer one of them to be struck while she was on board the galley. "She begged her uncle, the Grand Prior, to signify her commands to the captain and officers of the vessel on that subject," says Brantôme, who renders a pleasing testimony to the humanity of her disposition, and declares that "she had an extreme compassion for those unfortunates, an innate horror of cruelty, and a heart that felt for all suffering."

Mary certainly had a very narrow chance of falling into

[1] Brantôme, Vies des Femmes Illustres, p. 127. [2] Ibid.

the hands of her foes on this occasion, for Michel de Castelnau, who accompanied her to Scotland, affirms that they were once in sight of the English squadron, which had been sent out for the purpose of capturing her. He attributes her escape to the swiftness of her galley,[1] which—impelled by the strokes of the rowers, those poor slaves, who, propitiated by her compassionate intervention in their behalf when she first came on board, strained every nerve for her preservation—skimmed lightly over the slumbering waves, and distanced the large English ships; the latter vessels, in consequence of their bulk, being heavy sailers, especially as there was little wind to inflate their canvass. Nevertheless they took one of the ships belonging to Mary's convoy, wherein was the Earl of Eglintoun, and some other persons of quality, who were carried to England and subsequently released, with an apology for their detention; not being the prey of which Elizabeth was desirous.[2]

Fortunately for Mary, a thick fog, which even Buchanan, who was on board the same galley with his royal patroness, calls a providential fog, effectually concealed her course from her pursuers. The fog thickened as they drew near the coast of Scotland, and was so dense that Brantôme, the companion and pleasing chronicler of Mary's homeward voyage, declares that those who were at the stern could not discern the poop. The pilots knew not where they were, and all expressed an anxious desire to see the beacon lights along that perilous coast. "What need of beacon lights have we," exclaimed the enamoured poet, Chastellar, "to guide us over the dark waves, when we have the starry eyes of this fair Queen, whose heavenly beams irradiate both sea and land, and brighten all they shine on?"[3]

After two whole days and nights, in which all things continued veiled in impenetrable obscurity, the vapoury shroud was suddenly dissipated, at sunrise on the Sunday morning, and revealed to the affrighted pilot and crew

[1] In Jebb's Collection. [2] Keith. Tytler. [3] Brantôme.

that they had run the galley among the most dangerous rocks and shelves along the Scottish coast; and that nothing but the providence of God had preserved them and their Sovereign from a watery grave.[1] Inheriting the intrepid spirit of her race, Mary was calm and self-possessed in the moment of peril. "I have no fear of death," she said, "nor should I wish to live, unless it were for the general good of Scotland." She, however, expressed her gratitude for the preservation of her friends and the crew.[2] She arrived safely, after this agitating voyage, in the port of Leith, on the 20th of August,[3] at six o'clock in the morning, nearly a week earlier than had been anticipated. The Scotch confederates and correspondents of Cecil had shrewdly calculated on the natural timidity of their Sovereign's sex and age, and made themselves sure, that as she had condescended to make a second application to Elizabeth for a safe-conduct, she would not embark for Scotland till the return of her messenger. Mary's spirited determination to venture the passage in the way she did was, in all probability, the reason she achieved it successfully.

That Mary's danger was no chimera may be considered a certainty: no historical statement has been more satisfactorily proven; and the circumstance of Elizabeth's causing the arrest and imprisonment of the Countess of Lennox, for daring to express satisfaction at her escape, shows what Mary had to expect in the event of falling into the hands of her jealous rival.[4] Friends and foes were alike taken by surprise at her return without foreign forces, or any other attendance than the officers of her household, her ladies, and a few French gentlemen of rank and talent. Such an enterprise would have been considered brilliant in an exiled Prince; in a Queen, and a beauty, its effect was to excite an enthusiastic transport of loyalty in every generous heart. "At the sound of the cannons which the

[1] Dargaud. [2] Brantôme, Vies des Femmes Illustres.

[3] Authorities differ on this point: Lesley says the 20th, the Diurnal of Occurrents the 21st, Tytler the 19th, Buchanan the 21st.

[4] State Paper Office MS. For full particulars of this fact, see the Life of Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, in Lives of Queens of Scotland and English Princesses, vol. ii.

galleys shot, the multitude being advertised, happy was he and she that might have the presence of the Queen," says Knox. "The Protestants were not the slowest."

As a matter of duty rather than choice, and with a boding spirit, Mary prepared to enter upon the high vocation to which she had been summoned.

MARY STUART

CHAPTER VIII.

SUMMARY

Mary blamed for a Scotch fog—No horses provided when she lands at Leith—Waits at the house of Andrew Lambie—Shabby steeds sent for her conveyance to Holyrood—Her mortification—Pardons condemned suppliants on her way—Rejoicings at her entrance—Dolefully serenaded with psalmody—Attack on her Chapel at Holyrood—Proclamation of her Council for toleration of her rites—Queen demands an interview with Knox—Her discussions with him—He is blamed for his rudeness by the English envoy Randolph—Her patience praised by the latter—Fête given by the citizens of Edinburgh to Mary's French guests—Her State reception—Quaint ceremonies of entertaining her—Public drinking of her health at the wine fountain—Pageant of her "humble slaves and blackamoors"—Queen's grand ball and festival—Her elegant appurtenances—Love of the arts—Of literature—Her library—Her rich furniture—Motto on her throne—Her charities—Her good legislation for the poor—Her objections to Randolph's political intrigues—She is prevailed on to permit his stay at her court.

THE fogs which had favoured Mary's escape from the English fleet, during her passage from France, were regarded as inauspicious portents at her landing in her own realm—at least by those in whom that remnant of heathen superstition, belief in evil omens, lingered. Whether Knox himself were free from this weakness may be considered doubtful; but the strength of his prejudice against his young Sovereign is rendered sufficiently apparent, by the eloquent manner in which he endeavours to turn the gloomy state of the atmosphere to her reproach. "The very face of heaven at the time of her arrival," he says, "did manifestly speak what comfort was brought unto this

country with her—to wit, sorrow, dolour, darkness, and all impiety; for, in the memory of man, that day of the year was never seen a more dolorous face of the heaven than was at her arrival, which two days after did so continue; for, besides the surface wet, and corruption of the air, the mist was so thick and dark that scarce might any man espy another the length of two pair of *butts*;—the sun was not seen to shine two days before, nor two days after. That forewarning God gave unto us; but, alas! the most part were blind."[1]

Now, even if a Scotch mist had been as singular a phenomenon in "Auld Reekie" as Master John would infer, it was certainly no fault of the young Queen that it occurred on this occasion. A bright cheerful day would doubtless have been much more agreeable to her, if she had had any choice in the matter; yet he is as severe in his comments on this unlucky casualty as if poor Mary had brought the said mist with her from France, for the malign purpose of obscuring the clear skies of Scotland. Brantôme's lively complaints of these fogs, and the country which produced them,[2] are amusing enough, and may be excused, perhaps, in a foreigner, who found himself, for the first time, exposed to their depressing influence; but that a Scotchman should actually attribute their prevalence, not to the climate or the state of the wind, but to the personal influence of the Queen, is a fact somewhat remarkable. Mary landed about ten o'clock, with intent to proceed immediately to Holyrood; but being informed that nothing was ready for her accommodation in her palace there, she was fain to enter the house of one of her faithful subjects at Leith, of the name of Andrew Lambie, where she and her ladies reposed themselves till the afternoon.

When the necessary arrangements had been made, the Lord James, his brother-in-law the Earl of Argyll, and such of the nobles as were in Scotland, came to compliment her on her arrival, and conduct her to her palace. As there were no carriages in Scotland, it was necessary for the Queen

[1] Hist. Ref. vol. ii. p. 268-9.

[2] Vies des Femmes Illustres.

and her ladies to proceed from Leith to Holyrood on horseback. Mary rode well, and would not have been unwilling to display her graceful figure and equestrian skill to the eager crowds of all degrees who had collected to see her mount; but she was subjected to a mortification, on this occasion, sufficiently trying to the philosophy of a girl of eighteen. The favourite state palfrey she had been accustomed to use on royal equestrian processions, while Queen of France, with the rest of the choice stud, she had seen carefully embarked at Calais, for the use of herself and ladies on their arrival in Scotland; but she had the vexation of learning that all those bonny beasts had been captured by the English admiral, in the same ship with the Earl of Eglintoun, and carried into the port of London with their rich trappings, instead of being landed for her use at Leith.[1] My Lord James and his coadjutors had not been very dainty in their choice of steeds to supply this loss, for they had brought only a few sorry hackneys and ponies for the ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honour, with villanous old saddles and bridles, pretending that nothing better could be procured on such short notice. At this mortifying display of the poverty of her realm, which she knew full well would excite the scorn of the luxurious French nobles, who had been accustomed to see her surrounded with every elegance and splendour as their Queen, Mary's eyes filled with tears. She felt as any other Scotch woman would, whose national pride is piqued in the presence of strangers; she knew that it was a personal disrespect to herself, and betrayed more emotion than was perhaps consistent with regal dignity, but perfectly natural in a girl of her age. "These are not like the equestrian appointments to which I have been accustomed," she observed, "but it behoves me to arm myself with patience;" nevertheless, she could not refrain from weeping.[2]

On her way to the Abbey the Queen was met by a company of distressed supplicants, called "the rebels of the crafts of Edinburgh,"[3] who knelt to implore her grace for the

[1] Chalmers' Life of Mary. Treasury Records, General Register House, Edinburgh. [2] Brantôme. Dargaud. [3] Knox's Hist. Ref.

misdemeanour of which they had been guilty, by raising an insurrectionary tumult on the 21st of July, about a month before her Majesty's return—not against her authority, but to resist the arbitrary proceedings of the Kirk, and the Provost and Bailies of Edinburgh. The gloomy spirit of fanaticism had done much to deprive the working-classes of their sports and pastimes. The May games and the flower-crowned Queen had been clean banished; but the more frolicsome portion of the community, the craftsmen's servants and prentices, clung to the popular pantomime of Robin Hood with unconquerable tenacity. It was to no purpose that the annual commemoration of the tameless Southron outlaw was denounced from the pulpit, and rendered contraband by the session. A company of merry varlets, in the spring of 1561, determined to revive the old observance, by dressing up a Robin Hood, and performing the play so called in Edinburgh on his anniversary, which unfortunately this year befel on a Sunday. This was an offence so serious that James Kellone, the graceless shoemaker who enacted Robin, being arrested, was by the Provost, Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, and the Bailies, condemned to be hanged. The craftsmen made great solicitation to John Knox and the Bailies to get him reprieved, but the reply was—"They would do nothing but have him hanged."[1] When the time of the poor man's hanging arrived, and the gibbet was set up, and the ladder in readiness for his execution, the craftsmen, prentices, and servants flew to arms, seized the Provost and Bailies, and shut them up in Alexander Guthrie's writing-booth, dang down the gibbet and broke it to pieces, then rushed to the Tolbooth, which, being fastened from within, they brought hammers, burst in and delivered the condemned Robin Hood, and not him alone, but all the other prisoners there, in despite of magistrates and ministers. One of the Bailies imprisoned in the writing-booth shot a *dag* or horse-pistol at the insurgents, and grievously wounded a servant of a craftsman, whereupon a fierce conflict ensued, which lasted from three in

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents.

the afternoon till eight in the evening, during which time never a man in the town stirred to defend their Provost and Bailies. The insurgents were so far victorious that the magistrates, in order to procure their release, were fain to promise an amnesty to them, being the only condition on which they could be allowed to come out of their booth.[1] Notwithstanding the amnesty, the offenders knew themselves to be in evil case, and took this opportunity of suing, in very humble wise, for grace from their bonny liege lady, for their daring resistance to a most despotic and barbarous act of civic authority. The young Queen was probably not sorry to have an opportunity of endearing herself to the operatives of her metropolis by commemorating her return to her realm by an act of mercy, and frankly accorded her grace, on which Knox makes this comment: "But, because she was sufficiently instructed that all they did was done in despite of the religion, they were easily pardoned."

Mary's entrance into Holyrood was greeted with general acclamations — bonfires and illuminations were made in honour of her return. The apartments which had been prepared for her in the palace were on the ground floor. The same night she was regaled with vocal and instrumental music, which one of the reluctant listeners has immortalised in the following lively description: "There came under her window five or six hundred ragamuffins of that town, who gave her a concert of the vilest fiddles and little rebecs, which are as bad as they can be in that country, and accompanied them with singing psalms, but so wretchedly out of tune and concord that nothing could be worse. Ah, what melody it was! what a lullaby for the night!"[2] These solemn serenaders were the minstrels and musicians of the Congregation. John Knox, who records the fact, describes them "as a company of most honest men, who, with instruments of music and musicians, gave their salutations at her *chalmer windo*,"[3] — that

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents, printed for the Bannatyne Club, p. 66.
[2] Brantôme.
[3] History of the Church of Scotland, edited by David Laing, Esq.

"chalmer," unluckily for her Majesty, being on the ground floor. Mary, though she inherited the exquisite taste in music which was one of the characteristics of the royal Stuarts, was far from betraying symptoms of the fastidious feelings of annoyance which this discordant chorus elicited from her foreign friends. She regarded it as a mark of attention, and was polite enough to appear pleased with the performance, such as it was. Even Knox bears a sort of dry testimony to the courtesy of her behaviour, though apparently doubting her sincerity, on this occasion. "The melody, as she alleged, liked her well, and she willed the same to be continued." Encouraged by this gracious compliment from their liege lady, the performers proceeded to a repetition of their dolorous psalmody, with squeaking fiddle accompaniments, night after night disturbing her repose with such horrible dissonance, as if they had been inspired by the Prince of Darkness with the design of disgusting her with the music of the Reformed Church of Scotland, before she could enjoy the advantage of hearing its doctrines explained. One of her attendant Marys slily reminded her royal Mistress of the favourite text on which Montluc, the Bishop of Valance, had been wont to enlarge in his exhortations to her and her ladies at the court of France, "Is any one merry, let him sing psalms," and asked if this were a specimen of the melody he recommended. "Alas!" replied the Queen, "this is no place for mirth. It is with difficulty that I am able to repress my tears." [1] To close her eyes in that sleep which her exhausted powers so much required, during the first three nights of her abode in her own palace, was impossible, in consequence of the diligent zeal with which the unwearied psalmodists continued their nocturnal chorus. The beauteous Majesty of Scotland graciously showed herself in the balcony of the royal gallery every morning, and dismissed them with her thanks. Yet she prudently changed her suite of apartments from the ground floor to a quarter of the palace less accessible to the noise, and occupied that chamber in Holyrood which still bears her name.

[1] Dargaud, Histoire de Marie Stuart.

The Queen, according to the testimony of Castelnau, one of the companions of her voyage, was seriously indisposed from fatigue and anxiety for several days after her arrival in her own realm; the perverse fogs—for the prevalence of which Knox reproaches her—were, till she became acclimatised, very inimical to her health. Repose and change of air were necessary, but she had no time to indulge as an invalid. The nobles and gentry of her realm hastened to Edinburgh from all quarters to pay their *devoir* to her. All who had anything to ask, a numerous company—those who had complaints to make, not a few—or projects to recommend—thronged her presence-chamber, and beset her in her walks. To satisfy all was difficult; but the young Queen exerted herself in every possible way to please both high and low. Castelnau, a very competent observer, declares, "she quickly won the hearts of the people by the graciousness and sweetness of her deportment. Nature had endowed her with every requisite for realising the *beau ideal* of a female Sovereign, and the Scotch were proud of possessing a Queen who was the most beautiful and perfect among the ladies of that age."[1] Buchanan, who was also a personal witness of the burst of popular delight with which his royal patroness was welcomed home, records the fact in a tone implying that the manly feelings of his loyal countrymen required an apology. "Upon these different grounds," he says, "all equally desired to see their Queen, who came to them so unexpectedly, after such various events and changeable fortunes. They considered that she was born amidst the cruel tempests of war, and lost her father about six days after her birth, that she was well educated by the great care of her mother, the *very best of women*;"—an admission which, by the by, contradicts many a precious vilification of Mary of Lorraine from Master George's pen—so impossible it is for an untruthful writer to preserve consistency. Observe, too, how the divine instincts of poetic feeling compel the poet to describe with pathetic beauty the touching interest of the circumstances in which the royal

[1] History of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 278.

orphan was involved. "Between domestic seditions and foreign wars, she was left as a prey to the strongest side, and, almost before she had a sense of misery, was exposed to all the perils of a desperate fortune. That she left her country, being, as it were, sent into banishment—when, between the fury of arms and the violence of the waves, she was with great difficulty preserved. It is true that fortune somewhat smiled upon her, and advanced her to an illustrious marriage; but her joy was but transitory; for, her mother and husband dying, she was brought into the mournful state of widowhood, and the new kingdom she received passed away, her own standing on very doubtful terms. Furthermore, besides the variety of her dangers, the excellency of her mien, the delicacy of her beauty, the freshness of her blooming years, and the elegancy of her wit, all joined in her recommendation." He adds, "that there was every appearance of virtue in her, and a similitude of something very worthy; but, of course, it was all deception, though very agreeable to the vulgar;"[1]—remarks which ought to be appended as notes to the laudations this flattering traitor ever and anon addressed to his royal patroness, in elegant Latin verse, as long as she possessed the means of rewarding his venal muse.

All things went on peacefully in Holyrood till the 24th of August. On that morning, being Sunday, Mary ordered mass to be said in the Chapel-Royal; resolutely claiming for herself, and the Roman Catholic members of her household, the same liberty of conscience and freedom of worship which she had frankly guaranteed to her subjects in general, without reservation or exceptions. The hearts of the leaders of the Congregation were wonderfully commoved, when they learned that the Queen, though she refrained from persecuting interference with their mode of worship, meant to go to heaven her own way. Patrick, Lord Lindsay, braced on his armour, and, rushing into the close at the head of a party of the church militant, brandished his sword, and shouted, "The idolater priest shall die the death!"[2] They attacked the Queen's almoner as he was

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation. [2] Tytler.

proceeding to the Chapel, and would have slain him, if he had not fled for refuge into the presence of his royal mistress. Mary, greatly offended and distressed at the occurrence, exclaimed, "This is a fine commencement of what I have to expect. What will be the end I know not, but I foresee it must be very bad."[1] She was resolute in her purpose, nevertheless. Her brother, the Lord James, when he visited her in France as the delegate of the Lords of the Congregation, had engaged that she should enjoy the privilege of worshipping after her own fashion, and nothing could shake her determination. She was, to use the emphatic words of Lethington respecting her religious opinions, "an unpersuaded Princess." "The Lord James, the man whom the godly did most reverence, undertook to keep the Chapel door" while the Queen was engaged in her devotions, which included an office of thanksgiving for her preservation during the perils of her voyage, and her safe arrival in her own realm. The conduct of the Lord James, on this occasion, gave great scandal to the less liberally disposed of the Congregation. He excused himself by saying, what he did was to prevent any Scotchman from entering the Chapel. "But," says Knox, "it was and is well known that the door was kept that none should have *entress* to trouble the priest;"[2] who, after he had performed his office, was protected to his chamber by Lord Robert, the Commendator of Holyrood, and Lord John of Coldingham, both illegitimate sons of James V., and Protestants. "And so the godly departed with great grief of heart, and that afternoon repaired to the Abbey in great companies, and gave plain signification that they could not abide that the land which God had by his power purged from idolatry should be polluted again."[3]

Mary was ready to sacrifice both crown and life, rather than swerve from her principles in time of persecution. Few persons of her tender age could have acted, however, with greater courage and moderation, in the difficult predicament in which she found herself placed, than she did. By the advice of her Privy Council she caused pro-

[1] Brantôme. [2] Knox's Hist. Ref. ii. 271. [3] Ibid.

clamation to be made at the market cross, stating that she was most desirous to take order, with the advice of her Estates, to compose the distractions unhappily existing in her realm; that she intended not to interrupt the form of religion which, at her return, she found established in her realm, and that any attempt on the part of others to do so would be punished with death; and that she, on the other hand, commanded her subjects not to molest or trouble any of her domestic servants, or any of the persons who accompanied her out of France, either within her palace or without, or to make any derision or invasion of them, under the same penalty." No one objected to this proclamation except the Earl of Arran, who entered a protest against "the liberty it afforded to the Queen's servants to commit idolatry." Robert Campbell of Kinyeancleugh complained, indeed, that the zeal of men against Popery was strangely abated since the return of the Queen. "I have been here now five days," observed he, "and at the first I heard every man say, 'Let us hang the priest!' but after they had been twice or thrice to the Abbey, all that fervency was past. I think there be some enchantment whereby men are bewitched." "And in verray deed," continues Knox, "so it came to pass; for the Queen's flattering words upon the ane part—ever still crying, 'Conscience! conscience! it is a sore thing to constrain the conscience!' —and the subtle persuasions of her supports on the other part, blinded all men, and put them in the opinion she will be content to hear the preachings, and so no doubt but she may be won; and thus of all it was concluded to suffer her for a time." [1]

Scarcely had the Queen been a week in Edinburgh before she took the bold step of demanding a conference with her formidable adversary, Knox. No one was present but the Lord James at this interview, the particulars of which are recorded by the great reformer himself. The proverbial expression, "There are always two sides to every cause," loses none of its truth, though only one be heard; and it must be recollected that

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 271.

Mary rarely has the opportunity of telling her own story. According to Knox's statement, her Majesty commenced by reproaching him for having excited a revolt, among a portion of her subjects, against her mother and against herself; and that he had written a book against her just authority, meaning, "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women." Of all Master John's heresies, his fair young Popish Queen appears to have considered his uncivil opinion of her sex the most inexcusable. Nor was his contempt of womanhood a whit more agreeable to the nursing-mother of the Reformation, Elizabeth of England. The latter he had considered it expedient to pacify with assurances that nothing in that book could apply to her, since she was an exception to the general follies and perversities of her sex. To the young Mary of Scotland he entered into a bold defence, both of the principles of his ungallant work, and the able manner in which he had set them forth. "And touching that book," he says, "which seemeth so highly to offend your Majesty, it is most certain that I wrote it, and am content that all the learned of the world judge of it. I hear that one Englishman hath written against it, but I have not read him.[1] If he have sufficiently impugned my reasons, and established his contrary proposition with as evident testimonies as I have done mine, I shall not be obstinate, but shall confess my error and ignorance. But to this hour I have thought, and yet *thinks*, myself alone to be more able to sustain the things affirmed in that my work, than any ten in Europe shall be able to confute."

Mary appears to have been too polite to dispute the opinion expressed by a well-satisfied author of the literary merit of his own book. The proposition that women are excluded, both by the law of nature and the law of God,

[1] Knox here alludes to "An Harboure for Faithful Subjects," by Aylmer, the learned tutor of Lady Jane Gray, who won the favour of Queen Elizabeth by his answer to "The Monstrous Regiment of Women." It may perhaps be necessary to explain, for the information of persons not aware of the sense in which Knox uses the word Regiment, that it signifies rule, or government.

from exercising regal authority, she regarded as injurious to her as a female Sovereign, and, coming straight to the point, she said, "Ye think, then, that I have no just authority?" A direct answer to this plain query being inexpedient, as it might have amounted to treason, Knox delivered, in reply, an extempore essay on the differences in opinion of learned men in general, from those of the world they lived in; and that they were, nevertheless, under the necessity of bearing patiently the errors and imperfections they could not amend—adducing the philosopher Plato and himself as instances of that quiescent policy. He concluded his apology for non-resistance to the authority he had denounced as illegal, in the following obliging terms: "If the realm finds no inconvenience from the regiment of a woman, that which they approve I shall not farther disallow than within my own breast, but sall be as well content to live under your Grace as Paul was to live under Nero." [1] We cannot help suspecting that Knox must have interpolated his recital of the conference with this gross insult to the young Queen; for, much as he lacked of the courtesy of the great Apostle to whom he modestly likened himself, it is scarcely credible that he could have outraged decency so far as to hint that the slightest analogy could exist between the most atrocious monster in Pagan history, and a Princess whom not even party malice had been able to accuse of a dereliction from the moral law. Randolph, the English ambassador, writes of Mary—"She is patient to bear, and beareth much;" but we doubt whether she had enough of the Griselda vein in her royal temperament to have brooked so offensive a comparison. The thing was much easier to write when Mary was fallen from her high estate, branded with infamy, discrowned, and languishing in a prison, than to address to her by word of mouth in her palace at Holyrood. The probability is, that Knox's verbal rejoinder was confined to the concluding sentence: "My hope is, that so long as that ye defile not your hands with the blood of the saints of God, that neither I nor that book shall either hurt you or

[1] History of the Reformation in Scotland, by John Knox—Wodrow edit.

your authority; for in very deed, Madam, that book was written most especially against that wicked Jezabel of England." "But," said Mary, "ye speak of women in general." "Most true it is, Madam," he replied; "and yet it appeareth to me that wisdom should persuade your Grace never to raise trouble for that which to this day hath not troubled your Majesty, neither in person nor yet in authority." Sound sense there was in this remark; but Mary, not being past the age of Quixotism, was rashly bent on continuing to tilt with the giant she had ventured to defy. She now aimed her lance at a fresh point of attack: "But yet ye have taught the people to receive another religion than their Princes can allow; and how can that doctrine be of God, seeing that God commands subjects to obey their Princes?"

The great reformer was now on impregnable ground, and he failed not to demonstrate to his fair opponent the weakness of the position she had taken up. "If all the seed of Abraham should have been of the religion of Pharaoh, to whom they were long subjects, I pray you, Madam, what religion should there have been in the world?" he asked. "Or if all men in the days of the Apostles should have been of the religion of the Roman Emperors, what religion should have been on the face of the earth? Daniel and his fellows were subjects to Nebuchadnezzar and unto Darius, and yet, Madam, they would not be of their religion, neither of the one nor the other." . . . . .

"Yea," replied Mary, "but none of those men raised the sword against their Princes." Knox endeavoured, by a logical play on words, to prove that non-compliance and resistance were one and the same thing. Not by defining the difference between verb passive and verb active did Mary answer—she kept to facts, and repeated, "But yet they resisted not by the sword." "God had not given them the power and the means," replied Knox. "Think ye," asked Mary, "that subjects, having power, may resist their Princes?" "If their Princes exceed their bounds,"[1] replied Knox, and then proceeded to assert, as a principle,

[1] History of the Reformation in Scotland, by John Knox—Wodrow edit.

the right of subjects in certain cases to coerce, dethrone, and imprison their sovereigns; in a strain so thoroughly opposed to the precepts of the apostles Peter and Paul, that the young Queen, whose ideas of the duty of subjects were based on texts of Scripture which, she perceived, had no restraining influence over her spiritual antagonist, turned pale, and remained without the power of utterance for more than a quarter of an hour.[1] When her brother, the Lord James, the only person present at this agitating interview, asked "if she were ill," tears came to her relief; and, turning once more to her stern opponent, she said,— "Well, then, I perceive that my subjects shall obey you and not me, and shall do what they list, not what I command, and so maun I be subject to them, and not they to me!" "God forbid," replied he, "that ever I take upon me to command any to obey me, or set subjects at liberty to do what pleaseth them. My travail is, that both princes and subjects obey God;" adding, "that God enjoined Kings to be foster-fathers, and Queens nursing-mothers, to his Church." "Yea," replied Mary, with undissembling plainness, "but ye are not the church that I will *nureiss;* I will defend the Church of Rome, for I think it is the true Church of God." "Your will, Madam, is no reason," retorted Knox; "neither doth your thought make that Roman harlot to be the true and immaculate spouse of Christ." He then spoke in strong language of the declension of the Church of Rome from the purity of the primitive Christian Church, and affirmed that the Jewish Church, at the time of the crucifixion of the Son of God, was not in so bad a state as the corrupt Church of Rome. "My conscience is not so," observed Mary. "Conscience, Madam," exclaimed Knox, "requires knowledge, and I fear that right knowledge ye have none." Mary took this patiently. "But," said she, "I have both heard and read—" "So, Madam," interrupted her vehement opponent, "did the Jews, that crucified Christ Jesus, read both the law and the prophets, and heard the same interpreted after their

[1] History of the Reformation, by John Knox, vol. ii. p. 282.

manner." He scornfully added, "Have ye heard any teach, but such as the Pope and his Cardinals have allowed? And ye may be assured that such will speak nothing to offend their own estate." "Ye interpret the Scriptures in one manner, and they interpret in another," observed the young Queen; "whom shall I believe? and who shall be judge?"[1]

This sore perplexity, this agonising desire for spiritual enlightenment, reminds us of the jailor's cry to Peter and Barnabas—"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" And had teachers endued with the like sweet spirit of Christian charity been there, to answer it in love and gentleness, Mary Stuart might have been rendered a bright and glorious instrument in perfecting the work of the Reformation in her divided realm. But Knox, though he possessed knowledge to understand, and eloquence to explain all mysteries; though he was willing to give his body to be burned, and his goods to feed the poor; yet, lacking charity, he was nothing, and worse than nothing, in this controversy;—for his ill manners rendered him a stumbling-block of offence to her whom his reasoning might have convinced of the errors of the creed in which she had been educated. Mary was sufficiently acquainted with the Scriptures to be aware that such was not the language in which Paul reasoned with Felix, corrected Festus, and addressed himself to Agrippa.

The conference, which proceeded to a much greater length than our limits will admit, was finally interrupted by her Majesty being summoned to dinner. Knox took his leave in these words—"I pray God, Madam, that ye may be as blessed within the commonwealth of Scotland, if it be the pleasure of God, as ever Deborah was in the commonwealth of Israel." When some of his own familiars, however, demanded what he thought of the Queen, he replied, "If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and ane indurate heart against God and his truth, my judgment fails me."[2]

Mary's tears were reported to Randolph, the English

[1] History of the Reformation, by John Knox, ii. 282. [2] Ibid.

ambassador, by the sole witness of this interview, the Lord James, and apparently with some degree of sympathy, for Randolph says, in a letter to Cecil: "Mr Knox spoke upon Tuesday to the Queen. He knocked so hastily upon her heart that he made her to weep, as well you know that some of that sex will do for anger as well as grief, though in that the Lord James will disagree with me."[1] Lethington, who had heard full particulars of the conference from his friend and colleague, the Lord James, bears witness to the self-command the Queen had shown under some provocation. "You know," writes he to that general confidant of the party, Cecil, "the vehemence of Mr Knox's spirit, which cannot be bridled, and doth sometimes utter such sentences as cannot easily be digested by a weak stomach. I could wish he would deal with her more gently, being a young Princess unpersuaded; but surely, in her comporting with him, she doth declare a wisdom far exceeding her years. God grant her the assistance of his Spirit; surely, I see in her a good towardness, and think that the Queen your mistress shall be able to do much with her in religion, if once they enter into familiarity."[2]

Mary had incurred the hatred of Knox before she left France, by declaring, "that of all men in Scotland, she considered him the most dangerous, and that she was fully determined to use all the means in her power to banish him from thence;"[3]—an avowal not the less unwise because it was provoked by the exulting manner in which he had spoken and preached of the mortal sufferings of her deceased mother, and her late husband's death; for Sovereigns must stifle their private sensibilities, and appear unconscious of those affronts, which cannot be resented without compromising the peace of their realms. Mary had learned enough of the regnal science to *act* on this principle, but the words of Princes often give more offence than their deeds. This memorable meeting between Mary and Knox took place on the 26th of August, little

[1] Keith, p. 188. [2] State Paper Office MS.
[3] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—Tytler's Appendix, vol. vi.

to the satisfaction of either. Mary was gaining ground in the affections of her people, nevertheless; for the same day, the Provost, Bailies, Council, and Deacons of the crafts of Edinburgh, having convened an especial assembly for that purpose, "found good, that for the pleasure of their Sovereign, and obtaining her Highness's favour, there should be ane honourable banquet made to the Princes, her Grace's cousins, upon Sunday next, the last day of August, with all diligence, the triumph to be made of her Grace's entry within this town." [1]

Thus we see that, with strange inconsistency of precept and practice, the self-same Provost and Bailies who, but for the valiant though illegal interference of the prentices of the crafts, would have hanged Kellone the cordwainer for having desecrated the Lord's Day by enacting that bold Southron outlaw, Robin Hood, voluntarily passed over the six days of the week, on which they might have exercised their national hospitality to the French lords without reproach, and appointed the hallowed seventh for their festive carouse, regardless of the spiritual weal of all the cooks, scullions, turnspits, drawers, waiters, baxters, confectioners, vintners, &c., whose labours were put in requisition on this occasion—to say nothing of the spiritual loss themselves sustained in absenting themselves from one of the most energetic sermons ever preached by Maister John Knox, against the idolatry that had re-entered Scotland at the return of the Court. It was a day of mortification to the preacher, for not only was his congregation shorn of the presence of the backsliding Provost and Bailies, and other of the brethren, who slighted the preachings for the carnal delight of feasting with those men of Belial, the Queen's uncles and cousins—yea, feasting them, withal, in the lodgings of the late Cardinal—meet place for such doings—and that at the cost of the good town;—but moreover, the principal members of Mary's new cabinet, the Lord James, Lethington, and others, formerly the leading men of the Congregation, who to preserve appearances attended in their places, had better have staid

[1] Register-Book of the Town Council of Edinburgh, 1561.

away; for when he prophesied of the plagues that were likely to be inflicted on the nation as a punishment for the sinful toleration of the Queen's mass, "these guides of the Court," in whom the leaven of place and preferment had already begun to work, mocked at his words, and plainly told him "that such fear was no point of their faith, it was beside his text, and a very untimely admonition." [1]

The good town was now in a fever of loyal enthusiasm, anticipating the approaching pageant of the Queen's state procession to the Castle, and through the principal streets of her metropolis. In preparation for this great event, the Provost and his civic brethren, in conclave assembled, empowered Luke Wilson, their treasurer, to deliver to every one of the twelve servants, the Javillour, and Guild servants, as "*meikle French Blaber*,(an article too mysterious for us to explain,) as will be to every ane of them ane coat, as *meikle* black stennying as will be to every one of them a pair of hose and a black bonnet, against the time of the triumph." Ten more important members of the civic assistants at this attractive ceremony were ordained, every one of them, to have and make (tailors belike were some of those privileged persons) "ane gown of fine black velvet reaching to their *foote*, linit with *pan* velvet, ane coat of black velvet, ane doublet of cramosye satin, with velvet bonnet and hose; and these twelve to bear the *pall*, (meaning the canopy,) above the Queenis Grace head, and nine others. And all the other neighbours that sall be seen upon the *gait* to have side gowns of fine French black satin, siclike, with *pan* velvet coats of velvet, and doublets of satin, and every man to gang in his due and good order, and the servants to order the *calsay*, (keep the causeway free from stoppages or strifes,) and to make room for the nobility and neighbours aforesaid." The young men of the town were enjoined to devise for themselves "some *beau* abulziment of taffaty or other silk, and *mak* the convoy before the court triumphant." [2]

The 2d of September was the day appointed for this

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 276.
[2] Register-Book of the Town Council of Edinburgh, 1561.

attractive spectacle, of which the following curious particulars have been preserved in that quaint contemporary chronicle, the Diurnal of Occurrents. Her Highness departed from Holyrood House with her train, and rode by the long street on the north side of the burgh, till she came to the foot of the Castlehill, where a gate or triumphal arch had been erected for her to pass under, accompanied by the most part of the nobles of Scotland, except the Duke of Châtelherault and his son the Earl of Arran, who marked their disaffection by their absence. Mary rode up the bank to the Castle, where, being received with due honours, she entered, and dined at the then fashionable hour of twelve o'clock. "When she came forth from the royal fortress, and turned her towards the town, the artillery shot vehemently. As she was descending the Castlehill, there met her Highness a convoy of the young men of the said burgh, to the number of fifty, their bodies covered with yellow taffaty; their arms and their legs bare, coloured with black in manner of Moors; upon their heads black hats, and on their faces black vizors; in their mouths rings, garnished with *intellable* precious stones; about their necks, legs, and arms, infinity of chains of gold."[1] This quaint device, disfiguring as it was to the goodliest youths of Edinburgh, was inspired by their romantic devotion to their beauteous young Queen, and implied that they were one and all her humble slaves and blackamoors, and esteemed themselves honoured by being permitted to wear her chains. Their whimsical gallantry excited a smile from Mary, and this caustic remark from the awful censor of all vain follies: "In farces, in masking, and in other prodigalities, fain would fools have counterfeited France. Whatsoever might set forth her glory, that she heard and gladly beheld." No doubt she did. "Sixteen of the most honest men in the town"—they to whom black velvet gowns, cramoisye, pourepoints, and black velvet bonnets, had been decreed by the Town Council of Edinburgh, to equip them in a costume meet for the office—received their fair young

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents—printed for the Bannatyne Club.

Sovereign under a pall or canopy of fine purple velvet, lined with red taffaty, and fringed with gold and silk. Eight bore the canopy aloft, over her and her palfrey; and the others walked on either side thereof, in readiness to relieve their fellows in this labour of love. "And after them was ane cart with certain bairnes," pursues our quaint authority, "together with a coffer wherein was the cupboard and propyne, which should be propynit to her Highness; and when her Grace came forward to the butter trone[1] of the said burgh, the nobility and convoy proceeded. At the butter trone there was ane port or gate made of timber, in most honourable manner, coloured with fine colours, and hung with sundry arms, upon the which port were singing certain bairnes in the most heavenly wise. Under the port was a cloud, opening with four leaves, in the which was put a bonny bairn. And when the Queen's Highness was coming through the said port, the cloud opened, and the bonny bairn descended as it had been an angel, and delivered to her Highness the keys of the town, together with a Bible and a Psalm-Book, covered with fine purple velvet; and after the said bairn had spoken some small speeches, he delivered also to her Highness three writings—the tenour thereof is uncertain." But Knox says they were "verses in her praise, at hearing which she smiled." He adds—"But when the Bible was presented, and the praise thereof declared, she began to frown." Expressions were probably introduced, which had the effect of exciting a momentary thrill of indignant feeling against those who had the ill taste to convert that holy volume of peace and love into a weapon of offence. This Bible, a Protestant translation, Mary received, and delivered it into the care of Arthur Erskine, the captain of her guard. This was imputed to her as a crime, by one in whose eyes she never could do right; yet how was she to have retained a heavy book in her own hands, having her mettled steed to manage during such a scene, without incurring the risk of dropping it, and in such case of being reproached with having flung the word of God under her horse's heels?

[1] Or Weighing-machine.

Arthur Erskine was esteemed an improper person, withal, to be honoured with the care of the sacred volume, being "the most pestilent Papist within the realm." The opportunity of studying its contents might have rectified his creed, perchance.

Randolph, who describes the device of the child descending to present the keys of the town, and the Bible, and Psalter, to Mary, says "he was a boy of six years old, who came out of a round globe, as it were from heaven. And thereafter, the terrible signification of idolatry, as Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, were burned in the time of their sacrifice." It was intended to have had the representation of a priest burned at the altar, in the act of elevating the chalice, but the interference of the Earl of Huntley prevented it. At the Tolbooth, pageants more likely to please the young Queen were exhibited; and after some compliments made to her there, "by a fair virgin called Fortune, and two other fair virgins called Justice and Policy, all clad in most precious attirement, her Majesty came to the Cross, where there were standing four fair virgins clad in the most heavenly clothing; and from the Cross the wine ran out at the spouts in great abundance, and there was the noise of people casting the glasses with the wine."[1] These were the ardent loyalists of Auld Reekie, testifying their love and respect for their Sovereign by breaking the glasses out of which they had drunk health and good speed to her, lest the goblets which had been drained to that pledge should ever be used for a meaner. The orthodox manner of honouring this picturesque custom of the sixteenth century, was by each person who had drunk the toast flinging the glass over his left shoulder and cheering; and when a hundred people did so simultaneously, the smash was considered glorious, and was echoed by the uproarious applause of those who had no glasses to break. It was not every loyal Scot who pressed to the fountain at the Cross, to drink a health to his winsome liege lady in red wine, who could afford to immolate so expensive an article of luxury as a glass goblet, in token of his devotion. "Our sovereign lady," pursues our

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents.

record, "came to the salt trone, where there were some speakers, and after ane little speech they burned upon the scaffold made at the said trone the manner of a sacrifice; and so that being done, she departed to the Netherbow, where there was another scaffold made, having a dragon in the same, with some speeches; and after the dragon was burned, and the Queen's Grace heard a psalm sung, she past to her Abbey of Holyrood House with the said convoy," (her humble slaves and blackamoors;) "and there the bairnes which were in the cart with the *propyne* (present) made some speech concerning the putting away of the mass, and thereafter sang a psalm. This being done, the cart came to Edinburgh, and the said honest men remained in her outer chalmer, and desired her Grace to receive the said cupboard, which was double overgilt, and the price thereof was two hundred marks. The Queen received the same, and thanked them thereof; and so the honest men and convoy returned to Edinburgh."[1]

"They gave her," observes Knox, "some taste of their prodigality; and because the liquor was sweet, she has licked of that *buist* oftener than twice since. All men know what we mean: the Queen cannot lack and subjects have." The expenses attending the banquet given to Mary's uncles on the 31st of August, and the triumph made in honour of her public entry on the 2d of September, cost the good town the sum of four thousand marks, which it was resolved should be levied by a general stent, or assessment.[2]

Historians must not go beyond documents written or printed, therefore we pretend not to analyse the close-sealed emotions of the young heart which throbbed, perchance to agony, beneath the jewelled panoply of royalty, while compelled to perform, with the best grace she might, the part it was her fatal privilege to claim on that day of public pomp and humiliation, when expected to smile complacently while listening to doggrel rhymes, where flattery, insults, and menaces, were coarsely blended; and to look with approbation on the desecration of scenes in holy writ, by rude pictorial representations allied to caricature,

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents, Sept 2, 1561. [2] Town Council Register.

for the anti-Christian purpose of exciting a spirit of persecution against herself, and persons professing the same religion.

On the following evening Mary gave her first grand entertainment to her Scottish nobles and ladies. Old Holyrood appears to have worn a new face on the occasion, being gaily replenished with the costly hangings and moveables the Queen had brought with her from France. Arras of cloth-of-gold was on the walls; the rushes on the floors had been swept away, and replaced with Turkey carpets. The oaken tables were covered with splendid "burd cloaths" of crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold. Marble tables, supported on carved and gilded frames, were set out with the newly imported luxury of porcelain vases filled with flowers, and crystal flagons and fountains with scented waters. Horologes that chimed the hours were there, in gold and silver richly-chased frames, adorned with gems arranged in mottoes and devices. Chess-tables of ebony and mother-of-pearl, with exquisite statuettes of kings, queens, bishops, and knights, miniature fortresses, and men-at-arms of the rival colours, were placed in order of battle. Cabinets from Ind and Venice of filagree gold and silver, and cabinets worked in Dutch beads, interspersed with seed pearls, by the industrious fingers of the Queen and her four Maries, claimed admiration. Lamps of silver were suspended from the pendant pinnacles of the fretted ceilings, emblazoned with the royal arms of Scotland and the escutcheon of the Queen, impaling the royal lilies of France. In separate medallions were her initials, entwined in a monogram; and her device—a crowned red rose;—calling forth the well-known compliment in allusion to her pre-eminence in beauty and degree:—

"The fairest rose in Scotland grows on the highest bough."

Queen Mary's beds were both numerous and superb. She had fourteen at Holyrood of surpassing magnificence, whereof the materials of the roof and head-pieces were cloth of gold or silver, or velvet embroidered and fringed with bullion, and the curtains of damask or taffaty, passa-

mented with gold and silver. As a contrast to the old red rag of the seventeenth century, which is exhibited at present at Holyrood, and dignified with the name of Queen Mary's bed, we will indulge the reader with the description of one or two of the veritable beds that were honoured by her use, from the Inventour of the Queen's moveables, A. D. 1561.[1] "Item, ane bed of fresit (frosted) cloth-of-gold, with draughts of red silk in figures of gennets and personages, and branches of holine furnished with roof-piece, three single *pandis*, (hangings,) two under pandis, and all fringed with thread-of-gold and cramosy silk. Item, ane bed made of cramosy velvet, enriched with phenixes of gold and tears, all fringed with gold and cramosy silk, called the Phenix bed. Item, ane bed divided equally in cloth of gold and silver, with draughts of violet and gray silk made in cyphers of A, and enriched with leaves and branches of holine, furnished with roof and headpiece pandis, and fringed with gold and violet silk. This was called the bed of Amitie." Then she had a bed of white velvet passamented with gold and violet silk, with curtains of white taffaty, and a variety of others of almost unrivalled richness and elegance, even in the present age of luxury; but our limits will not permit us to enter into further details, than to convince the visitors of Holyrood House that Mary Stuart never condescended to admit the bed there exhibited to them as hers, into any of her state chambers in that palace, much less to honour it with her own especial use. Small sofas, called canapés, covered with the richest crimson velvet, fringed and embroidered with gold and silver, folding-chairs called pliants, folding-stools, and tabourets, furnished seats for the noble guests, according to their degrees of rank, in her gallery and hall of state. Her privy chamber and her cabinet were arranged with all the splendid articles of vertu which she had collected round her while Dauphiness and Queen of France. Her harp and lute decorated with gold and gems, her pic-

[1] Royal Wardrobe Book—edited by T. Thomson, Esq., of Shrub Hill, Leith, for private circulation.

tures and pictorial embroidery, her globes celestial and terrestrial, her maps and charts, her richly bound and illuminated vellum MSS., and tomes of Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish poetry and romance, history and chronicles, her books of science—all bore witness to her erudition, the elegance of her taste, and the variety of her accomplishments.

The catalogue of Mary's private library indicates how far her mind was in advance of the refinements of the court over which it was now her fatal privilege to preside. She was scarcely less learned than her royal kinswoman, Elizabeth, but her good taste and feminine modesty prevented her from any pedantic display, either of her classic attainments or her accomplishments. Mary and her ladies still wore the *deuil* for her lamented lord, Francis II. The mournful impressions which the loss of her husband and her mother had left on her mind having taught her the uncertain tenure on which earthly greatness is held, she caused the following motto to be embroidered beneath her royal escutcheon on her canopied chair of state—

"IN MY END IS MY BEGINNING."

The worldly-wise statesmen, employed by Queen Elizabeth as spies, blind to the Christian philosophy of this sentiment, fancied some enigmatical aspiration after the English succession lurked in the motto—not the avowal that, in the midst of the glories of regality, the power of genius, and the pride of youthful beauty, Mary looked for better things beyond the grave, and regarded herself as a pilgrim and stranger on earth. There is a beautiful harmony between this sentiment and the legend on the reverse of the earliest gold coin, bearing the profile portrait of Mary Stuart, "*Justus Fide Vivit*" (The Just lives by Faith,) being the motto chosen by the youthful Sovereign for herself in 1555, the year in which that piece was struck. Mary's first care, on her return to Scotland in 1560, was to appoint two almoners, Archibald Crawfurd and Peter Rorie, for the distribution of her personal charities to objects of distress;[1]

[1] Treasury Records in the General Register House, Edinburgh.

and she devoted a portion of her private income for the education of children.[1] Above all, she revived the noble and humane appointment of the King her father, of an advocate for the poor.[2] This functionary received a salary of £20 per annum for pleading the causes of the indigent, who otherwise would have had no one to defend them from the oppression of the powerful. In her maternal care for all who were desolate and oppressed, and the expedition of poor men's causes," the Queen," writes Randolph to Cecil, "hath ordered three days a-week for their attendance, augmented the judges' salaries, sitting herself often for more equity."[3] Such were the objects to which the Mary Stuart of reality devoted her attention, as soon as she had possessed herself of the government of her own realm—a period at which the Mary Stuart of misrepresentation is described by her contemporay libellers, and their copyists, as spending her time in dissipation and folly.

Mary was habitually free-spoken, and expressed her feelings with the usual rashness of her sex. She had declared openly that her first exercise of queenly authority in Scotland would be to dismiss Randolph,[4] the intriguing English ambassador and notorious disseminator of bribes and sedition among her nobles; in truth, it would have been her wisdom had she done so. But her anger, as usual, evaporated in words; and she suffered herself to be persuaded by his friend, the Lord James, then her principal minister of state, to grant him an audience to deliver the letters from Queen Elizabeth, congratulating her on her return, and requesting her co-operation in the suppression of pirates. Randolph, having presented his royal mistress's commendations in due form, said something highly complimentary on his own account and then delivered Elizabeth's letters. Mary received them graciously, read them through herself, and when she found things difficult to understand, as in all Elizabeth's epistles there are, (with the exception of that choice laconic to Dr Cox, beginning "Proud Prelate,") she

[1] Treasury Records in the General Register House, Edinburgh.
[2] Chalmers' Life of Mary Stuart, vol. i. p. 67. [3] Keith, 250.
[4] See his letters in the State Paper Office—Scotch Correspondence.

prudently requested Randolph to act as an interpreter. Having by his aid made herself mistress of their purport, she said: "I must needs accept in very good part the Queen, your mistress, my dear sister's commendations, and am glad she is in good health, as I trust she is of mine. For that you rejoice in my return, and wish me so well, I thank you heartily, and trust that I shall find none other occasion of my subjects but as loving and obedient, and I towards them a good Princess. Touching the Queen your mistress's letters, because I am unacquainted with the matter, I will talk with my Council and confer with you again."[1] "She spake nothing to me," continues Randolph, "of my tarrying here, but after my departure told my Lord James, 'she perceived that your mind was that I should remain here;' and after some words, both in earnest and mirth, of my doings here in time past, 'Well,' saith she, 'I am content that he shall tarry, but I'll have another there as crafty as he.'"[2] Mary alluded in this to her intention of appointing her guileful Secretary of State, Lethington, to act as her plenipotentiary at the court of England, vainly hoping that he would employ his diplomatic talents as skilfully for the advancement of her interest as he had formerly done against it. Randolph could not believe that Mary would speak her mind so freely, and told the Lord James, whom he suspected was bantering him, "that these were his own words, rather than her Majesty's."[3] However, he bears full witness to the craft imputed by her to Lethington, and does not deny his own.

[1] Randolph to Queen Elizabeth—in Keith, 182. [2] Ibid.
[3] Keith, Tytler, Robertson, Randolph's letters.

MARY STUART.

CHAPTER IX.

SUMMARY

Mary's diligence in business—Chooses a Protestant ministry—Employs herself in needlework at Council time—Knox's attacks on her domestic music—Her troubles regarding one of her French uncles—Dismisses him—Her discussions with Randolph—She arranges her court for progress—Renews her stud—Her side-saddle the first used in Scotland—Departs from Holyrood—Arrives at Stirling—Her danger from fire—Her chaplains murderously assaulted—Her state entrance at Perth—Faints from fatigue—Return to Edinburgh—Opposes penal persecution—Rejects foreign interference in favour of her religion—Discourages the designs of the Roman Catholics to re-establish their mode of worship in Scotland—Repulses English dictation—Her discussions with Randolph—She takes active measures for establishing justice on the Border—Her nocturnal alarm—Her reception of De Foix, the French ambassador—She orders an Obit for Francis II. in Holyrood Chapel—She employs David Riccio first to sing at that service—Bothwell and her other lords refuse to wear black at the King's anniversary—Mary's proclamation to induce toleration—Mary still wears widow's weeds—Riot raised by Bothwell with her uncle d'Elbœuf—Queen punishes Bothwell—Dismisses d'Elbœuf—Her royal suitors—Lord Darnley secretly offered to her by his mother—Mary's disposal of lands placed in the power of the Crown for the Church—New Year's verses to her by Scott—The prophecy of "the French wife" applied to her by Scott—Sir Richard Maitland's verses to her.

MARY, though fond of pleasure, and delighting in literature, painting, and music, knew that her time belonged to the nation, and paid diligent attention to business. Her great desire was to render her realm, which had suffered so many miseries during her long minority and absence from the seat of government, peaceful and prosperous under her gentle sway. Hers was no easy vocation, having

so many selfish interests to contend with, and being herself unhappily of a different religion from that of the majority of her subjects. With strict regard, however, to the wishes of that majority, she chose a Protestant cabinet, with the exception of the Earl of Huntley, her Lord Chancellor, to whom she restored the seals. The Lord James was her Prime Minister, William Maitland of Lethington her Secretary of State, James Makgill the Clerk-Register, Wishart of Pitarrow, the brother or nephew of the martyr, was her Privy Seal. Kirkaldy of Grange and Master Henry Balnaves also held offices of trust and emolument in her cabinet. Mary flattered herself that her liberality and confiding kindness would outweigh the bribes of England, and attach these powerful men to the service of their own country. Her Council consisted of twelve members, of whom seven were Protestants and five Roman Catholics.

Mary sat daily in council several hours, in earnest deliberation with her ministers and advisers; but, while thus occupied, she employed her hands with her needle — a little table of sandal-wood, with her work-basket and implements of industry, being always placed by her chair of state.[1] Every rightly constituted mind must appreciate this characteristic trait of feminine propriety in a young female Sovereign, whom duty compelled to take the presiding place in a male assembly. It was necessary for her to listen with profound attention to the opinions of every one, and to deliver her own; but, instead of allowing her native modesty to assume the awkward appearance of embarrassment or bashfulness, she took refuge from encountering the gaze of so many gentlemen by bending her eyes on her embroidery, or whatever work she was engaged in. She entered the Council Chamber in her regal capacity, but she never forgot the delicacy of her sex while there. "In the presence of her Council," observes Knox, in whose opinion it was impossible for Mary to do right, "she kept herself very grave;

[1] Randolph to Cecil—Cotton. Lib. Calig. — printed in Keith, i. 94. Dargaud.

for, under the *deuil* weed, she could play the hypocrite in full perfection. But how soon," continues he, "that ever her French *fillocks*, fiddlers, and others of that band, gatt the house alone, there might be seen skipping not very comely for honest women.[1] Her common talk was, in secret, she saw nothing in Scotland but gravity, which repugned altogether to her nature, for she was brought up in *joyousity*—so termed she her dancing, and other things thereto belonging."

While she was Queen-Dauphiness and Queen-Consort of France, Mary retained her band of Scotch minstrels and musicians in her household, and at this period she was attended by five violars; all Scotchmen—to her credit be it recorded—viz., John Feldie, Morris Dow, John Gow, William Hog, and John Ray: they had each a salary of ten pounds per annum, with their board, clothes, books, and instruments, at her Majesty's expense. John Adesone and John Hume were her players on the lute; their salaries were as high as twenty-four pounds per annum. John Hume was equipped in fine clothes of velvet *cap-à-pie*, and wore a rapier and belt. John Heron was her player on the pipe and quhissel, James Ramsay her schalmer,[2] besides pipers and juvenile violars.[3] The names of her "French fidlaris," if she entertained such auxiliaries to her band, are not recorded. Mary was passionately fond of music, in which she possessed exquisite taste and some practical skill. She played on the virginals "reasonably well for a Queen."[4] Her voice was sweet and clear, and had been highly cultivated. When she sang she accompanied herself on her favourite instrument, the lute, "touching it skilfully," observes the enthusiastic Brantôme, "with that white hand of hers, and those delicate fingers which, from their form and tint, were worthy to be compared to those of Aurora."[5] Our author, it will be remembered, had often enjoyed the opportunity of hearing, and, what

[1] History of the Reformation, vol. ii.

[2] Player on the instrument called in the Plantagenet Compotuses a *shaulm*.

[3] Treasurer's Books—General Register House, Edinburgh.

[4] Sir James Melville's Memoirs. [5] Vies des Femmes Illustres.

appears to have been more to the purpose, seeing Mary Stuart sing and accompany herself on the lute. The admiring Lord of Bourdeille was an auditor of a different fashion, apparently, from the stern monitor in Geneva hat and gaberdine, who is represented in a curious contemporary painting, in the collection of Lady Keith of Ravelstone, seated grimly by the side of the beauteous Majesty of Scotland, while she is playing on the cittern, and showing her, the while, the reflection of her face and figure in a magic mirror, with a death's-head looking over her shoulder.

Mary having taken peaceful possession of her throne—with every prospect of rendering herself a blessing to her realm — prudently dismissed the greater number of her French followers, lest their presence should either cause inconvenience or be regarded with jealousy by her subjects. Her uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, returned to France in the galleys which brought her over. The Grand Prior and the Maréschal d'Amville left Holyrood a few days after they had witnessed the ceremonial of her state entrance into Edinburgh.[1] Although her own good sense had suggested the expediency of the separation, it gave Mary great pain to part with this uncle and the faithful friends of her youth, feeling, doubtless, a sad presentiment that the majority of them she should see no more. That vigilant spy on all her actions, Randolph, writes to Cecil, "I learned, by the way of the Lord James, that the Queen took their departure grievously; she rose that morning to bid them farewell, and to her bed again."[2] Randolph invidiously adds, "She lent unto the Grand Prior, to accompany him, her ladies Seton, Beton, Livingstone, and Fleming, as far as Seton, where they dined."[2] As the banquet was given by the Grand Master of the Queen's Household, Lord Seton, brother to Mary Seton, she and her fellow Maries were, of course, invited among other distinguished guests, and were, by their indulgent mistress, permitted to avail themselves of the festivity. In the same letter, dated September 12, Randolph men-

[1] Memoirs de Castelnau. [2] Wright's Elizabeth.

tions "that the Earl of Huntley, Mary's chancellor, had, by a fall, put his arm out of joint; and that some were so uncharitable as to wish it had been his neck."[1] The persevering suit of the Lord James to his royal sister for the earldom of Moray, which he finally obtained when he had compassed the ruin of this unfortunate nobleman, sufficiently explains who the evil-wisher was—the article in the Decalogue which prohibits coveting other men's goods being lightly regarded in that quarter.

"Now that these Frenchmen are departed," continues Randolph, "we shall soon give a guess unto what issue things will grow. Her mass is terrible in all men's eyes. The Earl of Cassillis said unto myself, 'that he would never hear any more.' I know not yet what mischief it may work. Her uncle the Marquis speaketh great words. I see not in him to work any great matter. I find there lacketh no good-will either in him or her. Mr Knox hath written unto your honour his mind. I am not always of his opinion, for his exact severity, and yet I find it doeth most good. She hath misliked the Provost and Bailies of Edinburgh new chosen, which liketh *me* never a whit." Good reason, we should think, for their Sovereign's distaste to those Anglicised magistrates. "The poverty of her subjects advanceth whatsoever she intendeth," continues Randolph. And this no doubt was true; for the evils caused by the selfish policy of the late usurpers of the government had not been cured in the three short weeks which had elapsed since the return of the absentee Sovereign. There had been neither time nor opportunity for working out her enlightened plans for ameliorating the condition of the lower classes, by the establishment of domestic manufactures —not even for that simple craft which, requiring neither capital nor machinery beyond a bundle of straw and a few score of industrious fingers, she had taken measures for transplanting from the peaceful cottages of Lorraine, in the hope of its affording, as it does, after the lapse of nearly three centuries, employment to thousands and tens of thousands of females, to whom it is a matter of dead indif-

[1] Wright's Elizabeth.

ference whether the Treaty of Edinburgh were ever signed or not. Master Randolph forgets not to sue to his employer that his own allowance may be advanced, alleging his reason in these words: "For that Scotland is *no* place where I can live without money in my purse;" adding, "that great means is made, both unto the English treasurer at Berwick and himself, by Scottish men for English gold."[1]

Mary having settled her cabinet and council, and made the necessary diplomatic appointments, was desirous of showing herself to her people, and acquainting herself with the condition of her realm, by undertaking a progress through the central counties, and visiting the principal towns, and some of her country palaces. As Mary was to be attended by fifteen ladies of her household, six of the members of her cabinet council, and her state officers, her uncle, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, and her brother, the Lord James, she determined to perform the journey on horseback. In consequence of the capture and inconvenient detention of her horses by Queen Elizabeth, who appeared in no hurry to restore them, Mary had been compelled to provide herself with a fresh stud for immediate use. Two hundred and eleven pounds were paid to John Livingston, her Majesty's master stabler, for the purchase of ten hackneys; and the persons who brought others to Holyrood House for presents to the Queen, received two crowns of the sun each, for "bridle *siller*" and "drink *siller*,"—the latter item being rarely forgotten. A charge is made of eighteen shillings "for a *mollat* bit for the Queen's hackney."[2] Mary was the first lady in Scotland who used the modern side-saddle with a pommel. There are also charges in the Treasurer's Accounts for twelve saddles delivered to twelve of the Queen's ladies on the 2d September, the day she made her public entrance into Edinburgh; and for black riding-cloaks for the fifteen fair equestrians who were to attend her on her progress.[3] And here it is impossible to resist quoting the Ettrick Shepherd's animated

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Sept. 12, 1562—Wright's Elizabeth, p. 78.
[2] Treasury Accounts in the General Register House, Edinburgh.
[3] Royal Records in the General Register House, Edinburgh.

version of the description tradition has preserved of Queen Mary's appearance on horseback, which he has prefaced by these ardent lines:—

"For such a Queen, the Stuart's heir,
A Queen so courteous, young, and fair,
Who would not every foe defy?
Who would not stand, who would not die?
Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung.
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light or gracefully.
When the gale heaved her bosom's screen,
What beauties in her form were seen!
And when her courser's mane it swung,
A thousand silver bells were rung.
A sight so fair, on Scotland's plain,
A Scot shall never see again."

Queen's Wake, p. 10-11.

The Queen and her retinue departed from Holyrood on the 11th of September, after dinner, and reached Linlithgow the same evening.[1] In that pleasant palace, Mary's birthplace, she held her court the following day. She proceeded to Stirling, September 13, and being received with all due honours, re-entered the royal fortress, which was associated with her earliest recollections as the abode of her childhood. A tragic accident had well-nigh befallen her there; for while she was sleeping in her bed, with a lighted candle on a table beside her, the curtains caught fire, and she was almost stifled before she could be rescued from her perilous situation — the tester and hangings of the bed being consumed. This accident made a great sensation, on account of the ancient prediction, "that a Queen should be burnt at Stirling."[2] The agitation caused by her danger was probably less distressing to a Princess of Mary's intrepid character, than the riot raised by her Prime-Minister and Justice-General in her private chapel, on the Sunday morning, during the mass which she had ordered to be said there, and the cowardly assault made on her unlucky chaplains in her presence. "The Earl of Argyll and the Lord James so disturbed the quire, that

[1] Chalmers. [2] Keith.

same day, that both priests and clerks left their places with broken heads and bloody ears. It was a sport alone for some that were there to behold it," observes Randolph, with inhuman glee, in relating this outrage on Christian decency to his friend Cecil.[1] "Others there were," continues he, in allusion to the young Queen and her ladies, "that shed a tear or two, and made no more of the matter."

As Mary was leaving Stirling Castle—which she appears to have done the same day—Lord John Stuart,[2] the brother of Matthew, Earl of Lennox, requested leave to present to her Arthur Lallard, a confidential servant in the employ of her aunt, Margaret, Countess of Lennox, who craved permission to deliver a message to her from the Earl of Lennox. Mary graciously paused while Lallard performed his mission, thus publicly executed, perchance, to blind the spies of Queen Elizabeth, by whom she was surrounded, to the secret correspondence subsisting between her and her aunt Margaret. The message delivered by Lallard was, "That the Earl and Countess of Lennox sent their humble devoir and commendations to her good Grace, and besought her to allow the Earl's cause to be laid before the Parliament of Scotland." Mary, who was surrounded by her ladies, desired Lord John Stuart to signify in reply, "That as she was but newly returned to her realm, she could not give a satisfactory answer at that time, but sent a friendly and dutiful expression of her regard to her aunt, the Lady Margaret." She then mounted her horse and rode off, with her ladies, towards St Johnston. Mary arrived on the 15th of September at Leslie Castle, in Fifeshire, the seat of the Earl of Rothes, where she spent the night. Some unpleasantness occurred there, for the Earl lost both

[1] Keith, p. 190. Likewise State Paper MS., Randolph to Cecil.

[2] State Paper MS. Arthur Lallard expressly says his Lord's younger brother, whom he must have known. This was John, Lord of Aubigny; but, from the manner in which he spells his name, it is doubtful whether the gentleman was not Thomas Stuart, Lord of Galston, the Earl's cousin and confidential friend. This Arthur Lallard, as the reader will have noticed in the biography of his patroness, the Countess of Lennox, had the reputation of being a conjuror; but Mary was not tempted to ask any occult questions of him. She had probably seen too much of such people at the court of her mother-in-law, Catherine de Medicis.

plate and money, and suspected that some one in the Queen's train had committed the robbery.[1]

Mary made her state entrance into Perth on the 17th of September, where she was well received, and presented with a heart of gold, full of pieces of gold; but she liked not the pageants, which probably contained something studiously offensive to her or her religion, if we may judge by the description of those exhibited to her at Edinburgh. Whether from vexation, personal fatigue, or over-excitement, Mary was taken ill while she was riding through the street at Perth, in the procession; and before she could reach her palace, which was close by, she fainted, and was lifted from her horse, and borne thither in a state of insensibility. "Such sudden passions as I hear she is often troubled with after any great unkindness or grief of mind,"[2] is Randolph's comment on the indisposition of the poor young Queen, who, during the last four days, had gone through enough to prostrate the physical powers of a much stronger person than she was. But, though not exempt from the hysterical affections incidental to her feeble sex, Mary possessed spirit and resolution to struggle against the weakness of the flesh. She was in the saddle again the following day, and rode to Dundee, where she remained till the 20th; then crossed the Tay, and proceeded to St Andrews. After resting there nearly a week, she visited her beautiful palace at Falkland, and returned to Edinburgh on the 29th of September. She was received in all the towns she visited with acclamations and honours, and such presents as the miseries and poverty of her desolated realm enabled her loyal subjects to offer in token of their good-will. Mary had the satisfaction of perceiving that she was welcome to the great body of her subjects, and that they were generally disposed to regard her with confidence and affection. But in order to counteract the favourable impression her charms and gracious deportment had produced, a cruel and persevering attempt was made to impute all the accidental fires and fevers that chanced to break out in the districts through which she had travelled, either to the malign influence her

[1] Knox. [2] Keith, p. 190.

presence had produced, or to God's judgments against the religion she obstinately continued to practise.[1]

Scarcely had Mary returned to her metropolis, when the re-elected Provost Douglas of Kilspindie, and his brethren in office, attempted a most despotic and illegal act of persecution against some of their fellow subjects, by issuing a proclamation imperatively enjoining "all Papists," whom they designated by the offensive appellation of idolaters, and classed with the most depraved offenders against the moral law, to depart the town, under the penalties of being set on the market cross for six hours, subjected to all the insults and indignities which the rabble might think proper to inflict, carted round the town, and burned on both cheeks, and for the third offence to be punished with death.[2]

If the fair cheeks of the Papist Queen blanched not with alarm at the pain and disfigurement with which, in common with those of the obstinate adherents to her proscribed faith, they were threatened by her barbarous Provost and Bailies, it was haply because they tingled with indignation at the insulting manner in which she found herself classed with the vilest of criminals. Instead, however, of taking up the matter as a personal grievance, by insisting, like Esther, that she was included in this sweeping denunciation against the people of her own denomination, she treated it as an infringement of the liberties of the realm, and addressed her royal letter to the Town Council, complaining of this oppressive and illegal edict. She must, even if she had been a member of the reformed congregation, have done the same, as a duty incumbent upon a just ruler of the people committed to her charge. Her remonstrance produced no other effects than a reiteration of the same proclamation, couched, if possible, in grosser and more offensive language. Mary responded to this act of contumely by an order to the Town Council to supersede those magistrates by electing others. The Town Council, on this indication of the spirit of her forefathers on the part of their youthful Sovereign in her teens, yielded obedience to her mandate. Mary then

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation.
[2] Town Council Register, 1561.

issued her royal proclamation, granting permission "to all good and faithful subjects to repair to or leave Edinburgh, according to their pleasure or convenience." "And so," says Knox, "got the devil freedom again, whereas before he durst not have been seen in daylight upon the common streets."[1]

The troubles and vexations which disquieted Mary in the commencement of her personal reign did not proceed entirely from the leaders of the Congregation. She was beset with importunities, complaints, and demands, from the Roman Catholic party, which, though considerably in the minority, was still powerful enough to convulse the realm with that most unhallowed strife, miscalled a religious war. The head of this party was the Earl of Huntley, who boasted, "that, if she would sanction him in it, he could set up the mass again in three counties."[2] But Mary, having pledged herself not to permit any alteration in the religion she found established at her return, acted consistently with her promise, and would not allow the attempt to be made.

The Roman Catholic nobles protested against her policy as injurious to the interests of the Church of which she professed herself a member, and endeavoured to compel her to a different line of conduct, by appeals to the Princes of the house of Guise. Nor was it long before Mary received the stern intimation, "that if she refused to be guided by their advice, and render herself subservient to their views by hanging her keys at their girdle, they would organise a formidable party against her in her own realm, of whom the Duke of Châtelherault, his son Arran, and the Earl of Huntley, should be the leading men."[3] Thus Mary saw herself placed, as her mother had been before her, between two fires; but, instructed by the calamities of that unfortunate Princess, she steadily resisted all foreign interference, and continued to legislate on her own liberal and enlightened plans. She would not, it is true, come to the preachings,

[1] Knox's History, p. 293. Arnot's Edinburgh.
[2] Throckmorton's Letters—Tytler's Hist. Scotland.
[3] Tytler's Hist. Scotland, vol. vi. p. 247.

because she was an "unpersuaded Princess;" but she did not refuse to read the works of foreign Protestant divines, who advanced their arguments in a temperate and reasonable tone.

When Randolph asked the Lord James "whether the Queen would take it in no evil part if he presented to her the Accord at the Assembly at Poissy, in the controversy upon the sacrament?" the reply was, "that she would accept it well." The Lord James informed Randolph, at the same time, "that she had read the oration of Beza, which he had given her on a former occasion, to the end." Randolph, however, thought the copy of the "Accord" had better come to her through the hands of the Lord James, who accordingly presented it to her the same night after supper. Mary said at once "she suspected the sincerity of it, because she thought it came from Cecil through Randolph." She read it nevertheless. Many disputes arose that night upon it. The Queen said "she could not reason, but she knew what she ought to believe." Her uncle, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, affirmed, "that he never thought Christ to be otherwise in the sacrament than was there written, but yet he doubted not that the mass was good."[1]

"The next day," writes Throckmorton, "I was sent for into the Council Chamber, where she herself ordinarily sitteth the most part of her time, sewing some work or other." Instead, however, of commencing a doctrinal discussion with him, as he probably expected, on the subject which had been introduced to her attention on the preceding evening, the fair young Sovereign addressed him in these words: "These three days I have done nothing else but devise with my Council how to daunton the thieves on the Borders. I have charged the Lord Home to do your countrymen justice. If he do otherwise I will be ill contented therewith, and see it reformed. You know," continued she, "that I am now in hand to send the Lord James and some other lord to the Borders, for that purpose. Wherefore, I pray you, report well of my mind, and find the means that proclamation may be made as I

[1] Randolph to Cecil—in Keith, 194; and State Paper Office MSS.

spake unto you, that no thieves be received within England; for, otherwise, it will be in vain whatever I purpose against them."[1]

When the Council was broken up, Randolph would have stopped the Queen, as she was leaving the chamber, to say something to her; but she, being in need of air and exercise, after some hours' attention to business, put him off by saying, "I will talk with you apart in the garden." When she joined the ambassador there, she asked, "How like you this country? you have been in it a good space, and know it well enough." "The country is good," replied Randolph, "and the policy of it might be made much better." "The absence of the Prince hath caused it to be worse," was Mary's spirited rejoinder to this depreciatory insinuation; "but yet," added she, "it is not like England." Randolph observed "that there were many countries in the world worse than Scotland, but few he thought better than England, of which he trusted that at some future time her Grace might be able to judge." Mary construed this compliment into an invitation to visit England, and eagerly replied, "I would be content therewith if my sister your mistress so like." Randolph told the young Queen that it was a thing many of her subjects desired, and he thought it would be well-pleasing to his royal mistress. A long conversation on the subject followed, this being the first time the project of a personal interview between the rival Queens was started. Many laudatory words Mary spoke of Elizabeth, and expressed herself gratified by the honourable manner in which her uncle, the Grand Prior, had been received at Berwick. She also reminded her auditor of her mother's passage through England.

The ambassador then apologised for the detention of Mary's horses, which had got no farther on their way home than Berwick. Inconvenient as the circumstance had proved to her, Mary replied, with her wonted urbanity, "that she took it not as a fault; and if it were, she was assured that it proceeded not from the Queen his mistress, but rather from the Warden, who had stopped them

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 24—Keith, i. 56; and State Paper Office MSS.

because they had no passports, all which she was perfectly willing to excuse."[1] She told him of the daily reports that were made to her of the insincerity of the Queen of England's dealings and intentions regarding her, but declared that she gave no credit to such insinuations, for, as she was herself disposed to live in amity with her good sister, she was willing to believe her Majesty had the like desire. Her next question was, "What news from France?" Randolph told her of some unwonted civilities between the Duke of Guise, the Cardinal, and the Queen his mistress. Mary expressed great pleasure at this, and said, "Next unto the King of France, their Sovereign and master, I would that my uncles should bear good-will unto the Queen your mistress. You know how *sibb* (nearly related) we are, and our kindness must be increased."[2] A few brief but lively particulars, illustrative of Mary, her Cabinet, and Court, are reported by Randolph in his gossiping letter, for the information of his colleague Cecil. He certifies that the Lord James and Lethington are above all others in her favour, that they are accused of too much compliance with her humour; but he thinks to the contrary, giving the following reasons for his opinion: "The Lord James dealeth, according to his nature, rudely, homely, and bluntly; the Lord of Lethington more delicately and finely, yet nothing swerveth from the other in mind or effect. She is patient to bear, and beareth much."

The scholastic attainments of Lethington, his elegance of deportment, and insinuating manners, made him both agreeable and useful to his accomplished Sovereign. It was pleasant for the young Queen to find one person in her Council who could appreciate her wit, her learning, and her genius. This was the bond between them. She liked the man, but did not respect his principles. He flattered and pleased her, without persuading her that he was an honest man. This smooth-tongued, polished courtier was a less skilfully masked deceiver than his stern colleague, whose rough exterior and rude speech made him pass

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 24, 1561—printed in Keith; and State Paper Office MSS. [2] Randolph to Cecil—Keith, 196.

current with Mary for a perfect mirror of sincerity. A more fatal mistake cannot be made by any one than to imagine that the absence of courtesy, and the habit of saying offensive things, under the pretext of plain speaking, is a test of truthfulness; for the blunt "incivilian" is often a far more dangerous hypocrite than the complimentary dissembler, and will go to more injurious lengths, having a heart callous to the pain he inflicts, either by word or deed. "The Earl Marischal," continues Randolph,[1] "is wary, but speaketh sometimes to good purpose. His daughter is lately come to this town. We look shortly what shall become of the long love betwixt her and the Lord James.[2] The Lord John of Coldinghame hath not the least favour with his leaping and dancing. He is like to marry the Earl of Bothwell's sister. The Lord Robert consumeth with love of the Earl of Cassillis' sister. The Earl of Bothwell hath given unto him old lands of his father in Teviotdale, and the Abbey of Melrose." This is the first profitable show of favour of which that evil man, Bothwell, became a recipient from his unfortunate Sovereign. There was no impediment to prevent Mary from bestowing her hand upon him at the same time, if she had felt the slightest inclination for such a consort. So great was the national fear, at this period, of her marrying a foreign Prince, and a Roman Catholic, that if her choice had fallen on him, as he was a Protestant Peer of Scotland, Knox and the brethren would have promoted, instead of opposing, the marriage.

The Duke of Châtelherault, the head of the house of Hamilton, first Prince of the blood, and next heir to the crown of Scotland, had not yet presented himself to pay his homage to Queen Mary. His disaffection would have been more formidable, if his character had been such as to

[1] Randolph to Cecil—Keith, 196.

[2] This young lady was the fair Agnes Keith, whom the Lord James soon after married, having cleverly ridded himself of the prior claim of the unfortunate heiress of Buchan to his hand, by compelling her to marry his maternal brother, one of the Douglases of Lochleven, after he had stripped her of her large possessions. See a full account of the injuries of Christian, Countess of Buchan, in Chalmers' Life of Mary Stuart, quarto edition, vol. ii. p. 22 *et seq.*

inspire his friends with confidence, and his opponents with respect. His son, Arran, behaved with all the spite of a rejected lover to the Queen; but as his father kept him without money, his power was small. Mary, meantime, conducted herself with equal courage and moderation, among the complicated difficulties with which her path was beset, and won universal respect from the unprejudiced. "Mr Knox," says Randolph, "cannot be otherwise persuaded but many men are deceived in this woman. His severity keepeth us in marvellous order. I commend better the success of his doings and preachings than the manner thereof, though I acknowledge his doctrine to be sound. His prayer is daily for her, 'that God will turn her obstinate heart against God and his truth; or, if the holy will be otherwise, to strengthen the hearts and hands of his chosen and elect, stoutly to withstand the rage of all tyrants,' in words terrible enough."[1] This was the language of repulsion, not invitation, to an "unpersuaded Princess;" and it is the more to be lamented, seeing that Mary was amenable to reason, but impassive to threats. She confessed to "Randolph, that she was not resolved in conscience in those matters that were in controversy, and hoped the Queen his mistress would not think the worse of her on that account, seeing that it was neither of will, nor obstinacy against God and his word."[2] Randolph, the most worldly-minded of political creedists, replied to this ingenuous avowal, "that he was glad her Grace was not wilfully disposed, and trusted that he should see her and the Queen his mistress come to one accord." It was so obviously to Mary's interest to profess the same religion as her subjects, that tenderness of conscience alone deterred her from, at least, an outward uniformity.

"It is now called in question," notes Randolph, "whether the Princess, being an idolater, may be obeyed in all civil and politic actions." His opinion of those by whom the question was mooted is not very flattering. "I think marvellously of the wisdom of God that gave this unruly, unconstant, and cumbersome people, no more substance nor

[1] Randolph to Cecil—Keith, p. 196. [2] Ibid.

power than they have, for then would they run wild. Now," continues he, "they imagine that the Lord James groweth cold, that he aspireth to great matters. He is now Lieutenant upon the Borders, Commander, that is, sole minion of the Queen, like shortly to be Earl of Murray, and Treasurer of Scotland. Upon Allhallows' Day the Queen had a sung mass. That night one of the priests was well beaten for his reward, by a servant of the Lord Robert's."[1] Such manifestations of intolerance were the more to be regretted at a crisis when the Queen's mind, being in an inquiring state, might possibly have been won by the power of truth set forth in the divine spirit of Christian love. But the spirit of persecution never yet produced any other result than bitterness and antagonism.

Mary possessed great talents for domestic legislation. Her earnest desire to reform all disorders in her realm, and to restore the regular operation of those laws which affected the rights of property and the security of life, induced her to turn her attention to the state of the Border counties, which swarmed with a fierce and sanguinary banditti, whom it was impossible to quell without the intervention of a military force, under an energetic leader. By the advice of her Council she appointed her brother, the Lord James, to the performance of this service. The freeholders of eleven counties, a formidable and responsible militia, were summoned to follow his banner. That powerful Border chief, the Earl of Bothwell, employed his usually misdirected energies successfully, and for once well, as the coadjutor of the Lord James in this expedition. Great, and perhaps justifiable, severity was used by the Lord James in the justice courts, which he held at Jedburgh and Dumfries. The hangings, drownings, and other penalties, inflicted on this occasion, inspired salutary terror in the offending portion of the community, and reduced the most turbulent to obedience.[2]

Hamilton, the Archbishop of St Andrews, took the opportunity of the absence of his great opponent, Lord

[1] Randolph to Cecil, November 11, 1561—Keith. MS. State Paper Office.

[2] Robertson, Keith, Tytler.

James, the Prior of his diocese, to enter Edinburgh in great pomp, at the head of eighty horsemen, accompanied also by a gathering of the prelates of the Romish hierarchy, as if prepared to make a rally; but Mary, having pledged herself to support the Reformation, and wishing not to identify herself with the party, though she adhered to the practice of her religion, gave them a very cool reception.[1]

The Lord James, whose great object was to induce his royal sister to supersede the claims of the house of Hamilton to the regal succession in his own favour, had inspired her with apprehensions that her life and crown were in danger from the treasonable designs of that family, and persuaded her that his presence alone protected her from violence. So great an impression had this chimera made on Mary's mind that, on the Sunday evening after Lord James's departure, she was seized with a sudden panic about nine o'clock in the evening, just as she was going to retire to bed, and declared "she heard the noise of armed men and horses entering the Abbey Close, and compassing her palace.[2] Whether it proceeded from her own womanly fancy, or any one had put her in fear by saying that it was a daring enterprise of the Earl of Arran to carry her off to his father's castle at Dumbarton, was never clearly known to those who have recorded the incident." The idea that the Earl of Arran meditated the abduction of the Queen "had some likelihood," observes Calderwood, "because of the immoderate love he bare her, and of her estranged affection; but there was great fear with little cause." The alarm-bell was rung, and every man called to arms. Small, however, was the valour of Mary's officers of state, if any credit may be given to the sarcastic insinuations of Master Randolph, who, in his report of this incident to Cecil, says "that scarcely any man knew where to bestow himself. Where men are thus bold, being some of them reputed old and valiant soldiers, what doth your honour think of the

[1] Throckmorton to Cecil—Keith. Robertson.
[2] Randolph to Cecil, December 7—Keith. MS. State Paper Office. Knox's History of the Reformation.

poor damsels that were left alone, whilst others sought corners to put their heads in? Then, coming to themselves, counsel is taken what is to be done. Every man took his armour; the watch is appointed, the scouts put forth, nothing seen nor heard. Of this," continues he, "there riseth next morning I know not what evil and unlucky bruit, without any certain author, that the Earl of Arran was come over the water, with a stark (strong) company, to take away the Queen, and that he had his friends and servants quietly in the town to take his part." This might actually proceed from the delirious fancies and speeches of Arran himself, who had arrived in Edinburgh the night before, unexpectedly, but only attended by three servants. Randolph, however, thus continues his lively report: "This bruit runneth fast, the repair of Papists waxeth great, the watch continueth, and being before, raised of a sudden, was then appointed with good deliberation and advisement, that every lord that lodgeth within the court should watch his night about, with jack and spear. The places were visited where any entry might be, divers passages to the Queen's chamber stopped, and new ones made."[1]

The ridicule thrown on her Majesty and court for taking these prudential measures on a false alarm, had the unfortunate effect of deterring her from adopting the means of defence in cases where real danger was to be apprehended. She is accused, by those writers who turned every incident of her life to her prejudice, of having raised a false alarm in concert with her brothers, Lord John of Coldingham, and Lord Robert, as a pretence for having a body-guard appointed for her safety.[2] The gentlemen and nobles attached to the Court continued to watch alternately for a few nights. "And, in my opinion," observes Randolph, "if at any time she had occasion to fear, yet never less than then, having so many Papists as were in the town at that time—who, though I am sure there is not one of them that will die for Christ, yet, to save their Queen from *steal-*

[1] Randolph to Cecil—Keith, 204. MS. State Paper Office.
[2] Knox, Calderwood, Buchanan.

ing, (being stolen), I trow would not stick to strike a stroke or two."

Meantime the Duke of Châtelherault, being greatly offended at the report, left his sullen retreat at Kinneil, and presented himself, for the first time, at the Court of Holyrood, since his reluctant resignation of the regency in 1554, for the purpose, not of offering his loyal devoir to the young Sovereign, of whose person and cradle-throne he had once held the office of guardian, "but to complain to her of the injury done to his son and himself by such an imputation, of which he said, if it had any foundation, he could not himself be guiltless. He demanded the punishment of the authors of the slander, and produced an old statute to demonstrate that it was a penal offence; and desired "that according to that he might have right and justice at her Majesty's hands." Mary, much annoyed with herself for the dilemma into which her groundless alarm had brought her, endeavoured to soothe the angry old man with good words; but it was in vain she apologised for the unfortunate rumour which had proceeded from her unlucky panic, and assured him she entertained no injurious suspicions either of him or his. Nothing could be done to his contentation, and he withdrew in greater dissatisfaction than before, to Kinneil. His son, Arran, sent word to Randolph, "that for his part he rejoiced more in his innocency, and to behold the follies of his foes, than if he were able to do as much as they suspected." The return of the Lord James from his successful undertaking on the Borders with fifty prisoners, and the arrival of de Foix, the French ambassador, from England, put an end to the nine days' wonder, which, though clearly much ado about nothing, had the ill effect of widening the breach between the Queen and the Hamiltons.

The first night Monsieur de Foix, the French ambassador, arrived, Mary talked with him long and earnestly; and the next day, after dinner, the same. While she was yet engaged in conversation with him, Randolph, whom she had sent for, was introduced into her presence. "After she had made countenance to us," observes Randolph, "she saith,

'Here is Monsieur de Foix come out of France unto me; he hath seen my good sister, your mistress, who is in health and merry, whereof I am very glad. You must bid him welcome into Scotland.' Out of the countenances of princes, he that is able to judge may pick out sometimes great likelihoods of their thoughts, or find how they are observed," continues Randolph, whose vigilant espionage on Mary, after all, elicited nothing to her discredit. "The time of her talk with Monsieur de Foix, it was marked by others before I came in, and after I saw myself many alterations in her face —her colour better that day than ever I saw it. When I talked with her, she was very merry, (cheerful,) and spake with such affection as, I think, came from the heart."[1] Mary had said many complaisant things about the Queen his mistress; likewise her uncle d'Elbœuf had, for the first time, paid him some personal attention, by entering into familiar conversation, and complimenting him in various ways. De Foix, the French ambassador, was a Huguenot, and Randolph commended his zeal and good mind, repeating, also, what men thought of him, for that he had endured for Christ's sake, and requested him "so to deal with the Queen, in these matters, as the world might judge of his earnest mind and upright conscience." The next day de Foix, nevertheless, accompanied Mary to mass. When they talked again of religion, Randolph naïvely observes, "I was not so uncourteous as to tell him he had been at the mass, though, for his reputation, it had been worth to him one thousand crowns not to have been. He repented himself afterwards, being admonished; and came not unto the *dirige* or mass upon Friday and Saturday last, to the great misliking of the Queen." These services were fondly designed by Mary for the benefit of her late consort's soul, it being the anniversary of his decease—a fact which may account for de Foix's attendance on the vigil of that day; though, in consequence of the remonstrances of the Scotch Protestants, he would not further commit himself by coming to the dirge of his late sovereign, which etiquette required of the representative of the brother of Francis II. It

[1] Randolph to Cecil, December 7—Keith, 207.

was at this dirge for the soul of Francis II. that the rich voice of David Riccio was first heard in the Chapel Royal at Holyrood, for he arrived as secretary to Morretta, the ambassador of the Duke of Savoy, on the 3d of December, and, being at the same time a zealous Roman Catholic, and renowned for his musical attainments, he exerted his vocal powers on an occasion so interesting to the feelings of the royal widow.

The servile avocation of David Riccio being most injuriously dwelt upon by the historians of Mary Stuart, it is satisfactory to be able to place before our readers the following statement from the pen of one of his countrymen and contemporaries, written for the information of Cosmo, the great Duke of Tuscany, touching the former occupations and real position of the unfortunate Riccio, who, it appears, came not to Scotland either as a fiddler or a valet, but in the honourable situation of private secretary to the Savoyard ambassador: "The Conte di Morretta," says our authority,[1] "brought with him, as secretary, one David Riccio di Pancalieri, in Piedmont, who had in the like manner served Monsignor the Archbishop of Turin, (well known to that lord,) because he could well express his ideas in the idioms of Italy and France[2]—and he was so good a musician that the Queen caused him to assist always at the mass at her palace; and as, since her return, she had wished to have a complete musical band—for she took great delight in singing, and the sound of the viol—she required

[1] Memorial addressed to Cosmo I., Grand Duke of Tuscany—from the Archives de Medicis edited by Prince Labanoff, tome vii. p. 65. Lettres di Marie Stuart.

[2] Sir James Melville, who is not a little pedantic about his own French, accuses David Riccio of not understanding the delicacies of that language, and says, "that sometimes misunderstandings ensued, unless the Queen copied those he wrote in her name to Queen Elizabeth." But the fact was, Elizabeth expected Mary to pay her the respect of writing to her with her own hand, and always took umbrage if she did not. When Mary found that this was the case, she made a point of copying the formal complimentary state letters, of which David drew up the rough sketches, to spare her the trouble of those ceremonial compositions, to which she occasionally added such things as she thought proper to conceal from her secretary. Sir James Melville tells us that David Riccio was the son of a musician, and "a very merry fellow;" but there can be no doubt of the correctness of the particulars communicated in the above statement of the correspondent of the Duke of Tuscany.

her uncle, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, to ask the Conte di Morretta to relinquish his secretary David, and leave him in Scotland, where she made him groom of the chamber, and since her own secretary;" in which situation he only returned to his original vocation as secretary to two ambassadors, Italian statesmen, who considered that the learned Riccio wrote their despatches in more elegant Tuscan than they could themselves, such being the purpose for which he was expressly employed—his vocal and musical attainments by no means fitting him for office of secretary and decipherer of despatches, although he possessed them in an eminent degree. All tradition describes Mr Secretary Riccio as a crooked little personage, like Mr Secretary Cecil, Elizabeth's celebrated minister, who had started in life as an *attachée* to embassies, precisely in the same manner—the skill in music, vocal and instrumental, excepted. The circumstance of Mary's religious services being perpetually interrupted by murderous attacks on her choral officials, made her anxious to secure the assistance of a gentleman, as the leader of the choir in her Chapel Royal, who was under the protection of a foreign embassy. Such, then, was the real position of David Riccio.

Mary requested her nobles to pay, at least, the trifling tribute of respect to her of wearing black on an anniversary attended with such painful recollections to her as the death of Francis; but they churlishly refused to accord that conventional mark of sympathy to her grief. "She could not persuade nor get one lord of her own to wear the *deuil* for that day," notes Randolph—"not so much as the Earl of Bothwell." We shall have occasion to specify other instances of Bothwell's non-compliances with Mary's desire for the customs of her Church to be observed in her palace. Immediately after the service was over, Mary caused a proclamation to be made at the Mercat Cross by a herald, "that no man, on pain of his life, should trouble or do any injury to her chaplains that were at the mass;"[1] and this time they got off in whole skins. Great exception was taken at her Majesty's boldness in issuing such a proclamation on her

[1] Keith, 207.

own responsibility, some of her subjects considering it a grievous infringement on their liberty to be denied the sport of breaking the heads of the said ecclesiastics. The young Queen, however, contrived to reconcile her offended commons to this deprivation, by ordaining the more attractive pastime of running at the ring, with divers shows and pageants, on the 7th of December. "This is another day of mirth and pastime upon the sands of Leith," notes Randolph in his usual sarcastic vein, "where the Queen will be herself, to signify the sorrow of her heart after her soul's mass." [1]

The Queen's year of widowhood being fully completed, and all testimonials of respect and affection to her deceased lord and husband, which their Church deemed proper, having been paid by her, there was no reason why she should withhold the sunshine of her presence from her people on that wintry day of glee and game. She still wore her widow's weeds of chamlate, or Florence serge; [2] but had provided her ladies with black velvet for their second *deuil*. Her gentlemen and domestic servants wore black cloth and mourning grey.

Randolph exerted all his skill in cross-questioning, to elicit from the Savoyard ambassador, Morretta, the object of his mission to the widow Sovereign of Scotland. "I lamented and pitied," he says, "to see such a Princess of such years unmarried, and merrily asked him 'what good news he had brought her Grace, from some noble Prince or other, of marriage?' The report was then prevalent, that he came to prefer the Duke of Nemours' cause to her, or the Duke of Florence. He answered, 'that he was no fit man to treat of such weighty affairs;' and by his talk I perceived that he had not seen the Duke of Nemours, long before his departure out of France. I perceive that he (Morretta) was well taken with by the Queen; very welcome to the Marquis, Mary's uncle; better liked than Monsieur de Foix among the French. He lodged at the Lord Robert's house, beside the court. He had given him, at his departure, a chain of thirty ounces and three geldings." [3]

[1] Keith, 207. [2] Treasurer's Accounts. [3] Randolph to Cecil—Keith.

It was unfortunate for Mary that she permitted her young uncle, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, to remain at Holyrood after the departure of the Duke d'Aumale and the Grand Prior, for he was a wild dissipated Prince, whom no consideration for the difficult position in which his royal niece was placed would induce to conform to the sober manners of her subjects. He enticed her brothers, the Lord Robert and Lord John, both secularised priests, and heretofore regarded as discreet members of the Congregation of the true Evangile, to desert the preachings, and play the ruffling gallant with him in the Canongate; and even to take part with him in Sunday sports. The first Sunday in December they devised a pastime, which is thus described by Randolph, and may serve as a specimen of their follies: "The Lord Robert and the Lord John, with others, ran at the ring, six against six, disguised and apparelled, the one half like women, the other like strangers in outlandish masking garments. The Marquis that day did very well; but the women, whose part the Lord Robert did sustain, won the ring. The Queen herself beheld it, and as many others as listed." [1]

A few days later, Mary's brother, Lord John, married the Earl of Bothwell's sister, and then Monsieur Marquis d'Elbœuf thought proper to form an intimacy with that boisterous profligate, whom, perhaps in consequence of this marriage, he considered a sort of family connection. Wearing masks and quaint disguises, and accompanied by a party of the graceless springalds of the Court, this precious trio, d'Elbœuf, Lord John, and Bothwell, would roam the streets of Edinburgh by night, playing all sorts of tricks on sober-minded people, and putting the whole town in "misorder." Having discovered that the Earl of Arran, who affected great sanctity, and was always censuring the wickedness of the Court, visited very slily the daughter-in-law of an Edinburgh magistrate, one Mistress Alison Craig, who had the reputation of being more fair than good, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, the Lord John, and Bothwell, had the impertinence to go one night in their masks, and, using per-

[1] Randolph to Cecil—Keith.

chance the same signals as Arran, were received into the house, where they supped and were entertained; but the next night, when they would have repeated their visit, they were not admitted, on which they and their evil companions broke open the doors, and much misconducted themselves. Complaint next day was made to the Queen, who, in words sharp enough, reproved the offenders.[1] "The Earl of Bothwell and Lord John behaved with great contumacy on this occasion, and swore, in very contemptuous words, that they would do the like in the despite of any that was friend of Arran and his house that would say nay." These words being reported to the Hamilton party, the Duke of Châtelherault and his followers came forth at nine o'clock the next evening to attack the Earl of Bothwell in his lodging. Bothwell sent to summon his French friend, d'Elbœuf, to his aid; but he, standing in salutary awe of his royal niece's anger, would not leave Holyrood. A great riot took place, nevertheless, between Bothwell and the Hamiltons. The town bell was rung, the Provost and Bailies came from the city, and the Lord James from the Abbey of Holyrood to part the fray. Proclamation was made that every man should depart on pain of death, and in less than half-an-hour there was not a soul left in the street. The Queen, much displeased at these doings, sent a summons for the Duke of Châtelherault and Bothwell to appear before her. The Duke came, attended by all the Protestants in the town; Bothwell by all the Papists, though a great opposer of Popery. Her Majesty was so highly offended at his conduct that she commanded him to leave the town till the 8th of January, thinking by that means to rid herself of all further cumber.[2] But this was not so easily done, for the next day the professors of the Evangile demanded an audience, and delivered a stern address, which they termed a humble supplication, to her as the chief ruler of the land, on the scandalous proceedings of her uncle, and required of her that she should, without excuses or favour from natural feelings of affection, cause him to be arraigned before the Chief Justice of the realm,

[1] Randolph to Cecil—Keith. [2] Ibid.

to stand his trial, to the end that he might be made an example of, to deter other evil-doers from the like enormities.[1] This was a mortifying and embarrassing position for a female Sovereign in her teens to be placed in, by the ill-behaviour of a good-for-nothing uncle and his associates in iniquity, and hard it was that she should have to blush for his faults. She endeavoured to allay the storm by mildly replying, in a few brief words, "that her uncle was a stranger and had a young company, but she should put such order to him and all others that there should be no further cause for complaint;" "and so," observes Knox, "deluded she the just petition of her subjects."

Mary had been much gratified by the honourable reception Elizabeth had given her uncle, the Grand Prior; the agreeable compliments of that handsome military monk had done more, during his visit to the court of England, to dulcify the acerbity with which the royal spinster regarded her fair cousin of Scotland, than all the formal diplomacy in the world would have been able to effect. "A mountain of affection" between the rival Queens had suddenly been heaped up by the adroit management of "*Mon Prieur*," as Elizabeth affectionately styled this pleasant scion of the hated house of Guise. She appeared to have forgotten the deadly affront Mary had given her by the assumption of her arms and title, and she obligingly responded to Mary's wish of a personal conference, by sending her a pressing invitation to visit her in England.[2] "I remember me," says Michel de Castelnau, "that Queen Elizabeth said, and she wrote it also, that the whole island would be enriched and adorned by the presence of the Queen of Scotland, adding many civilities about her beauty, her virtues, and graces, which were perhaps very far from her heart.[3] The Queen of Scotland, in her reply, omitted nothing that was proper to testify her appreciation of these courtesies, and made like offers of her friendship to the Queen of England; and this commencement of amity was nourished

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation.
[2] Brantôme. See the biography of Queen Elizabeth — Lives of the Queens of England.
[3] Memoirs de Michel Castelnau—Jebb's Collections.

for some time by ambassadors, honourable letters, and mutual presents. But emulation, which rarely is absent from the souls of Princes, especially those who are near neighbours, would not permit this happy state of concord to continue, and opened the door to envy. As the Queen of Scotland was endowed with infinite perfections and singular beauty, she was sought in marriage by several Princes, among whom was the heir of Spain, who was not above eighteen years of age, the Archduke Charles, and several Italian Princes, which excited the jealousy of the Queen of England, both as a Sovereign and a woman: "[1] as a Sovereign, because the alliance with Spain would have placed Mary in a position to contest the possession of the crown of England; and as a woman, because the addresses of the Archduke had previously been made to Elizabeth herself. The bachelor Kings of Sweden and Denmark, both suitors to Elizabeth, had also piqued her self-esteem by transferring their suit to the fair young Scottish Queen. For the present, however, Elizabeth dissembled her displeasure, and averted the danger of Mary throwing herself into the arms of a foreign potentate for protection, by feigning a sisterly affection for her, and thus claiming the privilege of giving her such advice on her matrimonial offers as might have the effect of keeping her in a state of single blessedness. As for Mary, her heart was buried in the grave of her lamented Francis, whose memory she continued to cherish with the constancy of a first, last, and only love. Her attention was, besides, too anxiously occupied in the difficult task of restoring her realm to internal peace and prosperity, and adjusting with even-handed justice the rival claims of friends and foes, to allow her to bestow her thoughts on love and marriage. When importuned on that subject by those who were about her, she was wont to reply, "I will none other husband but the Queen of England," and wished withal "that one of the twain were a King, in order to settle all debates." The Lord James, who desired to keep his royal sister single, greatly relished this joke, which he repeated with some glee to Elizabeth's ambassador. "I trow

[1] Memoirs de Michel Castelnau—Jebb's Collections.

her Grace was in her merry mood when she said this," was Randolph's comment when reporting the same to Cecil.[1]

Elizabeth, though she had allowed Mary some respite on the subject of the Treaty of Edinburgh, was far from having forgotten it. She despatched Sir Peter Mewtas this autumn to demand her solemn ratification of the same. Mary, having already stated her objections, could only repeat her desire of amity, and of obliging her royal sister in all things reasonable. She dismissed the envoy with fair words, a polite letter to Elizabeth, and the present of a fair chain of gold for himself, made by James V.'s old jeweller, Mossman.[2] Mary retaliated the importunities for her to sign the Treaty of Edinburgh by requests to be appointed the successor to the crown of England, in the event of Elizabeth dying without lawful issue. Elizabeth's extreme jealousy of any allusions to such a contingency caused her to treat the application as a great impertinence. She declared "that nothing should induce her to appoint any one to reign after her, as she felt assured her days would not be long if she did so, and that the mention of her successor produced the same effect on her mind as if her winding-sheet were to be always hung up before her eyes."

It was the injustice of Henry VIII.'s will, in ignoring the descendants of his eldest sister, and placing those of the youngest in the order of the regal succession next his own children, which appeared to Mary and her advisers to render it expedient for her to obtain a recognition of her rights from Elizabeth, although in point of legitimacy she, in common with all the Roman Catholic sovereigns in Europe, and the people still attached to that communion in England and Ireland, considered her lineal title to the throne of England more valid than that of Elizabeth. Elizabeth had, however, been recognised by the Parliament of England as the successor of her late sister, Queen Mary I., and solemnly accepted by the realm on the day of her consecration as the Sovereign. It was therefore futile to urge, in depreciation of her title, the stigma which her unnatural

[1] Keith. Randolph to Cecil—State Paper MS.
[2] Treasurer's Accounts, General Register House.

father's declaration, her unfortunate mother's admission,[1] and Cranmer's sentence had combined to pass on her legitimacy, for, according to the constitutional laws of England, the Crown had taken away all defects that might previously have existed. The demand of Mary Stuart to be acknowledged as her successor was in itself the strongest recognition of the unimpugnable nature of Elizabeth's rights, and therefore ought to have been met in a friendly spirit, instead of being repelled in a manner which naturally inspired suspicions in the mind of Mary, that Elizabeth intended to supersede her legitimate claims in favour either of one of the descendants of the youngest sister of Margaret Tudor, or to bring forward the Earl of Huntingdon, great-grandson of George, Duke of Clarence. That nobleman was the secret head of the Puritan party, and being the brother-in-law of Elizabeth's all-powerful favourite, Lord Robert Dudley, was an object of great jealousy to Mary—a feeling in which she was subsequently justified by his conduct, as he was one of the bitterest of her foes. As for Mary's aunt, Margaret, Countess of Lennox, her pretensions as an English-born Princess, and the mother of an English-born Prince, the only male scion of the royal house of Tudor, might have been regarded as more formidable than any other, if she had not manifested her desire of uniting their interests by the most tender of ties—a matrimonial connection between her son and the Scottish Queen. The immature age of the young Lord Darnley prevented this purpose from being acted upon sooner than it was.

Business of great importance occupied the attention of Queen Mary and her Cabinet at the close of the year 1561. The Convention appointed for the settlement of the Church property met, December 15; and, after disputes which are too lengthy to be recorded here, consented to vest a third of the lands belonging to the Roman Catholic hierarchy and incumbents in the Crown, out of which the Queen was to pay the stipends of the Protestant ministers.[2] So little

[1] See the Life of Anne Boleyn—Lives of the Queens of England, by Agnes Strickland—for these particulars.

[2] Keith, Tytler, Robertson, Knox.

had the maintenance of these been cared for by those greedy lay impropriators, the Lords of the Congregation, that they were, for the most part, in a state of miserable destitution, under the necessity of working with their hands for their daily bread, or soliciting the alms of those to whom it was their duty to dispense spiritual instruction. "Two-thirds of the Church property," Knox sarcastically observed, "had already been given to the Devil, and the remaining third was by this new arrangement to be divided between God and the Devil, and he expected to see the Devil get two-thirds even of that remnant."[1] "The ministers being sustained, the Queen will not get at the year's end wherewithal to buy her a new pair of shoes," said Lethington, with reference to the surplus calculated to remain to the Crown. The most eminent of the political leaders of the reformed party were appointed by the Queen to the office of apportioning the stipends of the ministers. The paymaster named by her was no other than Wishart, Laird of Pitarrow, brother of the martyr. Three hundred marks was the highest stipend their calculation afforded to any minister; but the average quota was one hundred only. Great was the lamentation and bitter the disappointment this arrangement created; but, instead of blaming the wholesale plunderers who had applied the lion's share of the spoil to their own behoof, they raised an outcry against the Queen and the paymaster. To the latter this reproachful proverb was applied, "The good Laird of Pitarrow was an earnest professor of Christ; but the muckle Devil receive the Comptroller, for he and his collectors are become greedy factors."[2] The ill-will the Queen incurred by allowing herself to be mixed up with the question of dividing the pelf may be imagined. Unpopular as her obstinate adhesion to the proscribed worship of the Church of Rome was, it might have been excused if she had left the ministers to the liberality of the Lords of the Congregation, who, in that case, must have borne the odium of the niggardliness which their lawless appropriation of the Church lands rendered unavoidable. But, as long as Mary held the thirds, she

[1] Knox, ii. 310. [2] Ibid.

was regarded as the cause of their miseries by the starving labourers in the vineyard, many of whom were unaware that, but for the stipend they derived from her legislative care, they would have been entirely destitute. The estimable qualities of the youthful Sovereign, and her earnest desire to perform the duties of her high vocation, were felt and appreciated by the generous and single-hearted among the middle classes, by whom the doctrines of the Reformation had been embraced and promulgated from motives of the purest Christianity. A few stanzas from a beautiful little poem addressed to Mary on the 1st of January, by a contemporary poet, may be quoted in illustration of the loyal feelings with which she was regarded, notwithstanding the differences in modes of faith, which are there touched on with the exquisite delicacy of Christian charity.

A New-Year Gift to Queen Mary when she came first home, 1562.

I.

"Welcome, illustrate Ladye, and our Queen;
Welcome our Lion with the Fleur-de-Lis;
Welcome our Thistle with the Lorraine green;
Welcome our rubent Rose upon the rise;
Welcome our Gem, and joyful Genetrice;
Welcome our Belle of Albion to bear;
Welcome our pleasant Princess maist of price!
God give you grace against this good New Year.

II.

This good New Year we hope, with grace of God,
Shall be of peace, tranquillity, and rest;
This year shall Right and Reason rule the Rod,
Which so long season has been sore supprest;
This year firm Faith shall freely be confess'd,
And all erroneous questions put arrear;
To labour that this Life among us left,
God give you grace against this good New Year.

III.

Therefore address Thee duly to decore,
And rule thy reign with high magnificence;
Begin at God, to gar set forth his glore,
And of his Gospel get experience;
Cause His true Kirk be had in reverence,
So shall thy name and fame spread far and near:
Now this thy debt to do with diligence,
God give thee grace against this good New Year.

XXIV.

This year shall be embassies here believe,
For marriage, from great Princes, Dukes, and Kings;
This year within thy region shall arrive
Rowts[1] of the rankest that in Europe rings;[2]
This year both Blythness and Abundance brings,
Navies of ships out-throw the sea to *sweir*,
With riches, raiments, and all royal things,
Agane thy grace get a gudeman[3] this year.

XXV.

If *saws* be sooth[4] to show thy *celsitude*,[5]
What bairn should *bruke*[6] all Britain by the sea,
The prophecy expressly does conclude,
"The French wife of the Bruce's blood should be:"
Thou art the line frae him the ninth degree,
And was King Francis' *partie*, mate, and peer;
So by descent the same should spring of thee,
By grace of God, agane this gude New Year.

XXVI.

Now to conclude, on Christ cast thy comfort,
And cherish them that thou hast under charge,
Suppose most sure He shall send thee support,
And lend thee lusty Liberos at large;
Believe the Lord can harbour so thy barge,
To make broad Britain blyth as bird on brier,
And thee extol with his triumphant targe,
Victoriously agane this good New Year."

LECTORI.

XXVIII.

Fresh, fulgent, flurist, fragrant, flower formose,
Lantern to love, of ladies lamp and lot;
Cherry, maist chast, chief carbuncle and choice,
Sweet smiling Sovereign shining bot[7] a spot.
Blest, beautiful, benign, and best begot,
To this indite please to incline thine ear,
Sent by thy simple servant, Sanders Scot,
Greiting great God to grant thy Grace good year.

Quod ALEXANDER SCOT.

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[1] Abundance. [2] Reigns. [3] Husband.

[4] "Gif *saws* (prophecies) be sooth."—By this verse it appears that the prophecy of James VI. succeeding to the crown of England, and being the first King of Great Britain, was not, as some allege, made after his accession, this poem being written in 1562, four years before his birth.

[5] Highness. [6] Rule or possess. [7] Without.

The author of these stanzas is commemorated by Allan Ramsay in the following couplet:—

"Scot, sweet-tongued Scot, who sings the welcome hame
To Mary, our maist bonnie Sovereign dame."

Evergreen.

Old Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, the father of her Secretary of State, tuned his ancient lyre also to give his fair liege lady a quaint poetic welcome and sage counsel on her return to her realm; but his verses are infinitely inferior to Alexander Scott's New-Year's Wish. The old knight recommends his services to her attention in these homely lines:—

"Madame, I was true servant to thy mother,
And in her favour stood aye thankfully
Of my estate, as well as ony other,
Praying thy Grace I may received be
In siclike favour with thy Majesty."

Sir Richard's allusion to his blindness in the next stanza is touching:—

"And though that I to serve be not so able
As I was wont, because I may not see,
Yet in my heart I sall be firm and stable
To thy Highness, with all fidelity—
Aye praying God for thy prosperity,
And that I hear thy people with high voice
And joyful hearts crying continually,
Viva Marie! très nobil Royne d'Escosse!"

MARY STUART

CHAPTER X.

SUMMARY

Mary's reported engagement to Darnley—Wooed by the King of Sweden—Despairing passion of the Earl of Arran for Queen Mary—She presides at the wedding of Lord James—Makes him Earl of Mar—She knights ten gentlemen—Drinks Queen Elizabeth's health—Sends the gold cup to Randolph—Queen Mary retires to Falkland—Bothwell, in defiance of her, returns to Edinburgh—Remarkable nocturnal conference between Knox and Bothwell—Conspiracy of Bothwell and Arran to abduct Queen Mary—She is defenceless at Falkland Palace—Arran reveals her danger—She throws Bothwell into prison—Arran's madness—Queen retreats to St Andrews—Examines the culprits—Her anger against Bothwell—Her daily readings of Livy with George Buchanan—Her kindness to Châtelherault and Arran—Takes the Duke into her pleasure garden—Practises archery to amuse him—She sends Bothwell prisoner to Edinburgh Castle—She lends her coach to Arran—Inexorable to Bothwell—He escapes from her justice to England—Queen Mary returns to Holyrood—Receives the King of Sweden's matrimonial procurator—Intrigues of France and England against her marriage with Don Carlos—Proposed meeting between Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth—Mary receives an envoy from Rome—Her favour to her brother, Lord James—Grants him the earldom of Moray—Troubles that ensue to the Earl of Huntley in consequence—Riots in Edinburgh—Mary writes to the Provost.

RUMOURS of the Queen's engagement to her young cousin, Lord Darnley, were prevalent in the court of Holyrood in the commencement of the year 1562; but the persevering wooing of the King of Sweden, through his various envoys, prevented any credit from being given to the idea of an alliance which Mary appeared to consider beneath her dig-

nity. Her desire of conciliating the kindred but disaffected house of Hamilton induced her, in January, to admit the Earl of Arran into her presence.[1] Notwithstanding the studiously offensive manner in which he had opposed himself to all her measures, especially in regard to her religious worship, the beauteous Majesty of Scotland received him graciously. She even accorded the ceremonial kiss at meeting and parting, which etiquette privileged this rejected suitor to claim on the grounds of kindred, though it was denied to love.[2] After this tantalising interview, he became more wild and unreasonable than before, although the Queen had treated him with so much greater indulgence than she had shown to his enemy Bothwell, whom she had banished from her court and presence.

The great event of the New Year was the marriage of Mary's favourite brother and prime-minister, the Lord James, Prior of St Andrews, to Agnes Keith, daughter of the Earl Marischal, which was celebrated in the church of St Giles, Edinburgh, with such solemnities as had never been seen before, the whole nobility being present. The Queen had elevated him to the peerage, by the title of Earl of Mar, the preceding day. "In the marriage they both got an admonition to behave themselves with sobriety in all things; 'for,' said the preacher to him, 'unto this day the kirk of God hath received comfort by you and by your labours, in the which, if hereafter ye shall be found fainter than ye were before, it will be said that your wife hath changed your nature.' The greatness of the banquet, and the vanity used thereat," observes Knox, "offended many godly. There began the masking, which from year to year hath continued since."[3]

The Queen gave the banquet, which she graced with her presence, at Holyrood; and after much dancing, and a display of fireworks, she honoured ten of the gentlemen present with the accolade of knighthood, among whom were the Laird of Pitarrow and William Kirkaldy of Grange.[4] "At this notable marriage," says Randolph, "one thing

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Jan. 2, 1562—State Paper MS. [2] Ibid. Jan. 30.
[3] Knox's Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 319. [4] Diurnal of Occurrents.

there was which I must testify with mine own hand,[1] which is, that upon Shrove Tuesday at night, sitting among the Lords at supper, in sight of the Queen, and placed for that purpose, she drank unto the Queen's Majesty of England, and sent me the cup of gold, which weighed eighteen or twenty ounces."[2] The following evening, Queen Mary and her train came in state from Holyrood to the late Cardinal's house, in the Blackfriars' Wynd, which was prepared and decorated for the occasion; and there she supped with the newly wedded pair, and a numerous and noble company. After supper, the most honourable young men in the town came to convey her back to her palace, well accoutred in masking attire.[3] The devices practised by the civic gallants on this occasion were among the vanities to which Knox alludes, and which appeared to the Congregation singularly inconsistent with the rigid profession of the bridegroom, whose backslidings, since his official promotion, had caused a decided coolness between himself and his former associates, especially Knox, who not unfrequently gives him a severe lash under the rose. The wedded Prior and newly belted Earl was playing too fine a game to be understood by his sternly sincere monitor. He bore Knox's rebukes in silence, and continued to increase in favour with the Queen, who greatly affected the company of his bride.

Mary removed from Edinburgh, on the last day of February, to Falkland with her court, to pass a few weeks in hawking and hunting. No sooner had she left her metropolis, than the Earl of Bothwell returned, with his plotting head full of mischief. He had taken great umbrage at the affront the Queen had put upon him, by banishing him from her court for a month, on account of the late riotous proceedings in which he and her scapegrace uncle and brothers had been engaged, as if he were the only person deserving of punishment. His disorderly and quarrelsome

[1] Randolph to Cecil—State Paper Office MS.

[2] Which, observes Knox, he possessed with greater joy, for the favour of the giver than of the gift and value thereof; and yet it was honourable. —History of the Reformation in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 315.

[3] Diurnal of Occurrents.

behaviour had indeed greatly injured his position, and brought him into such disrepute that her Majesty and her Council considered his absence essential to the restoration of peace and decency. Finding himself at discount with royalty, he determined to ally himself to the powerful party of whose religious tenets he was an unworthy professor; and, as a preliminary step to that object, he solicited a secret interview with John Knox. "This the said John gladly granted," and was so obliging as to come by night to speak to him in his own lodgings, and afterwards admitted him into his study.[1] Bothwell began to lament the sinfulness of his former life, and, above all, that he had been provoked, by the enticements of the late Queen-regent, to disoblige the Congregation, by waylaying and tearing from their trusty agent, Cockburn of Ormiston, the English crowns, of which he was the accredited bearer. "But as this was a bygone of which he did sincerely repent," he went on to declare, "that his present cause of dolour was, because he had so misbehaved himself against the Earl of Arran," and begged Knox to assist him with his counsel how to procure a reconciliation with that nobleman, "for," said he, "if I might have my Lord of Arran's favour, I might wait upon the court with a page and a few servants, to spare my expenses; where now I am compelled to keep for my own safety a number of wicked and unprofitable men, to the utter distraction of my living that is left."[2]

The fact that Knox was the born vassal of Bothwell's family adds almost dramatic interest to this nocturnal conference, and explains the reason why the great reformer treated so notorious a profligate with courtesy and kindness, such as he never vouchsafed to exercise towards his young and gentle Queen. A mysterious chord was touched in that stern bosom, not so much by the address of Bothwell as by his presence. The hereditary influence of the spirit of feudality asserted its power over the acquired theory of republicanism; and he who defied the authority and scoffed at the tears of royalty and beauty, melted into reverential sympathy and affection at the voice of his chief. What

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation. [2] Ibid.

can be more kind, more soothing, more respectful, than his answer, or indeed more interesting than the sentiments he avows in these remarkable words, which are from his own pen?[1] "My Lord," said Knox, "would to God that in me were counsel or judgment, that might comfort and relieve you. For albeit that to this hour it hath not chanced me to speak with your Lordship face to face, yet have I borne a good mind to your house, and have been sorry at my heart of the troubles I have heard you to be involved in. For, my Lord, my grandfather, guid-sire,[2] and father, have served your Lordship's predecessors; and some of them have died under their standards, and this is a part of the obligation of our Scottish kindness." Knox then administered a gentle admonition to the pretended penitent, and promised to exert his good offices to effect a reconciliation between him and the Earl of Arran, and the rest of the brethren. The greatest difficulty Knox experienced in this labour of love was from the Laird of Ormiston, who not only continued to resent the severe wound Bothwell had inflicted, when he despoiled him of the English gold in November 1559, but had received various provocations from him since, of which the last was capturing his eldest son, Alexander Cockburn, and carrying him off to Borthwick Castle, where he was still detained. When Knox heard of the latter outrage he had well-nigh given up the cause of so disreputable a client in disgust; but the penitential professions of his feudal chief induced him to persevere. Bothwell released young Cockburn, and restored him to his father, offering to make any submission and satisfaction that might be appointed by the Earl of Arran and the Lord James. Independently of these humiliations, he was a person whose political importance was considerable enough to render him a valuable adjunct to the party. His offences were therefore absolved, and an amicable meeting was appointed between him and Arran at the house of Kirk-o'-Field, afterwards fatally celebrated as the theatre of that astounding tragedy wherein Bothwell was

[1] History of the Reformation in Scotland, by John Knox, vol. ii. p. 324.
[2] This term is used indifferently for father-in-law and grandfather.

the principal actor. On the present occasion he was performing a farce which was intended as a prologue to his meditated abduction of Queen Mary in 1562. When Bothwell entered the apartment where the Earl of Arran and their mutual friends were assembled, Arran generously waived the act of personal humiliation which the umpires had enjoined the aggressor to perform, by frankly advancing and embracing him with these words: "If the heart be upright, few ceremonies may content me."[1]

All parties then shook hands, and conversed pleasantly together. Knox gave a word of spiritual exhortation, and his blessing on the reconciliation, and they parted in perfect amity. The next morning the joy of the godly was perfected, by the edifying spectacle of the two Earls coming to the sermon, and so comporting themselves that all men were astonished at their familiarity. The day after, they dined together, and afterwards rode with Gavin Hamilton, the Abbot of Kilwinning, to visit the Duke of Châtelherault at Kinneil. The object of Bothwell was, to render both the father and son instrumental to his audacious project of making himself master of the person of his Queen. In this he well-nigh succeeded, by playing on the despairing passion of the Earl of Arran, and the jealous suspicion the Duke of Châtelherault, not without reason, felt, that it was Mary's intention to exclude the house of Hamilton from the succession, in favour of the Stuarts of Lennox, or her favourite base-born brother. "I know," said Bothwell to Arran, "that you are the man most hated in Scotland of the Queen, and this through the special hatred of the Lord James and Lethington. I know this to be true, from the conference I have had with the Queen herself, and others; therefore it behoveth you to look to yourself. If you will follow my counsel, and give me credit, I have an easy way to remedy the whole, by putting the Queen into your hands, and making away your chief enemies." In consequence of these representations, it was planned then and there, that the Queen, who was at Falkland, without any defence, should be surprised while she was hunting, and

[1] Knox's Hist. Ref., vol. ii.

forcibly carried off to the strong fortress of Dumbarton, which was in the hands of the Duke of Châtelherault; and that her two favourite ministers should be slain, and the government put into the hands of the Earl of Arran, who, in the first instance, suffered himself to be flattered into acquiescence, by the hope of thus becoming the husband of his obdurate Sovereign. Cunning as Bothwell was, however, his covert designs had not been so completely masked as to escape the jealous observation of the unfortunate lover, whose mind, though disordered by the violence of his passion, was perceptive enough on some points. The process of beguiling him was perhaps so unskilfully executed as to offend the sensitive pride of latent madness, and awaken the suspicion that he was intended for the dupe, the tool, and victim of a rival. He hastened to John Knox, accompanied by two gentlemen, and in their presence said, "I am treasonably betrayed;" and, with these words, began to weep. "My Lord, who has betrayed you?" asked Knox. "Ane Judas or other," was his reply. "My Lord, I understand not such dark manner of speech," said Knox; "if I shall give you any answer, ye maun speak more plain." "Well," rejoined Arran, "I take you three to witness that I have opened it unto you, and I will write it to the Queen. The Earl of Bothwell has shown to me that he shall take the Queen, and put her in my hands in the castle of Dumbarton; and that he shall slay the Lord James, Lethington, and others, that now misguide her; and so shall he and I rule all. But I know that this is devised to accuse me of treason, for I know that he will inform the Queen; but I take you to witness that I open it to you, and will write to the Queen's Majesty the same."[1]

Knox, perceiving Arran was in a state of feverish excitement, tried to soothe and reassure him; but in vain. The unfortunate young nobleman returned to his father's house at Kinneil, whence he wrote an account of the conspiracy to the Queen, and desired her to instruct him what she would have him do. Mary took his letters kindly, and assured

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation, vol. ii.

him that, if he would continue in his duty, he should find it to his advantage. Arran then endeavoured to dissuade his father from the treasonable design to which Bothwell had tempted him; but, finding him bent on carrying it through, he protested vehemently against it, and informed him "that he had been moved in conscience against such wickedness, and had done all he could to prevent it, by revealing it to the Queen." This put the Duke into such an uncontrollable fit of passion that he would have slain his son, who was forced to take refuge in his own chamber. There he remained during the whole of the next day, which was Easter Sunday; and, finding his father still wrathfully disposed, he wrote a letter in cipher to the Lord James, and sent it by his valet to the English ambassador, with request that he would give it to the person for whom it was intended. On the morrow, Randolph being hunting with the Queen at Falkland, the same was delivered to him in the open field by Arran's man. Randolph was mightily perplexed, for all he was able to make out, in this mysterious epistle, was his own name and Arran's signature; but the bearer begged him to endeavour to read it, for the saving of his master's life. After considering the cipher, Randolph perceived that it was intended for the Lord James; and when he had shown it to him, and they had made out the purport, they thought it was proper to be shown to the Queen.[1] In the mean time the Abbot of Kilwinning arrived, who told the Queen "that the Earl of Arran, having offended his father, had falsely accused him to her Grace; and, since then, had escaped out of his chamber window, by means of cords made of his sheets, and no one knew whither he had gone." Kilwinning entreated her Majesty not to credit anything he had written, or might say at his coming, for all was false which he had stated, both of the Earl of Bothwell and his father. As Kilwinning was one of the alleged conspirators, he was arrested, and committed to sure custody. Within an hour after, Bothwell made his appearance, with intent, as he said, "to purge himself from the charge." On being cross-questioned,

[1] Randolph to Cecil, March 31, 1562—State Paper Office MS.

however, so many evidences of his guilt were elicited that he also was put in ward. The next morning, by break of day, the Laird of Grange came to let the Lord James know that Arran had crossed the water late the night before, and arrived at his house on foot, and in disguise, and greatly desired to speak to his Lordship, and to be brought to the Queen, that he might make full attestation of the treason that had been devised against her. The Queen ordered her brother to ride over to Hallyards, the name of Grange's seat, and hear Arran's verbal statements, and then bring him to Falkland. The Lord James found the unfortunate young nobleman in a decided frenzy, from excitement of mind, fatigue, and alarm, acting on a constitutional tendency to phrenal malady. The moment he saw the Lord James he began to talk "strange purposes of devils and witches," and declared "he was bewitched." When they asked "by whom," he said, "By the Lord James's mother," the Lady Douglas of Lochleven, whom he denounced as a notorious sorceress.[1] Then he declared "he was the Queen's husband, and would be in her bed, and yet he feared they were coming to kill him."[2] They brought him to the court at Falkland the same night; and there, while at supper with the Lord James, he said and did many things which bespoke an unsound mind.

The next day the Queen removed from Falkland to St Andrews, taking him with her, having sent Bothwell and Kilwinning on before, under a strong guard, to the castle of St Andrews. They were examined, but protested their innocence. When the Earl of Arran seemed sufficiently come to himself to give rational answers, the Queen saw and spoke with him on the subject of his disclosures. He told her, "that, on certain conditions, he would declare the whole truth." Mary replied, "that he must do so unconditionally, and either verify what he had written to her, or confess that what he had written proceeded from an evil-disposed mind;" but neither she nor any one else seemed to be aware that persons under occasional aberrations of

[1] Randolph to Cecil, April 7, 1562—State Paper Office MS.
[2] Knox's History of the Reformation.

mind were not aware of their own infirmities. The Queen, being marvellously perplexed with his inconsistencies, asked Randolph to talk with him. When Randolph wished him to explain the letter in cipher which he had sent to him, he replied, "All those things were but phantasics; and I know not how God hath suffered me to be deluded by witches and devils." "What witches?" inquired Randolph; and Arran replied as before, "The Lord James's mother."[1] In other things he was reasonable enough, and answered readily.[2]

The Duke of Châtelherault remained at Kinneil, and it was thought strange that he neither wrote nor came to protest his innocence to the Queen, but lamented sore that his son was out of his mind.[3] The Shaksperian proverb, "A madman's epistles are no gospel," was certainly a shrewd argument in defence of the accused parties. "It was now said that Arran had twice before been in the same case, and that he inherited the malady from his mother, who, with both her sisters—the one married to the Earl of Morton, and the other to Lord Maxwell—"were at times distempered with *unquiet humours*."[4] "Of these purposes," observes Randolph, "it pleased the Queen herself to talk with me. She showeth herself not a little offended with the Earl of Bothwell, unto whom she hath been so good; and doubtless, I think, he shall find little favour. She readeth daily after dinner,

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation.

[2] The precise dates connected with this curious business appear to be correctly furnished by that invaluable contemporary document, the Diurnal of Occurrents, to the original of which, in the charter-chest of Sir John Maxwell of Polloc, Bart., I have had frequent opportunities of access, during my happy visits to that abode of courtesy, learning, and hospitality, Polloc House. "Upon the xxv day of March 1562, my Lord of Arran, (quha was eldest son to James, Duke of *Chattelheralt*,) and Bothwell, were aggreit by John Knox, minister, and thereafter raid and spak with the Duke. And, upon the xxix day of Merche, my Lord of Arran came furth of the palice of Kynneill in ane *fransy*, in the night, at ane heigh wyndo, and past to the Quenis Grace at Falkland, and said to her 'that my Lord Duke his fader, and my Lord Bothwell, and Gawin, Commendatore of Kilwinning, had conspirit agains the Quenis Grace and the Lord James.' And upon the last day of Marche, my Lord Bothwell and the Commendator of Kilwinning were commanded in waird, and als my lord of Arran was commandit in like manner therintill."

[3] Knox's History of the Reformation. [4] Ibid.

instructed by a learned man, Mr George Bowhanan,[1] somewhat of Livy."

While the youthful Sovereign in her teens, true cousin of Lady Jane Gray and Edward VI., was thus regularly devoting a portion of her precious time to the study of the classic Roman historians, in their original language, for the purpose of drawing maxims of government from the experience of past ages, she was particularly struck with the wisdom of that impressive sentence in Cato's oration against the abrogation of the "Oppian law,"[2] — "Better it is that wicked men be not accused than that they should be acquitted;"[3]—an observation which, chancing to occur in Mary's course of reading at the critical juncture when Bothwell's first audacious plot, for her abduction and the slaughter of her ministers, was denounced by Arran, was regarded by her as a singular coincidence. It is also related by the English ambassador, Randolph, in his letter to Cecil, as a remarkable fact.

Of the poor distracted Arran, Randolph is absurd enough to write, "If he had, since his coming into the court, behaved himself well, and so truly confirmed that with his mouth which he wrote with his pen unto the Queen,

[1] This was her Latin master, George Buchanan, whose literary services she rewarded with the munificent gift of the rich Abbey of Crosraguel, a portion of the thirds of the church lands, which were now placed at her disposal, that would have been more wisely bestowed if she had caused it to be devoted to the maintenance of some of the ill-paid Protestant ministers, who might then have risen up to call her blessed; but its misappropriation increased her unpopularity in that quarter, and failed to secure the gratitude of the man who fattened on her bounties in the sunshine of her prosperity, and then, for lucre of gain, became the most unscrupulous of her calumniators.

[2] The Oppian or Aurelian Law, which was enacted at a time of national danger and distress, in consequence of the patriotism of the Roman ladies, who, having subscribed all their ornaments to furnish funds for the defence of their country, voluntarily engaged that no lady should wear more than the value of an ounce of gold, in the decoration of her dress, when it was required for that noble purpose—the support of national freedom. When the exigency which required this feminine sacrifice no longer existed, the Roman ladies, being desirous of indulging their natural taste for magnificent dress and decoration, made such earnest efforts for the abrogation of the law that it was publicly debated and annulled by almost general consent, the Roman ladies having canvassed the voters so successfully that the only person ungallant enough to oppose their desire was Cato the Censor.

[3] The words, as quoted by Randolph, are, "*Hominem improbum non accusari tutius est, quam absolvi.*"—Randolph to Cecil, April 7, 1562—State Paper Office MS.

he had won unto himself great favour, where now he goeth out of credit with all men." Thus not only Mary, an inexperienced girl of nineteen, but a veteran statesman like Randolph, regarded the discrepancies in a lunatic's evidence as proceeding from wilful perversity. Arran remained for five days in the house of the Lord James, whose desire of supplanting the house of Hamilton in the royal succession rendered him not the most favourable witness either of the loyalty of the father or the sanity of the son. Arran now denied the implication of his father in the plot for Mary's abduction, but continued firm in his denunciation of Bothwell, as the deviser of that treason. He was by the Lord James's advice removed to the castle of St Andrews, where, after five or six days' imprisonment, he earnestly entreated to see the Queen. Mary ordered that he and Bothwell should be confronted in her presence before her Council. There Arran charged Bothwell to his face with his guilt, in reasonable and consistent language. Bothwell denied the charge vehemently, and required the combat, or to be tried by the Session—the one being the law of arms, the other the law of the country.[1] The Earl of Arran referred the choice to the pleasure of her Majesty, observing "that he was willing to accept either, and doubted not but God would give him as great a force to maintain the truth as unto the other to cover a most heinous treason." The behaviour of the Earl of Arran during the controversy made so favourable an impression on the Queen and her Council, that she graciously permitted him to return to the Lord James's house; but remanded Bothwell, of whose guilt many suspicious circumstances afforded strong confirmation, back to prison.[2] Great persuasions were used, while Arran was in the Lord James's house, to induce him to confirm his first declaration of his father's participation in the plot; but as he continued firm in his declaration, "that all he had written to the Queen inculpating the old Duke was the result of a foolish fantasy, without foundation, whereby he had offended God and his Sovereign,

[1] Randolph to Cecil, April 25, 1562—State Paper Office MS., hitherto inedited.

[2] Ibid.

and was ashamed of himself," he was sent again to the castle, till further deliberations could be had of the case.

The principal part of the nobles having been convened at St Andrews on the 19th of April, the Duke of Châtelherault, who feared the ruin of himself and his house was now determined by his foes, crossed the water, accompanied by a strong gathering of his kindred, and requesting an interview with the Queen, he threw himself at her feet, with the tears trickling down his cheeks, and put himself on her justice not to allow him to be condemned on the delirious accusation of his son.[1] Mary, if she had been of a vindictive temper, had now an opportunity of crushing a person who had been guilty of many overt acts of treason; who had allied himself with the insurgent preachers and Lords of the Congregation against both her mother and herself, conspired to overthrow her government in her absence, and endeavoured to marry his son to the Queen of England, for the purpose of depriving her of her realm, and had done all he could to excite persecution against her, on account of her religion, since her return to Scotland;—yet, when she saw his tears, her generous heart was moved with compassion for his distress. She gave him comfortable words, and promised him favour howsoever the matter were, and granted him an impartial hearing, with full liberty to defend himself in her presence before his peers. The Duke denied any knowledge of Bothwell's plot, and offered such proof of his son's insanity that the Queen declared "that she thought it not good to proceed rigorously against him on such an accusation." She contented herself with telling the Duke, "that, as a pledge of his loyalty and good intentions for the future, she expected him to deliver up her royal fortress of Dumbarton, which he had hitherto detained in despite of her reiterated demands; but as it was the place that had been named for her imprisonment, she could not rest satisfied unless it were delivered up to her authorities."[2] The Duke desired time to reflect on this demand, and this she granted.

[1] Randolph to Cecil, April 25, 1562—State Paper Office MS., hitherto inedited.

[2] Ibid.

Although many of those about the Queen would have persuaded her that the Duke ought to be proceeded against, or at any rate committed to ward till his innocence could be properly cleared up, she treated him as frankly as if no grounds of suspicion had ever existed, and, after the long harassing sitting of the Council was over, took him into her privy garden with the other nobles, to see her practise her favourite amusement of shooting at the butts. "I also," says Randolph, "was admitted to behold the pastime. The Duke, who it seems was afraid of surrendering the stronghold of Dumbarton without the permission of the English Sovereign, asked leave of Queen Mary to speak to Randolph, but offered, for preventing suspicion, to do so in presence of some of her Council. Mary graciously replied, "she believed that he would no evil to her," and allowed them to converse apart. The Duke availed himself of the liberty granted to bewail his hard case, and asked Randolph's advice about giving up Dumbarton. Randolph, who had previously heard from him that he had no right to detain it, as he was only a tenant at will, having no other lease than a verbal agreement with the late Queen-regent, counselled him not to stand out in his present circumstances against his Sovereign. The Duke, on this, signified his acquiescence with her Majesty's pleasure. Such is the true version of the restitution of Dumbarton, which has been so strangely misrepresented by Knox and Buchanan. Randolph bears the following remarkable testimony to the magnanimous manner in which Mary had ever conducted herself towards both father and son:—

"I never saw yet, since her Grace's arrival, but she sought more means to win the Duke of Châtelherault's good-will, and my Lord of Arran's, than ever they had will to acknowledge their duties as subjects unto their Sovereign. She knoweth herself in what place God hath appointed them, and that he is the revenger of all injustice." He also speaks of her difficult position, "as a woman lately returned into a country where never yet such obedience hath been rendered unto the Prince or Princess as is due unto them." Then, recurring to the Hamiltons, he notices,

"that it was not long since that she had endeavoured to conciliate Arran, by promising to grant him an income from the Crown during his father's life, whose niggardliness to his heir was proverbial; and that to the Duke she had remitted many things for which, in law and conscience, he was in danger both in body and goods."[1]

Mary was so far from acquitting either Bothwell or Kilwinning of the crime of which they had been accused, that she sent them to the castle of Edinburgh, there to be kept in close ward during her pleasure. They were conducted from St Andrews thither on the 4th of May, by a convoy of four-and-twenty horsemen, under the command of Stewart, the captain of her guard. The Earl of Arran was removed to Edinburgh at the same time, but in a very different manner, for the Diurnal of Occurrents certifies "that he was conveyed in the Queen's Grace's *cosche*, because of the frenasie foresaid." This fact is worthy of observation, not only as a trait of Mary's humanity in devoting her own coach for the accommodation of her unfortunate lunatic kinsman on the journey, but as affording a proof that such a vehicle was introduced by her into Scotland as early as 1562. It was probably the coach she had used when Queen of France, and had brought with her when she returned to Scotland.

Bothwell, aware that he was to be caged till his treasons could be brought home to him, was determined not to bide the result; for though the insanity of his accuser, the Earl of Arran, was now established beyond a doubt, and acknowledged with many expressions of sympathy by the Queen, her anger was no whit mollified, she having obtained from other sources such evidence that Bothwell had meditated the purpose imputed to him, that nothing could induce her to release him from durance.

After remaining in prison nearly three months, Bothwell effected his escape from the castle of Edinburgh, and fled to his stronghold, Hermitage Castle; but, not considering himself safe there, he finally took refuge in England.

[1] Randolph to Cecil, April 25, 1562—State Paper Office MS., hitherto inedited.

Any one who will take the pains of studying the documentary evidences of this curious portion of Mary's personal annals, will perceive that, so far from manifesting the slightest favour or tenderness for Bothwell, she treated him with the utmost rigour, and strained the power of the Crown even beyond the bounds of justice, in her endeavours to procure his conviction of the offence of which he had been accused.

The most curious circumstance connected with the whole affair is the warm interest which Knox, faithful to early feudal associations, took in the weal of Bothwell, to whom, by his own showing, he employed his friend, the discreet Sir John Maxwell of Terregles, to write, advising him "to behave himself as became a faithful subject, and to keep good quietness in the parts committed to his charge, and so would his crime of breaking ward be the more easily pardoned."[1] This fact is the more remarkable, because it confutes Knox's previous insinuation that the Queen was connivent at Bothwell's escape from prison,[2] by the intimation that she regarded it as a serious offence.

The Queen's return to Holyrood, in the early part of May 1562, was hastened by the arrival of a Swedish ambassador extraordinary from King Eric XIV., to renew the suit of that monarch for her hand. Randolph, in reporting the circumstance,[3] adds these quaint particulars, furnished by errant fame: "The saying is, that he is a Duke, or, at the least, kin unto the King. His name is not yet known, but one that married the King's mother.[4] He hath in his company not more than eighteen

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 351—Wodrow edition.

[2] Ibid, p. 347. The passage stands thus: "The Earl of Bothwell brake his ward, and came forth of the castle of Edinburgh, 28th of August. Some say that he brake the stancheon of the window, others whispered that he got easy passage at the gates. One thing is certain—to wit, the Queen was little offended at his escaping. There passed with him a servant of the Captain's, named James Porterfield." The Captain of Edinburgh Castle was John, Lord Erskine, brother to Lord James's mother; and James Porterfield, according to contemporary fame, was her first seducer. See Innocence de Marie Stuart in Jebb's Collections.

[3] Randolph to Cecil, April 25—State Paper Office MS., inedited.

[4] Or rather his stepmother, the widow of Gustavus Vasa, a young and beautiful Swedish lady of high rank, whose hand had originally been

persons. He is himself, as they say that have spoken with him, a man of a good age, long beard, turning to white. He hath yet sent no man hither to the Queen." This hymeneal commissioner rejoiced in the name of Peter Groif — pronounced in Scotland, Peter Gruff. He landed at Leith, where he was honourably received, and domiciled in that town, till the Queen came over the water from St Andrews. On the 9th of May she sent an honourable escort to wait on Peter Groif, and conduct him to the Court, and appointed him his residence in Mr Henry Lauder's mansion in Edinburgh.

A serious accident, which endangered Mary's life, and had well-nigh marred the beauty of her countenance, is thus described in a curious original letter from her brother, the Lord James, to his friend and correspondent the Lord Robert Dudley: "The Queen's Majesty my Sovereign, on the day before my arriving, through an unhappy adventure did fall off ane horse, by the quhilk her Grace was in *na* less than in *grit* daunger, and both her face and arm sore hurt, in sic sort as I am out of doubt your Lordship had been sorry to have seen her in sic case. When her Hieness had *resaivit* the Queen's Majesty's letter, with the declarations of my credit from her Hieness (Queen Elizabeth,) her Grace did receive more comfort; and, as it seemed to all the noblemen that was with her *Hienes*, the Queen's Majesty's letters servit her of better medicine for her arm and face than did all the rest of her *cirargirus*." *Chirurgeries*, or surgical treatment, is probably the word intended by the Lord James, whose orthography is not the most intelligible in the world. The assertion that Elizabeth's letters had produced such beneficial effects on poor Mary's bruised face and arm is amusing. His epistle was, of course, intended for the perusal of Queen Elizabeth; for he proceeds to say that Queen Mary "lamented nothing, but that she was not able to send so soon this present gentleman, the Lord of Lethington, as she would have done,

sought by Eric; but she avowed her preference of the glorious sire to the handsome worthless son.

by reason of the dolour of her fall, and the hurt she had received in her face, *quhilk* did *mair* displeasoure than all the rest, and made her so as her Grace (Mary) was not able to do nothing, but to keep her Highness (Mary) quiet till presently, that, lauding to God, her Highness is well amended, and faillit not, with all great diligence as was possible, to send the Lord Lethington towards the Queen's Majesty, for the advancement of the interview that hath been so long desirit of baith."[1] This racy letter is dated Edinburgh, May 23, and Lethington departed on his mission to the court of Queen Elizabeth on the 25th.

This accident is also mentioned by the French ambassador, Paul de Foix, in a letter to Catherine de Medicis, in these words: "From Scotland I hear that the Queen has fallen from her horse, and has bruised her face and arms." In the same letter he mentions the dangerous illness of the Earl of Arran, who was then closely confined, having lost his senses, and being grievously visited with sickness at the same time, and in danger of his life. Whether through the skill of her surgeons, or the miraculous agency, as asserted by the Lord James, of those sovereign salves for external injuries, Queen Elizabeth's letters, Mary was sufficiently recovered from the disfiguring effects of her fall to be in plight to give the Swedish envoy, Peter Groif, his *congé* on the 1st of June. His audience of Mary was brief; her answers courteous, but evasive—her parting presents to him and his secretary, queenly. He had the honour to banquet six of her Majesty's principal ladies before his departure. To the most influential of these (one of the Maries, of course) he intrusted a whole-length portrait of his handsome Sovereign, to be presented to the Queen: "the very whole body," observes Randolph emphatically, in reporting this circumstance to Cecil. "I think," he adds, "your honour have seen the like;"—an allusion to a duplicate of the same portrait of King Eric, previously sent to Queen Elizabeth, by that royal wife-

[1] From the inedited holograph letter, in the valuable collection of W. Fitch, Esq., of Norwich, by whose courteous permission a transcript was made for me, by the Rev. H. Symonds, Minor Canon of Norwich Cathedral.

seeker of the North. "Howsomever she (Mary) like it," continues Randolph, "the success will better declare than we are able to judge; but I am assured that it is placed in her Grace's secret cabinet, among the rest of things that she doth esteem, either for antiquity or novelty, or that she doth take pleasure in. This I dare write unto none but your honour's self; the matter is committed unto me in such great assurance of my silence."[1]

The suit of Eric was jealously regarded by Elizabeth, on account of his previous pretensions to herself, and also because the naval power of Sweden, united with Scotland, might have rendered Mary too formidable a neighbour. The negative Mary thought proper, after due consideration, to put on this apparently suitable offer, is recorded in these caustic terms by the ever hostile pen of Knox: "That summer came an ambassador from the King of Sweden, requiring marriage of our Sovereign to his master the King. His entertainment was honourable, but his petition liked our Queen nothing, for such a man was too base for her estate; for had she not been great Queen of France? Fie upon Sweden! What is it? But happy the man that of such a one was forsaken." The annals of Sweden will testify that Mary did wisely and well in refusing to connect her fate and the fortunes of her realm with the weak, dissolute tyrant, Eric. She had, doubtless, obtained more accurate information as to his characteristics than either Knox or de Foix, the French ambassador at Elizabeth's court, had the means of doing. De Foix, in a memorial to his own court, chiefly on Mary's matrimonial prospects, expresses both uneasiness and surprise at her refusal of Eric, "who is," he says, "a Prince virtuous and well born, having great wealth, and his realm not remote from Scotland. Her rejection of his suit renders it apparent that she aspires to something higher; and there does not appear in all Christendom to be a better match for her than him, unless it be the Prince of Spain."[2]

[1] Randolph to Cecil, June 3, 1562—State Paper Office MS., inedited.
[2] Pièces et Documens relatifs à l'Histoire d'Escosse, par M. Teulet, vol. ii. p. 29.

The possibility of such an alliance for Mary was no less alarming to France than to England, in consequence of the preponderance of power Spain would obtain in Europe by the acquisition of the realm of Scotland, together with the claims of its fair Sovereign on the succession of England—and, indeed, the means of contesting the possession of the same with Elizabeth. The request of Mary to be recognised as Elizabeth's heiress was by de Foix construed into a symptom of Mary's desire of the Spanish alliance. "It is probable," he writes to Catherine de Medicis, "that she thinks the succession of this realm of England will insure her marriage to the Prince of Spain, which is still carried on through the agency of the Duchess-dowager of Lorraine."[1] "This," he observes, "will be most dangerous to the King his master, Charles IX., even during the life of the Queen of England, as many of the English were at the devotion of the King of Spain." Great pains were therefore taken by de Foix to traverse Mary's desire of being acknowledged the heiress-presumptive of England. A careful study of his correspondence leads to the conviction that his intrigues had the effect of fomenting Elizabeth's jealousy of her royal kinswoman in every possible way.[2]

The desire of the King of Spain to unite his heir to the Queen of Scots was easily detected by de Foix, who says, in his letter of the 11th of July, that his opinion is confirmed by the circumstance of the Spanish ambassador endeavouring, by every means, to come to the speech of the Lord Lethington; for, the very first time Lethington visited him at the embassy house, the Spanish ambassador arrived immediately afterwards;—and when Lethington came to dine with him, the Spaniard came uninvited, but not early enough to succeed in catching Lethington, who was gone. De Foix also notices that, in several conversations the Spanish ambassador had with him of Portugal, he endeavoured to obtain information about the Queen of Scotland, and spoke of her with much affection.

The ostensible object of Lethington at the court of

[1] Ambassade of Paul de Foix, in the Archives of the Kingdom of France.

[2] Ibid.

Westminster was to arrange the manner and order of the long-projected meeting of the two Britannic Queens. A packet on this subject from Lethington, addressed to Queen Mary, having been forwarded to Randolph at Edinburgh from London, on Sunday the 16th. of June, after dinner he crossed the water to Dunfermline, where her Majesty was then, passing a few days at that ancient abode of Scottish royalty, and presented it to her at her rising from table after supper. "In the same packet unto her Grace," writes he, "there was also a letter unto her from the Queen's Majesty, which first she did read and after put it into her bosom, next unto her *schyve*."[1] His Excellency evidently means to express, by this queerly spelt word, a polite synonyme for the homely Saxon substantive then familiarly used in the Elizabethan court for a lady's undergarment, but which Mary, in consequence of her French education, would undoubtedly have called by its present refined name, a chemise—not from affectation, but early custom. Mary entered into a long private conversation with Randolph on the subject of their proposed interview, and asked him in confidence to tell her frankly whether it were ever likely to take effect. "Above anything," said she, "I desire to see my good sister; and next, that we may live like good sisters together, as your mistress hath written unto me that we shall. I have here," continued she, "a ring with a diamond fashioned like a heart: I know nothing that can resemble my good-will unto my good sister better than that. My meaning shall be expressed by writing in a few verses, which you shall see before you depart; and whatsomever lacketh therein, let it be reported by your writing. I will witness the same with my own hand, and call God to record that I speak as I think with my heart, that I do as much rejoice of that continuance of friendship that I trust shall be between the Queen my sister and me, and the people of both realms, as ever I did in anything in my life."[2] "With these words," continues Randolph, "she taketh out of her bosom the Queen's Majesty's letter, and after that she had read a line or two thereof, putteth it

[1] Randolph to Cecil, June 17—State Paper Office MS. [2] Ibid.

again in the same place, and saith, 'If I could put it nearer my heart I would.'".

Mary had good reason for her extreme desire to meet her nearest relative; for if she had been successful in establishing some degree of personal interest in Elizabeth's heart, it would have been no little protection to her, surrounded as she was by treacherous counsellors and open enemies. Her natural anxiety for this result was played upon by Elizabeth from day to day; but no real intention was entertained by the latter of allowing a rival so infinitely surpassing herself in youth, beauty, and feminine grace of manners, ever to appear in the same orbit. She continued, however, to amuse Mary with deceitful professions of her wish to see her, and a regular programme for the meeting was drawn up, by which it was arranged that Mary was to be received at Berwick by the Earls of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Arundel, by whom all her travelling expenses were to be paid from the time she crossed the English border. On her approach to York she was to be met by the Duke of Norfolk, and conducted by him to his royal mistress, who proposed to receive her on the 6th of August at Southwell—a house of the Archbishop of York; from whence they were to proceed in company to Nottingham, and to pass a month in all princely pleasures and devices together. Lethington, on his return to his royal mistress, submitted this arrangement to her with a friendly letter from Elizabeth, and her portrait. Mary expressed the greatest delight, and commenced preparations for her journey forthwith, by addressing her letters to her nobles to convene at Edinburgh, in readiness to attend her. It was specified in Mary's summonses, for the attendance of her nobles, "that, to save charges, nothing but black cloth or velvet was to be worn, her Majesty not having yet thrown off her widow's mourning." Meantime, Mary sent for Randolph, and expressed her great satisfaction at the anticipated meeting; and showing him the picture she had just received of his Sovereign, asked "whether that were like her lively (lifelike) face?" "I trust your Grace shall shortly be the judge thereof,"

replied Randolph, "and find much more perfection than could be set forth by the art of man." Mary rejoined, "that the greatest desire she had ever cherished was to see her good sister; and she trusted that, after they had met and spoken together, the greatest grief that would ever occur between them would be the pain of parting."[1] A few days later, Elizabeth sent Sir Henry Sidney to express her regrets that their meeting could not take place that year, as, in consequence of the attitude assumed by the Catholic Princes of France, Spain, and Italy, against the cause of the Reformation, it was necessary for her to remain in London or its vicinity. Mary was deeply disappointed, and expressed the most passionate regret. Sidney affirms, "that she listened to his Sovereign's excuses with tears in her eyes." However, she graciously assented to Elizabeth's offer of postponing her visit to England till the following summer.[2]

One day, while Queen Mary was conversing with Sir Henry Sidney in her garden at Holyrood House, Captain Heiborne (or Hepburn) approached, and delivered a packet to her, which she handed to her favourite minister, the Lord James. He appeared at first to regard it as a thing of no consequence; but after a while, opening it, drew forth an obscene drawing, with a copy of ribald verses, both of which he had so little regard to decency as to show to her Majesty, in the presence of the English ambassador. The insult was probably contrived for that very purpose, although the suspicion and wrath of the Queen fell on Hepburn—about as reasonably as if a postman were to be held accountable for the contents of the letters consigned to him for delivery. Hepburn fled, to avoid the evil consequences of having been the bearer of the said offensive missive. He was so fortunate as to escape the peril of being interrogated with thumb-screw or boot by the Council, according to the laws of the period, to discover the person from whom he received the packet, and the mystery was never unfolded. Mary's feminine pride

[1] Randolph to Cecil—State Paper MS., inedited.
[2] Sidney to Cecil, July 25, 1562—State Paper Office MS.

and delicacy received so great a shock from the circumstance, and the mortification caused by its coarse exposure to the English ambassador—who might, she feared, draw conclusions derogatory to her honour—that she fretted herself sick with vexation and grief; a fact which proves that Mary, instead of being careless of her reputation, was peculiarly sensitive on that point, cherishing, like every modest woman, that nice sense of honour which taught her to shrink from the imputation of a stain, as from a wound. The felon archers who laid this fair quarry in the dust with the poisoned shafts of calumny, knew well that death would have been far more tolerable to her than defamation.

Just at the momentous period when the proceedings of the Council of Trent animated the Reformed Churches with more than ordinary zeal, a legate arrived in Scotland, charged with a message from the Pope to the Queen, urging her to steadfastness in her religion, and inviting her to accredit some one as her representative to the General Council. Mary was much embarrassed by a visitor whom she dared not openly receive. She confided her difficulty to her complaisant Secretary of State, Lethington, who undertook to introduce him into her closet while the Protestant nobles were attending a sermon. Either from accidental causes, or a secret understanding between Lethington and the preacher, an unusually scanty portion of spiritual comfort was dispensed to the Congregation that day. The Lord James returned to Holyrood, in company with the English ambassador, long before it was calculated the sermon would be over, and, entering the antechamber unexpectedly, was proceeding to introduce Randolph into the Queen's cabinet, where, but for the promptitude of one of the Maries, who acted as a female sentinel on the occasion, and pushed the Papal envoy out through a private postern under the tapestry, he would have been detected in his clandestine dealings with royalty, and arrested in her very presence.[1] His exit was not so hastily accomplished, but that Randolph, the most inquisitive of spies, caught sight of a suspicious-looking stranger in conference

[1] Randolph to Cecil, ibid. Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. vi.

with Mary. Lethington either could not, or did not, deny the fact of his royal mistress's interview with this contraband personage; and, but for the all-powerful interposition of the Lord James for his preservation, the papal envoy might have fared badly.

The conduct of the Lord James on the above occasion laid the Queen under no slight obligation, and materially increased his influence with her. Great jealousy was indeed excited by the favour she lavished upon him, and her pliability to his wishes; for at this juncture she appeared to have no will of her own, except in the matter of the personal practice of her religion, in which he indulged and protected her, and, in return, obtained everything he chose to demand at her hands—more, in some instances, than she ventured to acknowledge to the other members of her Council.[1] As an instance of her weakness in his favour, it is necessary to mention that she had, in the commencement of the year 1562, gratified him with a secret grant, under her privy seal, of the Earldom of Moray,[2] for which he had been a suitor ever since her marriage with Francis II. This much-coveted peerage and its rich demesnes had been granted, on the death of the last earl, an illegitimate son of James IV., to the Earl of Huntley; but that nobleman had been forced, as we have previously explained, to resign it in a somewhat irregular manner, by the late Queen-regent. During the civil war, and the anarchy which prevailed after her death, Huntley had quietly taken possession of the estates and castles pertaining to the said Earldom again; and trusted that his good and loyal services to Mary would induce her to restore the title to him, as the rightful claimant. She might possibly have done so, had it not been for the incessant importunity of her greedy premier, who, not content with the rich Priory of St Andrews, Pittenweem, and other church spoils, and the estates of which he had defrauded his forsaken spouse, the orphan Countess of Buchan,[3] continued, like the daughters of the horse-leech, to cry "Give, give!" And Mary, carelessly

[1] Tytler's Hist. of Scotland. [2] Privy Seal Registers, xxxi. 45–6.
[3] Chalmers' Life of the Regent Moray.

profuse in her generosity, did give not only such things as were in her gift, but many that were not lawfully hers. The earldom of Mar, for instance, which she had bestowed upon him at his marriage with Agnes Keith, was, properly speaking, the right of his uncle, John, Lord Erskine, to whom, when he had obtained a large equivalent, the Lord James subsequently resigned it—with the exception of two of the largest estates, which he refused to relinquish. The title of Moray he did not think proper to assume till he could obtain the lands; but as these were in the occupancy of the Earl of Huntley, it became necessary to kill before he could take possession. Huntley, though the head of the Roman Catholic party in Scotland, had been treated with great coolness by the Queen, who feared his ill-judged zeal would embroil her with the Reformers. Moreover, he had seriously displeased her, by complaining to her uncles of her slackness in the cause of her religion; and finding himself very much at discount in her court, he had withdrawn into Aberdeenshire, where his great strength lay. Two of his sons were married to daughters of the Duke of Châtelherault, and the accusation of treason recently brought against that nobleman operated in some measure to colour the charges of disaffection which the inimical premier was ever and anon whispering in his young Sovereign's ear against Huntley. Unfortunately for Huntley, but very opportunely for the Earl of Moray elect, it happened that while the Queen was at Stirling on Saturday, June 28, 1562, a brawl occurred in the streets of Edinburgh, at nine or ten at night, between Sir John Gordon of Finlater, Huntley's third son, and Lord Ochiltree,[1] in which the latter was dangerously wounded. The strife was on the score of an inheritance claimed by the Ogilvie family, which had been bequeathed by the last possessor, Alexander Ogilvie of Ogilvie, to Sir John Gordon in 1547, to the exclusion of James Ogilvie of Cardell, the natural heir. A lawsuit of long standing between the parties was on the eve of decision, when, the opponents encountering on the causeway, thought proper to argue the point with dirk and rapier—a

[1] The friend, and subsequently father-in-law, of John Knox.

method of prefacing trials on matters of property very common in those days. Sir John Gordon was considered the aggressor in this affair; and even if he had not been, he would probably have been treated as such, as he was not only a member of a proscribed church, but the son of a house which, subsequent events prove, was devoted to destruction by the ruling power in the realm.

Various of the romantic biographers of Mary Stuart have represented Sir John Gordon, who was accounted the handsomest man in Scotland, as the lover of his fair Sovereign, and pretend that she was not indifferent to him; so that he entertained an idea that, if he could succeed in carrying her off to one of his strongholds, he could prevail on her to become his wife. But there is not a shadow of foundation for this assertion. Sir John Gordon was a married man; and Mary, so far from manifesting the slightest degree of affection for him, treated him uniformly with harshness, foreign to the natural tenderness and clemency of her character, which sufficiently indicates how greatly her mind had been prejudiced against him. Indeed, Sir James Ogilvie of Cardell, his opponent in the Chancery suit, was Master of her Household, and enjoyed every facility of telling his own story to his Sovereign.

The bellicose parties were taken into custody by the Edinburgh magistrates, and held in restraint till the Queen's pleasure could be ascertained. Richard Troupe, the macer, was sent express to Stirling, to acquaint her with what had occurred, and returned with her letter, approving the conduct of her Provost and Bailies in apprehending the troublers of the good town, and desired that they might be safely kept till her brother Mar—for so she graciously entitled her aspiring premier—could take order in the matter. When this righteous Daniel entered the judgment-seat, he discharged the Ogilvies, but committed Sir John Gordon to the Tolbooth, where he was subjected to the same treatment as the vilest of criminals. At the end of a month, Sir John Gordon, finding his lodgings intolerable, contrived to effect his escape, and took refuge with his father in Aberdeenshire. This misdemeanour afforded a convenient handle for effect-

ing the long-desired ruin of the house of Gordon.[1] The young Queen, disappointed of her English visit, was easily persuaded by her premier, and his coadjutor Lethington, to undertake a progress into the northern portion of her realm, to hold a Justice Court at Aberdeen and other principal towns, for punishment of disorders; but the principal object of her journey was to put her fraternal favourite in possession of the demesnes pertaining to the earldom of Moray. These, as before noticed, had been quietly resumed by the Earl of Huntley, and it was scarcely to be expected that he would resign them without a struggle.

The only excuse for Mary's conduct in this business, which forms the great blot of her reign, is, that she was an inexperienced girl of nineteen, acting according to the advice of her self-interested prime-minister, in whose hands she was at that period a facile and unreflective puppet.

[1] Keith. Chalmers' Lives of the Gordons.

MARY STUART

CHAPTER XI.

SUMMARY

Mary leaves Edinburgh with her ladies, as if for a hunting progress—She arrives at Aberdeen—Refuses Huntley's hospitality at Strathbogie—Sleeps at Balquhain Castle—Arrives at Tarnaway—Arbitrarily inducts Lord James there as Earl of Moray—He conducts the Queen to Inverness—She is refused admittance by Captain Gordon—Orders him to be executed—Her resentment at the supposed designs of Sir John Gordon—She returns to Aberdeen—Presents to her there—Prejudiced against the Gordons—Repulses the Countess of Huntley—Defeat and death of Huntley at Corrichie—Ruin of the Gordons—Mary's misgivings—She is compelled to witness the execution of Sir John Gordon—Weeps and faints—Distressed at the final ruin of the Gordons—Patronises the French poet, Chastellar—Her homeward progress—Arrives at Edinburgh—Influenza in the court of Holyrood—Her love of dancing misrepresented to Knox—Knox's sermon against her—She expostulates with him thereupon—She asks him to become her monitor in private—His rude rejoinder—Dialogue of the Queen and Knox—Queen's musicians scared from her Chapel at Holyrood—David Riccio officiates in the choir—Moray's illegal warrant for the execution of the heir of Huntley—Mary's consternation at the news—Queen assaulted by Chastellar—Pardons his first offence—He repeats his audacity—Mary orders his trial, and permits his execution—Unfounded scandals of her enemies—Melville's testimony in her favour—Arrival of Roullet, her secretary, from France—News of the deaths of her uncles—Renewal of her intercourse with France.

MARY and her ladies left Edinburgh on horseback, August 11th, accompanied by the Lord James, and a numerous train of his friends and partisans, her officers of state, and Randolph, the English ambassador, who was invited to accompany the progress, which at first only assumed the sprightly appearance of a hunting and hawking tour. Sir James Ogilvie, one of the parties in the late conflict in Edinburgh, having resumed his place at Court, accompanied

her Majesty also, and kept a diary of the journey, in which all her resting-places are recorded. Mary dined at Calder the first day, and slept at Linlithgow. On the morrow she honoured Lord Livingstone, the brother of one of her Maries, with a visit at Callander House, and arrived at Stirling the same evening. She tarried at that royal abode till the 18th, and reached Old Aberdeen on the 27th, beguiling the fatigue of the journey through bad weather and miserable roads by hunting, to which pastime Mary, like all her race, was passionately addicted. At Old Aberdeen her Majesty was well received, and there she was dutifully met and welcomed by the Earl and Countess of Huntley. The Countess availed herself of this opportunity to cast herself at the Queen's feet, and entreat grace for her rebellious son. Mary assured her that no favour could be granted, unless he would appear to his summons in the Justice Court of Aberdeen on the 31st, and surrender himself into ward at Stirling Castle. Lady Huntley engaged that he should do all that her Majesty required. Sir John actually appeared in answer to his summons, and, having gone through the usual forms of submission, agreed to enter himself a prisoner at Stirling Castle; but on his way thither his mind misgave him that foul play was intended, since the Castellan of Stirling was the Lord James's uncle, Lord Erskine, (the secularised Prior of Inchmahome;) and instead of surrendering himself he fled to one of his strongholds in Aberdeenshire, and got a company of his vassals together for his defence. Meantime his parents wooed the Queen to be their guest at Huntley Castle; but, strange suspicions having been infused into her mind, she refused to honour them with her presence. "The Queen," notes Randolph, "will not grant that she will go into his house, though it be within three miles of her way, and the fairest in the country. That purpose of hers I know will be broken, for so her Council findeth it expedient. Her journey is cumbersome, painful, and marvellous long; the weather extreme foul and cold, and all victuals marvellous dear, and the corn never like to come to ripeness."[1] Mary, having outridden her train in this wild

[1] State Paper Office MS.

cheerless country, found it necessary to rest at Old Aberdeen till they could rejoin her. She refused to enter either Huntley Castle or the stately halls of Strathbogie, where magnificent preparations had been made for her reception by its unfortunate lord, and preferred accepting the hospitality of the Sheriff of the county, Sir William Leslie.[1] After passing through a desolate track of moor and moss, wearisome to man and horse, much more so to Court ladies, she arrived on the 9th of September at the rugged castle of Balquhain, at the foot of the dark mountain of Bennochie, where she slept that night. Huntley, who was the friend of Sir William Leslie, would fain, as the family records of that ancient historic house bear witness, have persuaded him to embrace that opportunity of ridding them of their common foe, the Lord James, and his subtle colleague, Lethington, by slaying them; but nothing could induce the stout Sheriff to allow injury to be done to guests who slept under the shadow of his roof, inimical as they were to the proscribed faith, of which he continued to be an undaunted professor.[2] The next morning Mary is stated, by the same authority, to have attended mass at the chapel of Garioch, for Romanism continued to be the popular mode of faith in the northern districts of her dominions.

At Rothiemay she was again met by the Earl and Countess of Huntley, who continued to implore her to visit them at Strathbogie. But Mary, deaf to all their entreaties, crossed the swollen waters of the Spey, and passed on to Elgin, and on the 10th of September arrived at Tarnaway,[3]

[1] Sir William Leslie, in his capacity of sheriff, had protected the cathedral of Aberdeen in 1560 from destruction, against the fury of the mob, instigated by the Lords of the Congregation. For this service, Bishop Gordon, a brother of the Earl of Huntley's, presented him with the barony and mansion of Fetternear, at that time the Bishop's country palace or summer residence, and which has become the family seat. Since the ancient castle of Balquhain fell into decay, the twenty-sixth Baron, Colonel Leslie, K.H., now resides at Fetternear, and is performing good service to his country, by converting miles of desolate moor and moss, which never grew corn since the Deluge, into fertile arable lands, furnishing employment to the industrious and food for the destitute.

[2] From documents in the Charter Chest of Colonel Leslie, twenty-sixth Baron of Balquhain.

[3] Chalmers—Keith—Randolph's Despatches.

the principal mansion of the earldom of Moray. Here she sat in council, to authorise a summons to Sir John Gordon to surrender his castles of Finlater and Auchindown into her hands, under penalty of treason. Here, too, her brother, the Lord James, the secularised Prior of St Andrews, for the first time produced his patent under her privy seal for the earldom of Moray, and took his place by that style and title;[1]—having thus cleverly brought his Sovereign two hundred and fifty miles through moss and moor personally, to induct him into that demesne, and cover his illegal proceedings with the cloak of her authority. This was only the opening of the game. The next day, September 11th, the new Earl of Moray conducted the Queen to Inverness, where she and her train arrived in the evening: she immediately presented herself before the Castle gates, and demanded it to be surrendered. A demur arose, although it was a royal fortress. Lord Gordon, the heir of Huntley, was the hereditary keeper, as well as Sheriff of Inverness; and his deputy, Captain Alexander Gordon, acknowledging no authority but that of his chief, resolutely refused to admit even the Sovereign without his orders. Mary, being thus repulsed, was compelled to lodge in the town. "The next day the country assembled to the assistance of the Queen; and the Gordons not finding themselves so well served, and never amounting to above five hundred men, sent word to the garrison, only twelve or thirteen able men, to surrender the Castle, which they did. The captain was instantly hanged, and his head set on the Castle. Some others were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and the rest received mercy. In all these garboils," continues our authority, Randolph, "I never saw the Queen merrier—never dismayed; nor never thought I that stomach to be in her that I find. She repented nothing but (when the Lords and others at Inverness came in the morning from the watch) that she was not a man, to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway with a jack and knapsack, a Glasgow buckler, and a broadsword."[2]

[1] Chalmers—Keith—Randolph's Despatches. [2] Ibid.

Mary quitted Inverness on the 15th of September, and reached Spynie Castle, the palace of the Bishop of Moray, on the 17th. Here she remained till the 19th, having the whole force of the country and two thousand Highlanders to escort her. As she approached Fochabers, intending to repass the Spey at that ford, "divers reports," says Randolph, "were brought to her. Some told her she would be attacked as she passed the river; others, that she would be assailed from the woods which skirted the road within a short distance of the river; and it was reported that a thousand men were the night before ambushed in that wood,—but not one was found, when proper persons were sent to discover them. Of this the Queen was assured before she approached the Spey, so that she rode forward without fear, neither she nor her company being in the least discouraged; though," continues Randolph,[1] "we neither thought nor looked for other than on that day to have fought, or never. What desperate blows would not have been given," exclaims our gallant diplomatist, "when every man should have fought in the sight of so noble a Queen and so many fair ladies, our enemies striving to have taken them from us, and we, to save our honours, not to be bereft of them!"[2] It is, however, easy, even for ladies, to be valiant where no actual danger exists; and Mary rode through the heart of the Gordon country without encountering a single foe. All the hostility was on her side. On her way to the mansion of the Laird of Banff, she paused before Finlater House, one of Sir John Gordon's castles, which she summoned by sound of trumpet, and was refused admittance. Having no cannon, she could not force the contumacious castellan to surrender, and be hanged, like him at Inverness. Mary having been deluded by her artful ministers into the notion that Huntley meant to force her into a marriage with one of his sons, and that bonny Sir John Gordon, though a married man, was intended for her husband, and to be made King-matrimonial of Scotland, whether she would or not, was, like any other high-

[1] Randolph to Cecil—State Paper Office MS.

[2] Ibid.

spirited girl not past the age of romance, wonderfully irate against the presumptuous traitors who cherished such daring designs against her person and regal authority. Surrounded as she was by Moray's creatures, and the sworn foes of Huntley and Sir John Gordon, the Ogilvies, she had no means of detecting the falsehoods with which her credulity was abused. Thus she continued to play out the part assigned to her in crushing the manly protector of her infancy, whose power was, in truth, the great barrier against the ambitious designs of her fraternal rival.

The Queen arrived at Old Aberdeen safely, on the 22d of September, and made her public entry into the new town on the morrow. Here she was honourably received with pageantry, plays, and addresses.[1] The civic authorities presented her with a cup of silver, double gilt, with five hundred crowns in it. Wine, coals, and wax were sent, as much as would serve her during her sojourn, though she talked of tarrying forty days, to put the country in quietness. She had now provided herself with artillery and harquebusiers, to be used, if necessary, in reducing the castles belonging to the Earl of Huntley and his sons. There was no need of using them. The unfortunate Earl, willing to escape the pains and penalties which threatened him, sent the keys of the houses of Finlater and Deskford, which she had summoned, and ordered them to be laid at her feet, with the most dutiful message; but these, in pursuance of the advice of her minister, she refused to accept, saying "she meant to reduce those castles by other means." She even imprisoned the gentlemen who brought the keys.[2] She sent a haughty command to Huntley to deliver up one of her cannons, which had been many years in his possession, within eight-and-forty hours, at a place four miles from his castle. Huntley did as he was commanded, and besought the Queen's messenger, Captain Hay, to assure her Majesty, "that not only the cannon, which was her own, but his goods, and even his body, were at her disposal." His

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Sept. 24, 1562—State Paper Office MS.
[2] Chalmers' Life of Mary.

Countess, with heavy looks, led Captain Hay into the chapel, where, placing herself by the altar, she said, "Good friend, you see here the envy that is borne unto my husband. Would he have forsaken God and his religion, as those that are now about the Queen's Grace, and have the whole guiding of her, have done, he had never been put at as he now is. God, and he that is upon this holy altar, whom I believe in, will, I am sure, preserve and let our true-meaning hearts be known; and, as I have said unto you, so, I pray you, let it be said unto your mistress, my husband was ever obedient unto her, and so will die her faithful subject." This message was repeated to the Queen in presence of her Council, and more fully in secret to herself, to the intent her heart might have been moved to pity. But Mary's mind had been so poisoned against this unhappy family, that she gave no credit to these protestations, and so she declared to her Council; "whereat," writes Randolph to his colleague, "there hath since been good pastime."[1] Ay! fiendlike sport to those who were using her as their blind instrument for the consummation of the dark tragedy in which her clandestine grant of the earldom of Moray to her greedy premier was the first act. It now progressed rapidly.

The Queen sent Captain Stuart with six score soldiers to invest Finlater Castle, of which Sir John Gordon, who had been at hide-and-seek among the fastnesses of his native county, hearing, came by night with a company of his faithful followers and surprised them, slew some, disarmed the rest, and captured their leader.[2] Due advantage was made, by those about the Queen, of this exploit. She sent to summon Strathbogie, and arrest the Earl of Huntley. The Earl, perceiving the approach of the assailants, fled to a safe retreat. His wife threw open the doors, and invited all who came in the Queen's name to enter, and partake of her good cheer. They ate and drank, and searched the house, but found neither treasonable papers nor warlike preparations. Huntley was summoned to appear, with his son John, before

[1] Randolph to Cecil—State Paper Office MS. [2] Knox, vol. ii. p. 354.

the Queen and her Council at Aberdeen. Failing to appear, both were proclaimed rebels and traitors at the Market Cross, with three blasts of her Majesty's horn, according to the usual formula of such denunciations in Scotland. Huntley, though he deemed it inexpedient to trust himself to the mercy of such unscrupulous enemies as those by whom the Queen was guided, sent his faithful wife to offer his submission to her Majesty, and to explain how greatly she had been deluded. Mary refused to see her. Huntley then offered, by a special messenger, to surrender himself to be tried by his peers in Parliament, not by a picked convention of his foes. His proposal was rejected. Driven to desperation, he was at last goaded into the fatal resolution of marching in hostile array against his Sovereign, at the head of five hundred hastily-raised men, chiefly his own tenants and servants, with intent, as was asserted, to surprise her at Aberdeen. About twelve miles from that town he was intercepted by her lieutenant, the Earl of Moray, who had two thousand men under his command, well armed. Huntley and his handful of followers posted themselves on the hill of Fair, a position apparently impregnable; but the galling fire of Moray's harquebusiers drove them from it into the narrow morass below, through which flows the burn or rivulet of Corrichie, where, being deserted by most of his men, and surrounded by his foes, he and his two sons, Sir John and young Adam, were compelled to surrender.[1] The Earl, immediately he was taken, being placed on horseback before his captor, died without a word.[2] This sudden death might possibly be caused by collapse of the heart, or sudden stroke of apoplexy, from excessive excitement and distress of mind. Buchanan, however, pretends "that, being excessively corpulent, he was choked in the crowd." The kindred historians of the house of Gordon declare that he was strangled by Moray's orders. His body was carried on a rude bier, formed of creels, or fish panniers, to Aberdeen, and deposited in the Tolbooth, where his daughter, Lady Forbes, seeing it lie on the cold stones, clad in *cammoise* doublet, and grey

[1] Chalmers. [2] Randolph to Cecil—State Paper MS.

Highland hose,[1] reverently covered it with a piece of arras, saying, as she did so, "What stability is there in human things! Here lieth he who, yesterday, was esteemed the richest, the wisest, and the greatest man in Scotland."

Moray, whose title to his new earldom was thus secured, "sent a message to the Queen, informing her of the marvellous victory," namely, having with two thousand well-armed men defeated five hundred, "and humbly prayed her to show that obedience to God as publicly to convene with them, to give thanks unto God for His notable deliverance. She *glowmed*," continues our authority, "both at the messenger and the request, and scarcely would give a good word or a blithe countenance to any that she knew to be earnest favourers of the Earl of Moray."[2] It is easy to believe that Mary's heart smote her, when too late, for having rejected the submissions of her unfortunate Chancellor and her refusal to see his wife, and that she regretted having dealt with him so ungraciously as to provoke him into a show of disloyalty foreign to his nature, followed by such dire results. No wonder she was sad. "For many days she bare no better countenance," observes Knox, "whereby it might have been evidently espied that she rejoiced not greatly at the success of that matter."

When Sir John Gordon was paraded through Aberdeen, bound with ropes like a common felon, and Moray led the Queen to the window to see him pass, her tears were seen to fall.[3] This demonstration of womanly compassion rendered

[1] Knox gravely affirms "that this was done that the response which his wife's witches had given might be fulfilled, who all affirmed (as the most part say) that that same night should he lie in the Tolbooth of Aberdeen, without any wound upon his body. When his lady got knowledge thereof," continues our author, "she blamed her principal witch, called Janet; but she stoutly defended herself, as the devil can do, and affirmed 'that she gave a true answer, albeit she spake not all the truth, for she knew that he should be dead; but that could not profit my lady.' She was angry and sorry for a season; but the devil, the mass, and witches, have as great credit of her this day as they had seven years ago."—Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 357–8. A marginal note certifies "that this passage was penned 12th of June 1566," apparently for the two-fold purpose of branding the hapless widow with the crime of witchcraft, then punishable with death, and establishing the doctrine of fatalism in its most objectionable point—the verification of a sorceress's predictions.

[2] Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland.

[3] Gordon's History of the Family of Gordon.

it necessary to persuade her that designs of the most atrocious nature had been meditated against her, both by Sir John and his unfortunate father. Letters were produced, found, as asserted by Moray, in the pockets of the dead man, from the Earl of Sutherland—who was a Gordon also, and marked for ruin—containing evidences of a treasonable correspondence against the Queen.[1] Sir John, she was assured, had confessed, "that if his father had reached Aberdeen, he intended to have burned the castle, with her and all her company in it." Randolph thus comments on this monstrous tale: "So cruel an act, I believe, never man heard of. At Old Aberdeen, where his first purpose was to have slain my Lord of Lethington in the night, I was his bedfellow, and for the most part of the day in his company, and of all other times of danger where the Queen was; so that, if the house had been set on fire, it had been hot for me being there. The Lord Gordon is made guilty in most part of these matters, whom the Duke his father-in-law, by commandment of the Queen, apprehended, and keepeth at Kinneil."[2] The ruin of the noble Gordons, root and branch, was meditated. In another letter, Randolph informs Cecil "that the Queen beginneth to show how much she was bound to God, who had given her enemy into her hands. She declared many a shameful and detestable part that he thought to have used against her, as to have married her whether she would or not; to have slain her brother Moray, and whom other that he liked; the places, the times, where that should have been done—and how easy a matter it was, if God had not preserved her."[3] Thomas Keir, one of the confidential servants of Huntley, also confessed, that it was the intention of his late Lord to have murdered the Earl of Moray, and others of the Queen's councillors, at Strathbogie, and to have kept her at his own disposal.[4] These tales were devised to convince Mary of the expediency of consenting to the death of the unhappy man for whom she had betrayed symptoms of compassion.

Sir John Gordon was arraigned before the Justice Court

[1] Chalmers, Tytler.
[2] Randolph to Cecil, November 18.
[3] Ibid, November 2, 1562.
[4] Knox's History of the Reformation.

at Aberdeen, November 2, found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to lose his head. He was instantly hurried away to execution. His youth and beauty, nay, even the accusation, unfounded as it was, that love for his bonny liege lady had betrayed him into a desperate plot for her abduction, interested the sympathies of the people so much in his behalf, that Moray insisted on the Queen countenancing the execution by her presence. How inconsistent such an action was with the feminine tenderness of Mary's disposition, and her previous conduct, may be inferred from the testimony of Brantôme, who emphatically observes, "Never in France could she endure cruelty; never had she the heart to see poor criminals fall under the sword of justice, as I have seen many great ones do." In regard to the execution of the unfortunate Sir John Gordon, Mary seems to have had no choice, being herself a powerless toy in the hands of her victorious brother and his army. The scaffold was, by Moray's order and direction, erected in front of the house where she was lodged; and she was placed in a chair of state at an open window. Gordon, understanding she was present, turned him about, knelt, and looked steadfastly upon her. Mary, greatly moved by this mute appeal, burst into a flood of tears, and wept and sobbed with hysterical emotion; yet was she powerless to save the victim who excited her fruitless compassion, for Moray stood by her side, and the work of death commenced. The executioner, either unskilled in his cruel business, or unnerved by the Queen's emotion, struck an erring blow, which wounded and covered the unfortunate Gordon with blood, without dealing him the *coup de grâce*. The indignant spectators groaned aloud; Mary uttered a piercing cry, and swooned; and, while she was borne in a state of insensibility from the window, and laid on her bed, the revolting butchery was accomplished.[1]

Tradition, and her handmaid poetry, have woven the fate of the Gordons into a pathetic national ballad, from which the following verses are selected, as affording a touching illustration of the distressing situation in which

[1] Lives of the Gordons.

Queen Mary was placed, by being compelled to witness the execution of the unfortunate young nobleman, who is erroneously supposed to have been a favoured lover, and the eldest son of Huntley. It is certain, however, that her tears flowed from womanly compassion alone, and likewise that "bonny Sir John" was not Lord Gordon.

THE BATTLE OF CORRICHIE.

BY JOHN FORBES.

"Mourn ye Highlands, and mourn ye Lowlands,
I trow ye have mickle need,
For the bonnie burn of Corrichie
Has run this day with bleid.

. . . . . .

This bluidy fight was fiercely fought,
October's eight-and-twenty day,
Christ's fifteen hundred threescore year
And two will mark the deadly fray.

But now the day most waefu' came,
That day our Queen did greet her fill,
For Huntley's gallant stalwart son
Was headed on the heading hill.

Five noble Gordons hangit were
Upon the samen fatal plain;
Cruel Murray gart the Queen look out,
And see her lover and lieges slain.

I wish our Queen had better friends,
I wish our country better peace,
I wish our lords would na discord,
I wish our wars at home may cease."

Sir John Gordon's young brother Adam, a youth barely seventeen, had been doomed to die with him, but Mary positively forbade so barbarous a sentence to be executed.[1] He lived to evince his gratitude to his royal mistress for the grace she accorded to him, by many a gallant enterprise for her sake in the days of her adversity. Six gentlemen of the name of Gordon were hanged at Aberdeen the same day the goodly form of Sir John Gordon was mangled by the headsman's axe. The corpse of

[1] Keith. Chalmers.

the Earl of Huntley was embalmed, coffined, and sent by sea to Edinburgh, not for interment, but to be produced at the meeting of Parliament, to undergo the ceremonial of an indictment for high treason; for, as he had departed this life unattainted, it was necessary that his remains should undergo that ceremonial, before the residue of his spoils could be parcelled out among the greedy vultures of Mary's court and cabinet. The high and responsible office of Lord Chancellor of Scotland, having been rendered vacant by the death of the unfortunate Earl of Huntley, was by the infatuated Sovereign bestowed, in evil hour for herself, on Moray's able confederate, the Earl of Morton, who subsequently became one of the principal instruments in her ruin.[1]

The Earl of Moray, having accomplished successfully the first moves in his masterly game, conducted his royal sister from the blood-stained town of Aberdeen to Dunottar Castle, the seat of his wife's father, the Earl Marischal, whom it was his pleasure she should honour with a visit. At this lonely wave-beaten fortress on the rock, about fourteen miles from Aberdeen, Mary received a visit from M. Villemont, who brought her letters and news from France. Greatly did Randolph, the English ambassador, "travail" with her ministers to penetrate the mystery of his business with the Queen, and whether he came on any especial mission from her uncles; but at last he elicited the facts that he was a fellow of no reckoning, "whose wife had forsaken him," which Master Randolph mentions to his reproach; and "that he had no other business than seeking his own preferment, for which he took the ready way of

[1] The Chancellorship was not in Scotland, as it has been of late years in England, transferable from one statesman to another at the pleasure of the Crown, but, through all changes of party and principles, was held during life by the person on whom it had been once conferred. If a Lord Chancellor misconducted himself, or was accused of treason, he might be suspended, and the seals committed *pro tempore* to the keeping of a deputy; but, to deprive him of his title, was contrary to the customs of the realm. —Crawford's Lives of the Lord Chancellors. Mary herself was the first to violate this etiquette, when, in consequence of her new chancellor, Morton, appearing in arms against her, she declared that he had forfeited his office, and bestowed it on the young Earl of Huntley; but of this in the proper order of chronology.

sailing with every wind, and fashioning himself to all men's fantasies, especially by saying whatever he thought might best please the Queen, with whom, however, he seemed to gain little credit."[1]

At Montrose, whither Mary next proceeded, her presence was sought by another gentleman from the French court, whose coming excited still greater speculation than that of Villemont had done. "He arrived," says Randolph, "about one hour before the Queen's supper. He presented unto her, in the sight of as many as were in the chamber, only one letter from his master; and more than that he had not unto her. It contained three whole sheets of paper. I was present at the delivery, and saw her Grace read it, greatly, as it appeared, to her contentment."[2] This missive, which Mary's looks were so curiously watched while reading, was from the enamoured Maréschal d'Amville, who had sent his enamoured secretary, the poet Chastellar, to deliver it as a credential to bespeak her favour for the accomplished bearer. It is amusing to trace the workings of Randolph's desire to dive into Chastellar's business with the Queen, which he suspected to be political. "Divers and long talk," he tells Lord Robert Dudley, "hath been between the Queen and him. The purpose is more secret than is yet known unto any, except it be unto the Lord of Lethington, who, though either he will not, or yet cannot, assure me what his errand is, yet doth he put me out of doubt that it neither concerneth my mistress, nor anything that can be prejudicial unto her. I thought it better," continues the sagacious diplomatist, "for a time to content myself with this, than over earnestly to press him for further knowledge than he was willing to impart unto me, though I will not leave, but rather let time work it." Little suspecting that Chastellar was merely an envoy from the court of Cupid, accredited by his love-lorn lord, to plead his cause to the fairest and apparently the most insensible of Queens, in

[1] Randolph to Lord Robert Dudley, and Randolph to Cecil, Nov. 18. State Paper MSS.

[2] In Wright's Elizabeth, vol. i. p. 107-8.

chansons and sonnets, Randolph wrote to the grave English Secretary of State on the same subject, certifying his intention of unravelling the mystery ere long. Meantime, he informs Cecil "that Chastellar is well entertained by the Queen, and hath great conference with her. He rideth upon the *soar* (query, sorrel) gelding that my Lord Robert gave unto her Grace; he presented a book of his own making, written in metre."[1]

Mary, as a Queen, gave gold and jewels to Chastellar in return for the literary offerings he laid at her feet; and this was proper, for, while she patronised the poet, she, by her rewards, marked the difference in degree between her and the man. Unfortunately she was a poet herself, and the pride of authorship induced her to display her own talent by responding in verse to the stanzas he addressed to her, and, by so doing, induced presumptuous vanity in the excitable temperament of Chastellar.[2] In reply to his master's unwelcome and persevering addresses, she answered, as she had previously done to her cousin the King of Navarre—"If he had been single I might have been free to listen, but he is already married." Both these infatuated men offered to divorce their wives, in order to remove the obstacle of which the royal beauty had courteously reminded them. Mary's rejoinder conveyed, with emphatic brevity, the horror with which she revolted from the iniquitous proposal. "I have a soul," said she, "and I would not endanger it by breaking God's laws for all the world could offer."

Chastellar, though infinitely beneath his lord in rank and position, possessed the advantage of being free from matrimonial fetters. He was a Huguenot gentleman of an ancient family in Dauphiny, and the nephew, maternally, of the celebrated Bayard, whose chivalric disposition he inherited. He was handsome, and excelled not only in music and poetry, but in all courtly exercises, riding, tilting, and dancing. The favour with which he was treated by the Queen excited the envy and jealousy of the Scottish nobles. She condescended too much, it was considered, in

[1] In Wright's Elizabeth, Nov. 18, 1562—printed in Keith. Brantôme.

allowing him to accompany her on the lute when she sang, and was blamed for selecting him for her partner in a dance called the Purpose, in the course of which each pair in turn was privileged to hold a private conference, which was not necessarily a flirtation. The great reformer of the north censures this fashionable dance of Mary Stuart's Court as "uncomely for honest women,"[1] adding expressions not convenient for repetition. What would he have thought of the German valse and polka, in which many of the fair and noble daughters of the Church of Scotland indulge, without risking rebuke from the elders of the kirk-session? It is easy to imagine that the conversation and acquirements of the French chevalier were particularly acceptable to Mary at a season when she had every reason to feel dissatisfied with herself, and was glad of any resource to divert her mind from dwelling on the tragical results of her late progress in Aberdeenshire; nor could she have been aware that her patronage, by exciting fatal hopes in a sensitive heart, was preparing another tragedy to darken the annals of her reign.

During her homeward progress along the coast of Scotland, Mary was met at Dundee by the Duke of Châtelherault, who came to make humble supplication to her in behalf of his son-in-law, George, Lord Gordon, the heir of Huntley, who, though he had had neither art nor part in the revolt into which the late Earl had been goaded, nor in the misdemeanours for which Sir John Gordon and his six kinsmen had been butchered, was marked out for another victim by Moray's fears or policy. The Duke told the Queen, "that, in obedience to her commands, he had kept Lord Gordon in ward at Kinneil, where, in very sooth, he had been living peacefully with his wife during all the late turmoils in Aberdeenshire." Apparently incredulous of this statement, her Majesty signified that it was her pleasure that Gordon should stand his trial, and ordered the Duke to lodge him in Edinburgh Castle, where his own son, the Earl of Arran, was still detained as a state prisoner,

[1] Hist. Ref. Scotland, by John Knox.

with the accusation of high treason hanging over him *in terrorem*. To judge of Mary by her conduct at this period, no one would regard her as an amiable Princess; but she was a puppet whose springs were worked by the most unscrupulous of men, to suit their own selfish purposes. She left Dundee on the 13th of November for Perth, and, passing through Falkland and Stirling, reached Edinburgh on the 21st of the same month. No sooner had she arrived in Holyrood, than she and all her train fell ill of a distressing epidemic which was then prevalent in her metropolis, apparently no other than the influenza, the symptoms of which are thus described by Randolph in his letter to Cecil,[1] dated November 30, 1562:—

"Immediately upon the Queen's arrival here, she fell acquainted with a new disease, that is common in this town, called here the New Acquaintance, which passed also through her whole household, neither sparing lord, lady, nor damoiselle—not so much as either French or English. It is a pain in their heads that have it, and a soreness in their stomach, with a great cough; it remaineth with some longer, with other shorter time, as it findeth apt bodies for the nature of the disease. The Queen kept her bed six days: there was no appearance of danger, nor many that die of the disease, except some old folks. My Lord of Moray is now presently in it, the Lord of Lethington hath had it, and I am ashamed to say that I have been free from it," continues the facetious diplomatist, "seeing it seeketh acquaintance at all men's hands. By reason of these occasions, I have not seen the Queen since she came to town. There hath been some good report made unto the Queen," adds Randolph, "of the valiantness of some of her subjects in the defence of Rouen—little I think to her Grace's contentment, but spoken by him, that yet never word came out of his mouth to her amiss, the Earl of Glencairn,[2] so that it was forced to be passed over in merriness."

[1] Chalmers' Life of Mary, Stevenson's Illustrations, Wright's Elizabeth.

[2] The Earl of Glencairn, who is spoken of by Randolph as holding so high a place in Mary's favour, had been one of the leaders of the Congregation in the revolt against her mother's government. A beautiful ring

As France and England were now at war, it was very difficult for Mary to preserve the strict neutrality sound policy dictated. The fact that a great many Scotch gentlemen had gone over to Normandy, to assist the insurgent Calvinists against the French Government, while others were fighting under the English banner as mercenaries, was most embarrassing to Mary, whose prohibition they set at nought. The Queen-regent of France had, in consequence, testified her resentment by stopping Mary's income as Queen-dowager of France, and prevented her from receiving the rents due to her from her jointure lands. Mary's vexation on this subject was excited, not by bigotry, but by the pecuniary straits in which it had been the means of involving her. Never had any Sovereign a more intricate and perplexing course to pursue.

Mary completed her twentieth year in the beginning of December 1562, and although she had attained that mature age, she continued to enjoy the exercise of dancing, a pastime to which her Scottish blood and French education naturally disposed her. Unfortunately there were ill-natured spies and busy-bodies in her household, who were wont to report her sayings and doings to her formidable adversary Knox, in a manner calculated to increase the prejudice with which his zeal against Popery taught him to regard her. Here is convincing evidence, from his own pen, of the manner in which he was irritated by those base tattlers: "The Queen returned to Edinburgh, and then began dancing to grow hot, for her friends began to triumph in France. The certainty thereof came to the ears of John Knox, for there were some that showed to him from time to time the estate of things, and, amongst others, he was assured that the Queen had danced excessively till after midnight, because that she had received letters that persecution was begun again in France, and that her uncles were beginning to stir their tails."[1] Thus the young Queen could

containing a very small miniature of Queen Mary, presented by her to this nobleman, is in the possession of his descendant Lady Wallace. He took part against Mary in the time of her distress.

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 331.

not enjoy the recreation of a ball in her own palace, without its being reported to Knox that she danced out of malignant glee, to celebrate a Protestant discomfiture in France. He was thus provoked to preach a sermon "inveighing sore against the Queen's dancing, and little exercise of herself in virtue and godliness."[1] Mischief-making tongues there were in that Court, to the full as actively employed in carrying aggravated and aggravating versions of John Knox's sermon to the Queen, as there had been in abusing his credulity with those absurd misrepresentations of the motives of her dancing which had excited his wrath. The result was, that Mary the next day summoned him into her presence, to answer for the disrespect with which he had spoken of her in his pulpit.[2] She received him, however, not in her council-room, surrounded by the stern formalities of offended majesty, with threats of racks and dungeons, as did her royal sister of England her contumacious preachers under similar provocations, but in her own bed-chamber, among her ladies, and in the presence of several of his intimate friends and Congregational brethren, the Earls of Moray and Morton, and Lord Lethington, her Protestant ministers, and addressed a personal remonstrance to him on the impropriety of which he had been guilty "in travailing to bring her into the hatred and contempt of her people"—adding, "that he had exceeded the bounds of his text." If she had not used the mildest language, John Knox would have been too happy to have quoted her own words in recording the story, we may rest assured. But Mary, whose desire was conciliation, reasoned with him gently, and offered him an opportunity of explanation in the presence of his friends as well as his accusers. Whereupon the said Master John Knox favoured her Majesty with an extempore abridgment of his sermon. Now, although, even in his revised edition, it contained insinuated comparisons of herself to the daughter of Herodias and Herod both, with stern censure against "Princes who spent their time among fiddlers and flatterers, in flinging rather than hearing or reading God's word,"

[1] Randolph to Cecil, December 15, 1562—State Paper Office MS.
[2] Knox's History of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 331.

Mary prudently took none of these reproaches to herself. She listened with imperturbable placidity, and appeared not to consider herself in the slightest degree referred to, in cases which her own conscience told her were irrelevant to her conduct and character. Moreover, she appeared both offended and displeased with those who had told her there was aught in that sermon which in any way touched her.[1] Some things perhaps appeared mysterious to her; for as she suspected not the treacherous practices of those who ate of her bread, drank of her cup, and received her wages, in daily exciting Knox's indignation against her, by whispering that her *cotillons* became more vigorous when the Protestants were worsted, and that even her *pavanes* were performed in a persecuting spirit, she could not have imagined that the following peroration, with which the preacher concluded his sketch of his sermon, could be in any way applicable to her last ball at Holyrood:—

"And of dancing, madam, I said that, albeit in Scriptures I found no praise of it, and, in prophane writers, that it is termed the gesture rather of those that are mad and in phrensy, than of sober men, yet do I not utterly damn it, providing that two vices be avoided: the former, that the principal vocation of those that use that exercise be not neglected for the pleasure of dancing; secondly, that they dance not as the Philistines their fathers, for the pleasure they take in the displeasure of God's people;—for if any of both they do, they shall receive the reward of dancers, and that will be drink in hell, unless they speedily repent—so shall God turn their mirth to sorrow, for God will not always afflict his people, neither yet will he always wink at the tyranny of tyrants. If any man, madam, will say that I spack more, let him presently accuse me."[2] "Your words are sharp enough, as you have spoken them," said the Queen; "but yet," continued she, looking pointedly at the reporters, "they were told to me in another manner. I know," pursued she, "my uncles" (whom she was aware Knox figured under the epithet of "the Philistines") "and you are not of one religion, and therefore I cannot blame

[1] Knox, Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 331. [2] Ibid. p. 334.

you, albeit you have no good opinion of them. But if ye hear anything of myself that mislikes you, come to myself and tell me, and I shall hear you."[1]

It is not often that feminine gentleness is resisted by man, or queenly condescension rudely repulsed by a subject; but Knox was a woman-hater by nature, and a defier of female authority from principle; instead, therefore, of obeying the meekly expressed desire of his youthful Sovereign, to become her private monitor—a privilege few Christian ministers would have rejected—he told her, first, "that her uncles were enemies to God and his son Jesus Christ; and as to herself, if she pleased to frequent the public sermons, she need not doubt of hearing both what he liked and misliked in her and others. Or if it would please her to appoint any day and hour in which it would please her to hear him explain the doctrines taught publicly in the churches, he would gladly wait upon her. But,"[2] added he, "to wait upon your chalmer door or elsewhere, and then to have no further liberty but to whisper my mind in your Grace's ear, or to tell you what others think or speak of you, neither will my conscience nor the vocation whereto God hath called me suffer it. For, albeit at your Grace's commandment I am here now, yet cannot I tell what other men shall judge of me, that at this time of day I am absent from my book, and waiting upon the Court." "You will not (cannot) always be at your book," was Mary's brief rejoinder to this burst of spiritual pride, and so turned away. "Knox departed with a reasonable merry countenance, whereat some Papists exclaimed, as if surprised, 'He is not effrayed!' 'Why should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman effray me?'[3] he with unwonted gallantry replied; 'I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and have not been effrayed beyond measure.'"

The sermon which provoked this memorable discussion was preached on the 13th of December, the Sunday after Mary completed her twentieth year; and this date renders it almost certain that the fiddling and flinging, which so

[1] Knox, Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 334. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

greatly offended Master John, were perpetrated at the birth-day ball, when the festivities were, of course, prolonged to a later hour than on ordinary occasions.

" No sleep till morn, when youth and beauty meet,
To chase the lagging hours with flying feet."

The vivacious performances of the fair flingers in the gallery of Holyrood were, however, sobered for a time by the stern rebukes they had heard, with consternation, even in the skeleton of Knox's sermon. Instead of defying the preacher, and bidding him mind his own business, as her good sister of England was wont to do, when unbecoming liberties were taken with her name in the pulpit, the royal Mary and her Maries went softly, and endeavoured, as far as in them lay, to refrain from giving cause of offence. " Mr Knox is so hard unto us," writes the sarcastic Randolph, evidently repeating Mary's words, " ' that we have laid aside much of our dancing.' [1] I doubt it is more for heaviness of heart, that things proceed not well in France, than for fear of him," he invidiously adds. No one, by the by, appears to have enjoyed the royal balls and pastimes of the sprightly court of Holyrood more than that sly double-faced professor, Master Randolph. Very fully did he exemplify the proverbial expression, " of running with the hare and hallooing on the hounds." [2]

" There is thrice in the week," pursues Randolph, " an ordinary sermon in the Earl of Moray's lodging, within the Queen's house, so near to the mass that two so mortal enemies cannot be nearer joined, without some deadly blow given either upon the one side or the other. One of the Queen's priests got a cuff in a dark night, that made somewhat ado. Her musicians, both Scots and French, refused to play and sing at her mass and even-song, upon Christmas day. Thus is the poor soul so troubled for the preservation of her silly mass, that she knoweth not where to turn for defence of it." Under these circumstances, the young Queen, who had been taught to regard the services of the church of Rome as indispensably necessary to her

[1] Randolph's Letter to Cecil, 30th December 1562. [2] Ibid.

salvation, found herself solely dependent, both for choir and orchestra, on the masical skill and matchless voice of David Riccio. These she could always command in the sanctuary of her private oratory, when her recreant choristers, shaulmers, and violers, fled from the terror of the lapidations with which they were assailed in the Chapel-Royal. It was not, therefore, voluptuous canzone and tender barcarole, but his solemn chanting of the Credo, Ave, Salve, Jubilate, Agnus Dei, Laudate, and Hallelujahs of her church, that formed the tie between the beauteous Majesty of Scotland and the deformed Piedmontese, whom she soon after made a groom of her privy chamber; and subsequently, because she found him as incorruptible in his principles as he had been firm in the duties of his faith, promoted him to the office of her private secretary. "He was," says a contemporary, who knew him well, "a man of no beauty or outward shape, for he was misshapen, evil favoured, and very black; but for his fidelity, wisdom, prudence, virtue, and other good parts and qualities of his mind, he was richly adorned."[1] Like many a deformed person of his nation, poor David possessed the unpopular faculty of mimicry in no ordinary degree; also peculiar talents for the comic minstrelsy of Italy—talents with which he ofttimes diverted his royal mistress, who, when not excited by pleasure, or soothed with music, was, as Sir James Melville tells us, subject to fits of profound melancholy. Deeper still would have been her sadness, and far beyond the art of either mirth or music to dispel, could that young regal beauty,

[1] Fragmentary Life of Mary Stuart, by Adam Blackwood—printed for the Maitland Club. Buchanan also bears a very decided testimony to the personal defects and awkwardness of Riccio's shape, which baffled the power of his tailor to conceal; adding, that his looks disgraced his fine dress. Nevertheless, one of the recent French biographers of Mary Stuart has actually been deluded into giving an eloquent description of David Riccio's personal beauty, on the authority of the fancy portrait in Mary's cabinet in Holyrood, which, although not above a hundred years old, is gravely exhibited as his contemporary portrait, painted by Antonio More, or Zuchero, who probably never saw him, and were certainly dead long before the world was conscious of the existence of "the lean and skrinkled" Piedmontese. The reader will bear in mind, that none of the ancient furniture or paintings in Holyrood escaped the plunder and injurious usage of Cromwell's fanatic troopers; and that, of all the spurious relics there exhibited, the portrait of Riccio is the latest importation.

whose proud heart the goodliest of the gallant princes and chevaliers of France had failed to touch, have imagined the possibility of scandal, itself, being absurd enough to place coarse misconstructions on the places and preferments bestowed by her on a person in the peculiar circumstances of the Italian vocalist. As, however, that ridiculous calumny was not devised by her malignant slanderers till they had the subtle object in view of sowing irremediable discord between Mary and her wrong-headed husband, as the preparatory step for the destruction of both, we are compelled to postpone further discussion on that point till a later period of her history.

In the last week of the stormy year 1562, Queen Mary left Edinburgh for a brief visit to Dunbar, to be merry with her brother, Lord John of Coldingham; she next proceeded to Castle Campbell, where she honoured the nuptials of the secularised Abbot of St Colm and the Earl of Argyll's sister with her presence.[1] She returned to Holyrood on the 14th of January, where she was again attacked with illness, which confined her to her bed for several days. It was at this time that her minister, the new Earl of Moray, caused the heir of the ruined house of Gordon to be brought to trial for high treason; and although the only crime of the unfortunate young nobleman was being the representative of that devoted family, he was by his time-serving judges found guilty, and doomed to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, his head to be separated from his body, which was to be quartered, and disposed of at the Queen's pleasure.[2] Nothing could induce Mary to consent to the execution of this iniquitous sentence, and she caused the destined victim of Moray's policy or vengeance to be removed by her royal warrant from Edinburgh Castle to Dunbar, on the 11th of February, and put into free ward there, under the charge of the captain of that fortress, until further orders.[3] Moray, finding it impossible to persuade his royal sister to sign the death-warrant

[1] Randolph to Cecil—State Paper Office MS. Chalmers.

[2] Lives of the Gordons. Records of Parliament. Lives of the Chancellors, by Craufurd.

[3] Diurnal of Occurrents. Keith. Lives of the Gordons.

of another Gordon, endeavoured to compass his sanguinary design by outwitting her. One day, when he brought an unusual number of ordinary papers which required her signature, and which she was accustomed to sign without reading, fully confiding in the description he gave her of their purport, he shuffled in among the rest a mandate in her name, addressed to the Captain of Dunbar, ordering him immediately, on the receipt thereof, to strike off the head of his prisoner, George Gordon, commonly called Lord Gordon and the Earl of Huntley.[1]

The Queen signed the fatal order, unsuspicious of its murderous intent; and the astute statesman who had thus imposed on the implicit reliance she placed on his integrity, despatched the paper by a trusty messenger to the Captain of Dunbar. When that gentleman read it, he was surprised and troubled, and with much concern communicated its purport to poor Gordon. "It is the malice of the bastard," exclaimed the young Earl, with passionate vehemence, "for the Queen sent me assurances of her pity; and I know, and am sure, it is not her intention to take my life." He then implored the castellan to suspend the execution of the warrant till he should have seen her Majesty, and heard from her own lips whether it were indeed her irrevocable intention that the instructions in that paper should be acted upon. Touched with compassion for his noble prisoner, and suspecting that foul play was designed, the Captain of Dunbar generously risked his own ruin, by venturing to postpone the execution of the warrant till he should have returned from Edinburgh. With all the despatch he could use, he arrived not there till the dead of night. Being, however, well known to the warders and porter at Holyrood as a person in her Majesty's confidence, he obtained admittance into the palace, and made his way to her bedchamber door; but there he was stopped by those on guard, who told him the Queen was already retired for the night, and in bed. In consequence of his urgency, the lady in waiting was summoned, to whom he protested that he must

[1] Lives of the Gordons. Craufurd's Lives of the Chancellors. History of the Noble Family of Gordon.

see her Majesty on business that would brook no delay. Mary, being informed, desired that he should be brought in, that he might declare his errand by her bedside. He entered with heavy looks, approached, and, kneeling, told her he had obeyed her order. She, wondering, asked, "What order?" "For striking off Huntley's head,"[1] he replied. Thus suddenly roused from her sleep with intelligence so astounding, Mary seemed at first as one still dreaming; but when she comprehended the nature of the announcement, she burst into cries and lamentations, mingled with passionate reproaches, to the Captain of Dunbar, for the murderous deed which had been perpetrated in contradiction to her instructions. He showed her the order signed by her own hand. Tears gushed from her eyes as she looked upon it. "This is my brother's subtlety," she exclaimed, "who, without my knowledge or consent, hath abused me in this and many other things." "It is good," said the Captain of Dunbar, "that I was not too hasty in such a matter, and resolved to know your Majesty's will from your own mouth." Mary, in a transport of joy at finding the murder had not been actually perpetrated, tore the paper eagerly, commended the prudence of her trusty castellan, and enjoined him to give no credit to any instrument touching his noble captive, but only to her own word spoken by herself in his hearing; and charged him, in the mean time, to keep him securely till she could resolve what best to do.[2]

The indications of approaching famine, which Randolph had noticed in Aberdeenshire and the northern districts of Scotland, from the cold wet summer and autumn of 1562, were too sadly realised by the event. The cattle had perished from murrain in the preceding winter, and now a general dearth took place, so that corn and every article of food was triple the price that was ever known before, and

[1] Lives of the Gordons. Craufurd's Lives of the Chancellors. History of the Noble Family of Gordon.

[2] This interesting fact the Baron of Pitlurg, in his manuscript History of the Family of Gordon, declares he had from his father, to whom it was related by Huntley's own lips. See also Craufurd's Lives of the Lord Chancellors.

many perished for want. Knox took occasion of those bitter miseries, which were far from being peculiar to Scotland, to excite the animosity of the sufferers against poor Mary, by attributing this national calamity to the wrath of God against her: "for," says he, "the riotous feasting and excessive banqueting used in court and country, whereso-ever that wicked woman repaired, provoked God to strike the staff of bread, and give his malediction to the fruits of the earth."[1] The scarcity of flesh was, however, so much greater in proportion than the dearth of corn, that Moray deemed it expedient to have an act of the Privy Council passed, insisting on keeping Lent in the strictest manner[2]—not as a Popish superstition, as, on account of his ecclesiastical breeding, he deemed it necessary to explain, but as a necessary statistical regulation, which he took that opportunity of endeavouring to establish.[3]

An adventure of a most annoying nature befel Mary on the 12th of February 1562–3, followed by circumstances of a very tragic character. The French poet, Chastellar, whom she, as a patroness of the *belles lettres*, and formerly Queen of France, had considered it proper to treat with great distinction, having unfortunately misconceived his position, and become as mad for love of her as the unfortunate Earl of Arran—who, the reader will remember, fancied in some of his delirious hallucinations that he was her husband, and had a right to occupy the same apartment—concealed himself one night under her bed. Chastellar was discovered, fortunately for Mary, by her ladies before she entered her chamber, and expelled.[4] The circumstance was sufficiently alarming, for he had a sword and dagger beside him, and the frenzied romance of a Frenchman of genius was then, as now, sometimes productive of the most horrible impulses. The Queen was not informed of the occurrence till the next day. Highly offended at his audacity, she sent a stern message expres-

[1] History of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 370.
[2] Acts of the Privy Council—Royal Records, General Register House, Edinburgh.
[3] Carruthers' History of Scotland.
[4] Randolph's Letters, Keith, Chalmers, Brantôme, Bell's Mary Stuart.

sive of her displeasure, and ordered him to quit her court and realm. She left Edinburgh herself the following day for Dunfermline, on her way to St Andrews. Chastellar followed her with maniacal infatuation, and on the night of the 14th, when she slept at Burntisland, as soon as she entered her chamber, rushed from a secret recess where he had concealed himself, and attempted to plead for pardon. Mary and her ladies screamed for help, and their united outcries brought the Earl of Moray, on whom, in her first spasm of alarm and anger, she called "to put his dagger into the villain." Moray quietly took the intruder into custody, and reminded the agitated Queen "that it would not be for her honour if he were punished by a summary act of vengeance, but that he should be dealt with according to the laws of the realm."[1] Chastellar was brought to a public trial at St Andrews, and condemned to lose his head for the offence of which he had been guilty. Great suit was made to Queen Mary for his pardon; but she, being of course aware that injurious imputations would be placed on her leniency, if she spared him after a second attempt to violate the sanctity of her chamber, was inexorable.

Some unknown hand had engraved the following proverbial distich on one of the panels of her chamber:—

"Sur front de Roy
Que pardon soit."[2]

In her case implying that—

On the face of a queen
Should grace be seen.

She ordered the words to be effaced, and observed that for him there could be no grace.

It has been supposed, by a recent biographer of Mary Stuart,[3] that the project that was devised for the deliverance of the unhappy man by young Erskine, the cousin of the captain of her guard, was with her cognisance; but, if so, it was defeated by the inflexibility of the Puritan gaoler, with whom Erskine tried to tamper. There was certainly

[1] Randolph's Letters. Tytler. State Paper MS.
[2] Dargaud, Histoire de Marie Stuart. [3] Dargaud.

no haste shown in the execution of the sentence, which did not take place till Feb. 22, ten days after the offence was committed. Chastellar refused spiritual aid, and walked with a firm step from his prison to the place of execution. "If I am not without reproach, like my uncle, the Chevalier de Bayard," said he, "I am at least as free from fear." In a state of paganish enthusiasm he ascended the scaffold, and, instead of a prayer, recited Ronsard's Ode to Death. His last thoughts were on the object of his frantic passion; his last words before he submitted to the fatal stroke were, "Adieu! most lovely and cruel of Princesses."

"And so," says Knox, "received Chastellar the reward of his dancing, for he lacked his head that he should not betray the secrets of our Queen." Master John, in his zeal against Mary, forgets the discrepancy of this observation with his own statement, in the same page, that "Chastellar was brought to St Andrews, *examined*, and put to assize,"—in which, of course, the use of his tongue was not denied him; Knox affirms withal, "that at the place of excution Chastellar made a godly confession, and granted that his declining from the truth of God, and following of vanity and impiety, was justly recompensed upon him." Now, if there had been guilty secrets between him and the Queen, they would have been lamented in "godly confession" among his other sins, and not omitted by Knox in the catalogue. That Mary conducted herself with unseemly freedom towards Chastellar rests solely on the unsubstantiated assertion of the same writer, whose credulity was evidently imposed upon by one of the malignant talebearers from whom he derived the coarse scandals which occasionally pollute his pages.

In respect to the kisses which he accuses Mary of bestowing on Chastellar, it ought to be remembered that, if publicly given, they would not have escaped the notice of that sarcastic gossip, Randolph, by whom, as we have given abundant proof, Mary's actions, words, and looks, were at all times minutely watched, and carefully chronicled for the amusement of Queen Elizabeth, Cecil, and Leicester. If in private, they could not have come to the

cognisance of Master John Knox, for he does not record their revelation among the items included in "the godly confession" of the poor delinquent, who to the last complained of the cruelty of the Queen. The whole story, it is easy to see, originated in a sort of confusion, arising in the brain of Knox, or that of his informer, between the resemblance of the names and relative positions of Chastellar and Chartier—the latter being the famous French improvisatore poet of the court of Charles VII., who was patronised by Margaret the Scotch Dauphiness, daughter of James I. of Scotland. That Princess, we are told, seeing Alain Chartier asleep in her antechamber, paused and kissed him. When reproved by her ladies for having committed an unprecedented breach of female delicacy and royal etiquette, she excused herself with enthusiasm —which may appear less remarkable in the daughter of a minstrel king, in an age when literary talent, being rare, was all but deified. "I did not kiss the man," said the Dauphiness, "but the poet, feeling myself impelled to honour those lips, from which sentiments so exquisite proceed at will, clothed in immortal verse."

But there is nothing in the reports of any of the ambassadors resident at the court of Scotland, to justify the belief that Mary Stuart would thus have forgotten the dignity of a Queen, or the decorum of a gentlewoman. In refinement of manners, at least, she was much in advance of the Princesses of that era. There are no traits of personal vanity recorded of her; no instances of foolish coquetry with foreign Princes or their envoys; no demands of compliments, nor conceited comparison of herself with the Queen of England, although youth and beauty were both on her side. As for oaths, and profane or vulgar expletives, in mirth or anger, such as were familiar as household words with the mighty Elizabeth, nothing of the kind has ever been chronicled as defiling the lips of Mary Stuart.

The following testimonial of her personal deportment, from the pen of Sir James Melville, shows what the real conduct of this Princess was, and the estimation in which

she was held by unprejudiced persons: "The Queen's Majesty, as I have said, after her returning out of France, behaved herself so princely, so honourably, and discreetly, that her reputation spread in all countries, and [*she*] was determined and inclined so to continue in that kind of comeliness unto the end of her life, desiring to hold none in her company, but such as were of the best qualities and conversation, abhorring all vices and vicious persons, whether they were men or women."[1] Sir James Melville, it is true, was one of the summer swarm, who forsook his hapless Sovereign in her wintry days, to sell the support of his literary talent to her supplanter: he had then an obvious motive for belying her, therefore the sincerity of his evidence in her favour cannot be doubted. It is withal, in full accordance with Throckmorton's previous report of her virtues, and there is always a harmonious agreement in truth, by whomsoever witnessed: it is falsehood only which is incongruous, and at variance with itself.

After the unpleasant affair of Chastellar, Mary prudently endeavoured to prevent any future attempts of the kind from others, by making Mary Fleming her bedfellow, and subsequently Mary Seton. Vain, however, are all precautions to disarm the tongues of the malignant.

During the Queen's sojourn at St Andrews this spring, when she was about to descend to the garden to take the air as usual before breakfast, she was informed that her confidential secretary, Roullet, had returned from France, with letters which she had been anxiously awaiting. She ordered that he should be admitted without a moment's delay. He entered dressed in the deepest mourning, and presented a packet to her in silence. The death of her uncle the Grand Prior, who had been dangerously wounded at the battle of Dreux, might have grieved, but would not have surprised her; it was not, however, for him that Mary's secretary wore *deuil*. That letter with its ominous black seal, of which Roullet was the bearer, was from the Duchess de Guise, announcing the assassina-

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs—Bannatyne Club edition, p. 130.

tion of her lord, by Poltrot. Mary turned pale as she read the first line, then with a convulsive sob gasped out, "Monsieur my uncle is dead. Ah Jesu! Jesu!" She retired bathed in tears, into her cabinet, where she secluded herself for some hours from every eye; but her bursts of grief were audible to those without.[1] She recalled all the instances of affection she had experienced from him in the halcyon period of her residence in France, which she impressively styled her better days, and mourned for him as for a beloved parent. Her sorrow was embittered by its being represented to her, by the kindred of the deceased, that Coligni and Beza had encouraged the assassin to undertake the murder, by telling him "that it was a good work, and angels would assist him;"[2]—a calumny of party, no doubt, but calumny and assassination were among the signs of that century of cruelty and falsehood. The tidings of the death of the Grand Prior followed those of the Duke de Guise. Mary was inconsolable, and her grief for the loss of her uncles renewed her subdued but unforgotten affliction for her own bereavement. She wept again for the husband of her youth, "and lamented her want of assured friends."[3] Randolph, to whom, in the loneliness of her heart, she confided these feelings, endeavoured to comfort her by delivering Elizabeth's letters of condolence, and making great professions of the love of his royal mistress. Mary courteously declared, in return, that she was much consoled by the share her good sister of England was pleased to take in her affliction.[4] She despatched Roullet again to France, with letters to her grandmother and to her aunt, Anne d'Este, and the rest of the princely kindred of the deceased, expressive of her sympathy with their anguish for this dreadful blow. Her own grief she endeavoured to divert by change of place, and exercise in the open air. Making her beautiful palace of Falkland her headquarters, she visited many of the towns

[1] State Paper MS. inedited.
[2] Ibid. Likewise Dargaud.
[3] Randolph to Cecil, April 3—Keith. Originals among the State Paper MSS.
[4] Ibid. April 1, 1563.

and castles in Fife and Perthshire; occasionally pursuing the sylvan sports of hawking and hunting, which, according to Randolph's reports, always produced salutary effects on her health and spirits. She was at Falkland when Roullet returned to her on the 7th of April, bringing with him many letters from France, full of lamentation and sorrow. Whatever were the political offences and persecuting bigotry of Francis, Duke of Guise, he was adored not only by the members of his own family, but by his country, where his tragical death was deeply deplored.[1]

The Queen-regent of France, Catherine de Medicis, availed herself of this opening for renewing her suspended correspondence with her royal daughter-in-law, being convinced, by the wisdom, moderation, and ability with which the young Sovereign had shaped her course, that she was not a person to be lightly treated with hostility and disrespect. In consequence of the strict neutrality she had observed in the disputes between England and France, Mary found herself treated as a political power of great importance, and was at this juncture assiduously courted by her two greatest enemies, Elizabeth of England and the Queen-regent of France.[2] Roullet brought his royal mistress letters from the latter, entreating her to be mindful of the ancient alliance between Scotland and France, and expressive of great personal regard to herself, and jealousy of England.

"It was much mused by the Queen of Scotland herself," observes Randolph, in reference to Mary's opinion of Catherine de Medicis' professions, "how this new kindness came about, that at this time she received two long letters, written all with her own hand, saying 'all the time, since her return, she never received half so many lines as were in one of the letters.' This Queen hath said, also, that 'she knoweth now that the friendship of the Queen's Majesty my Sovereign may stand her more in stead than that of her good-mother in France; and as she is desirous of them both, so will she not lose the one for the other.' This Queen hath

[1] Randolph's Despatches.
[2] Randolph to Cecil, April 10—Robertson's Appendix.

somewhat in her heart that will burst out in time, which will manifest that some unkindness hath passed between them, that will not easily be forgotten."[1] In the same letter, Randolph notices that Bothwell, who had a few months before been wrecked at Holy Isle, as he was fleeing from Scotland, and arrested by Elizabeth's authorities, had been sent for to London. Mary demanded an explanation of this proceeding, for Bothwell had acted in defiance of her authority, by breaking ward in Edinburgh Castle, while confined there by her warrant, under an accusation of a treasonable attempt against her person.[2] He had also held out Hermitage Castle against her, and endeavoured to leave the realm without permission, instead of surrendering himself in obedience to her summons. Bothwell had, moreover, aggravated all his offences by speaking of his royal mistress in very coarse and profane language, at which she was very highly incensed, and, could she have got him into her custody, would probably have dealt with him very severely. Many disorders had arisen on the Borders since his disgrace, and Mary beheld with uneasiness the prospect of a secret alliance being formed between the English Sovereign and a nobleman possessed of his great power and hereditary influence in that portion of her realm most exposed to the danger of invasion from the old enemy.

[1] Randolph to Cecil, April 10—Robertson's Appendix.
[2] State Paper Office MS.

MARY STUART.

CHAPTER XII.

SUMMARY

Queen tries to prevent the persecution—Her interviews at Lochleven, and at the hawking, with Knox on the subject—Persuades him to reconcile the Earl and Countess of Argyll—Presents Knox with a watch—She returns to Edinburgh—Convenes her Parliament—Opens it in person—Splendid arrangements—Enthusiasm excited by her appearance and speech—Her regal robes—Knox's fulminations against her ladies' dress—Mary present at the parliamentary attainder of the Earl of Huntley's corpse—Renewal of negotiations of her marriage with the heir of Spain—Angry interview of Mary and Knox—His coarse comments upon her agitation—Bothwell's supplications to return from exile—Mary's firm refusal—She takes possession of his castle of Hermitage—Moray jealous of her patronage of Lethington—He brings the Queen her mother's picture from France, likewise articles of dress—Costly property belonging to her—Mary prorogues her Parliament—Sets out for her Highland hunting—Visits her sister, the Countess of Argyll, and Lord Eglintoun—Travels on horseback—Return to Holyrood—Death of her brother, Lord John of Coldingham—Her kindness to his little son and widow, Bothwell's sister.

FRESH troubles and mortifications beset Mary in April 1563, in consequence of the attempts of her Roman Catholic subjects to celebrate their Easter festival. Triumphantly as the Reformation had been established in Scotland, a third at least of the people remained obstinate in their attachment to the ancient faith. It had not, therefore, been considered desirable by the Queen's Protestant Cabinet to inflict the penalty of death denounced in the proclamations issued in her name against those who assisted at the mass. The brethren of the Congregation, offended at this mode-

ration, determined to take the law into their own hands, and having apprehended several priests in the west country, declared their intention "of inflicting upon them the vengeance appointed by God's law against idolators, without regard either to the Queen or her Council."[1] "The Queen stormed at such freedom of speaking," says Knox, "but she could not amend it." Her authority being too weak to interfere with the liberty of persecution, Mary condescended to try the powers of her persuasive eloquence on John Knox, whom, on the 13th of April, she required to come to her at Lochleven, where she then was. "She travailed with him earnestly two hours before her supper, that he would be the instrument to persuade the people, and principally the gentlemen of the west, not to proceed to extremities with their fellow-subjects for the exercise of their religion." He replied with an exhortation for her to punish malefactors, adding, "that if she thought to delude the laws enacted for that object, he feared that some would let the Papists understand that without punishment they should not be suffered to offend God's majesty so manifestly." "Will ye allow that they shall take my sword in their hand?" asked Mary. Knox cited, in reply, the facts of Samuel slaying Agag, and Elijah Jezebel's false prophets and the priests of Baal, to justify the sanguinary proceedings in contemplation. At this perversion of Scripture history into a warrant for cruelty and oppression Mary left him in disgust, and passed to her supper, while he related the particulars of the conversation to her premier, the Earl of Moray.[2] Unsatisfactory as the conference had proved to the Queen, she nevertheless sent Walter Melville and another messenger, before sunrise the next morning, to summon Knox to meet her at the hawking, west of Kinross. Who of the youthful peers of Scotland did not envy the stern theologian that assignation for a private interview with their beautiful Sovereign, in some secluded glen among the western Lomonds? Assuredly the noblest among the princely bachelors who contended for her hand would have rejoiced to have changed places

[1] Knox's Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 371.

[2] Ibid. vol. ii. p. 372-3.

with Master John Knox on that occasion. Mary came to the trysting place without a trace of the displeasure she had manifested, at their parting on the preceding evening, clouding the serenity of her features. Perhaps she had said her Paternoster to good purpose when she retired to rest, slept sweetly, and forgotten her wrath; her spirits might be renovated, too, and her circulation improved by riding among the mountains, with her followers, in the fresh morning air. Master John Knox, who never gives her credit for one good feeling, insinuates that her amiable deportment proceeded either from reflection or deep dissimulation. Even by his account, she conducted herself most graciously; made no allusion to any cause of dispute between them; took no offence at dry rejoinders and retorts uncourteous, but tried her utmost to conciliate his good-will;—lost labour, alas! towards one who despised her sex and disallowed her authority.[1] Mary, in confidence, expressed her uneasiness that Patrick, Lord Ruthven, a man suspected of occult practices, had, against her wish, been appointed of her Privy Council—a measure for which she blamed her Secretary of State, Lethington. Ruthven had offered her Majesty a ring, to preserve her from the effects of poison; nevertheless she, from the first, regarded him with one of those intuitive antipathies, whereby nature occasionally manifests between members of the human race mysterious instincts of repulsion, like those which warn the bird of the antagonism of the cat or the serpent.

Mary next spake of a subject nearer to her heart—the estrangement and disreputable conduct of her illegitimate sister, Janet Countess of Argyll, and her husband; and entreated Knox, as they were both members of his congregation, to use his influence in promoting a reconciliation and amendment of life in both. "Madam," replied Knox, "I have been troubled with that matter before, and once I put such an end to it, and that was before your Grace's arrival, that both she and her friends seemed fully to stand

[1] It is from this scene that the subject of our vignette on the title-page of the present volume is taken.

content; and she herself promised, before her friends, that she should never complain to creature till that I should first understand the controversy by her own mouth, or else by an assured messenger. I now have heard nothing of her part, and therefore think there is nothing but concord."[1]

Mary condescended not to notice this uncivil profession of disbelief in her statement from her subject;[2] her love for her sister induced her to tolerate his ill manners, in the hope of inducing him to assist in composing the unhappy differences between the discordant pair, in order to prevent the divorce on which both appeared bent. She therefore told Knox "that it was worse with them than he supposed; and kindly added, "but do this meikle for my sake, as once again to put them at unity; and if she behave not herself as she ought to do, she shall find no favour of me; but, in any wise, let not my lord know that I have requested you in this matter, for I would be very sorry to offend him in that or any other thing. And now, as touching our reasoning yesternight, I promise to do as required; I shall cause summon all offenders, and ye shall know that I shall minister justice,"[3]—a promise which could not bind her to shed blood unjustly.

It is supposed to have been at this interview that Mary, as a pledge of amity, presented to Knox a small watch in a crystal case, of an oblong octagon shape, which, when his biographer, the late Dr M'Crie, wrote his celebrated work, was in the possession of Mr Thompson of Aberdeen.[4] Another of Queen Mary's watches, of French workmanship, is in possession of the Rev. Mr Torrance, minister of Glencross, which, together with an elegant little jewel, called a solitaire, were given or bequeathed by Mary, the night be-

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 373.

[2] The circumstances of the case were notorious, as Knox himself was perfectly aware; for in his letter to Argyll, written a few days after this conversation with the Queen, he says: "Your behaviour towards your wife is very offensive unto many godly. Her complaint of you is grievous. The proud stubbornness whereof your Lordship hath oft complained will not excuse you before God," &c.—History of the Reformation in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 377. See also Mr Laing's note to p. 375-6.

[3] Knox's Hist. Ref.

[4] Notes of M'Crie's Life of Knox.

fore her execution, to a French lady of the name of Massie, the ancestress of the late possessor, Dr Scott. The watch itself is small and circular, in a black shagreen case, studded with gold stars, with a central cross formed of Fleurs-de-lys. The dial-plate is of white enamel, somewhat larger than a shilling, with antique Roman figures in black. The maker's name is Etienne Hubert, of Rouen. A thread of catgut supplies the place of the chain used in the works of modern watches. The catgut is not found in watches later than those of the sixteenth century. The solitaire is one of those light, elegant, triangular jewels, with which the portraits of Mary are sometimes adorned, having a tiny enamel Cupid in the character of a court fool, with his cap, bells, and bauble. This jewel is of the most delicate workmanship and purest gold; the gems are table-cut diamonds, and garnets, and pendant pearls. On the back of the straight bar, under the little figure, is the Latin motto, in application to the shrewd wit of the pretended fool, of which the signification is—

"He looks simple, but he is not."[1]

After an absence of nearly five months from Edinburgh, Mary returned with a heavy heart to meet her Parliament for the first time.[2] Business of a stormy and vexatious nature awaited her there, in consequence of the false position she occupied as a Sovereign of a different religion from the majority of her subjects, compelled by policy to act contrary to her own conscience, by sanctioning decrees denouncing penalties even unto death against the priests, who persisted, at all peril, in administering those rites which she believed to be essential. The Archbishop of St Andrews, the Prior of Whithorn, and several other of the dignitaries of the Romish Church, were in durance, as well as a number of recusant priests of humbler names, who had been apprehended in the act of saying mass in woods and

[1] The Rev. Mr Torrance courteously brought both these interesting and well-authenticated relics of Queen Mary to Edinburgh for my inspection, and permitted my accomplished friend, the late Miss Arnott, to execute drawings of both for me.

[2] Household Book, cited by Chalmers.

mountain glens, in barns and private houses;[1] and Mary knew she must authorise their arraignment for having transgressed the ordinances promulgated, at her first coming, against any one who should attempt to practise any other mode of worship than that which she had found established on her return to Scotland. She was required, withal, by her base-born brother, the new-made Earl of Moray, to put the finishing stroke to the ruin of the noble house of Gordon, by passing the acts of forfaulture, in presence of the lifeless remains of her premier's victim, the unfortunate Earl of Huntley, that his spoils might be divided among the members of her court and cabinet. The Earl of Sutherland was also to be attainted and forfeited, on the evidence of letters said to have been found on the person of the late Earl of Huntley — "forgeries of Moray's," the accused stoutly protested, and in all probability with truth. The Countesses of Sutherland and Huntley came to Edinburgh, as weeping petitioners to the Queen for justice, but could obtain no access to her presence. They petitioned to be permitted to plead by counsel in reply to the indictments that were to be brought against the dead Earl of Huntley, and the outlawed Earl of Sutherland, in order to avert the sequestration of their children's patrimony;[2] but their suit was rejected.[3]

The three Estates of Scotland were convened May 26, 1563, in the Tolbooth; thither the Queen proceeded on that day in regal pomp, to open the sessions in person, attended by her ladies, and surrounded by her Peers of Parliament, and great officers of state.[4] The Duke of Châtelherault bore the crown before her in the equestrian procession as she went, the Earl of Argyll the sceptre, and the Earl of Moray, (whom men called her minion,) carried the sword. The hall of Parliament in the Tolbooth was fitted up with galleries for the accommodation of the ladies, who wore full dress in honour of the senatorial recognition of a Sovereign of their own sex.

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents, Tytler, Knox, Keith, Spottiswood, and Randolph's MS. Letters—State Paper Office. [2] Chalmers' Life of Mary.
[3] Randolph to Cecil. Chalmers. Tytler. [4] Ibid.

The unwonted demand for rich apparelling made it a joyful season for the trades of Edinburgh, and brought hope of employment and wealth for the working classes, into many a humble home; for it should be remembered by ascetic legislators, that artificers of purple and fine linen, jewellers, embroiderers and milliners, starve, when ladies are compelled to shroud their charms in Geneva hoods and mufflers, with plain lawn bands and tippets, like a company of nuns or petticoated preachers. But all was gay and glorious in the crowded hall of Parliament when Mary Stuart took her seat, for the first time since her infant coronation, on the Scottish throne. She had laid aside her widow's *deuil* on that occasion, and appeared before her delighted people, wearing her royal robes and diadem, in the full perfection of womanly grace and stature, surrounded by a glittering train of the ladies of her household, whom she so far surpassed in loveliness as to justify the repetition of the proverbial expression in her favour, "The fairest rose in Scotland grows on the loftiest bough."

A report had been invidiously circulated, that the Queen had either forgotten her native language, or disdained to use it; when, therefore, the unlearned portion of her auditors, who expected an incomprehensible Latin or French oration, heard their winsome liege lady address them from the throne in their own familiar tongue, in a fluent and eloquent speech—her pretty Scotch being not the more misliked for a slight foreign accent—the hall rang with their rapturous applause and cries of "God save that sweet face! Was there ever orator spake so properly or so sweetly?"[1] Infinitely more gratifying to Mary, both as Queen and woman, must have been this unaffected burst of loyal feeling from her loving commons, than the flattering shout of "Vox Dianæ," with which some of the learned among her Peers or secularised Abbots hailed her speech. The whole affair was displeasing to Knox, whose hostility to Mary, and contempt of her sex, breaks forth in this unsavoury observation: "Such stinking pride of women as was seen at that Parliament was never before seen in

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland.

Scotland.[1] All things misliking the preachers, they spake boldly against the targetting of their tails, and against the rest of their vanity, which they affirmed should provoke God's vengeance, not only against those foolish women, but against the whole realm, and especially against those that maintained them in that odious abusing of things that might have been better bestowed. Articles were presented for order to be taken for apparel, and for reformation of other enormities; but all was *scripped* at." The ladies got the better of the preachers in the matter of costume, through the powerful support of the Earl of Moray, whose Countess affected as many jewels as the Queen of Diamonds, and supported Queen Mary in her preference of the fashions of Paris to those of Geneva. Like Cato, in his opposition to the repeal of the Oppian law, Knox found himself in an unsupported minority on the ticklish subject of a Ladies'-dress Reform-bill. He imputed unworthy motives to his old friend and pupil, for his indulgence to the weakness of the fair sex in their besetting sin, and sarcastically observed, "that the earldom of Moray needed confirming, and many other things to be ratified that secured the help of friends and servants, and therefore he would not urge the Queen on anything she distasted; for, if he did so, she would hold no Parliament, and then what would become of them that melled with the slaughter of the Earl of Huntley?"—a taunt which plainly indicates the foul play practised by Moray in that business. It stung deeply, that shrewd cut; and matters grew so hot, or rather so cool, in consequence, between the premier and Knox, that they spoke not together in friendship for more than a year and a half.[2]

Meantime, Moray had matters for his royal sister to sanction which required her presence on three following days in the Parliament Hall. The Treaty of Edinburgh was mentioned; but as she protested against its legality, the lords who had been in arms against her knelt and besought her to pass an act of amnesty, including a general pardon for all former offences; and to this prayer her Majesty was graciously pleased to accede. The forfeitures of Kirkaldy

[1] Knox's Hist. Ref. in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 381. [2] Ibid.

of Grange, Balnaves, Whitlaw, and other notorious pensioners of England, were accordingly rescinded.

On the third day, May 28, an awful ceremonial, unmeet for lady's eyes to look upon, took place in the presence of the Queen, namely, the attainder of the corpse of her late Lord Chancellor, the unfortunate Earl of Huntley, which had been kept unburied ever since the battle of Corrichie, October 28, 1562, for this purpose. According to a barbaric law which then disgraced the statute-book of a Christian land, the indictment being read, the body was brought into the Parliament Hall in the Tolbooth, in a coffin or kist covered with his escutcheons and armorial bearings; then, the treason being declared proven, and the forfaulture passed, the escutcheons were torn from his bier, and riven and "deleted forth of memory."[1] The forfaultures of the Earl of Sutherland, and eleven other barons of the name of Gordon, were passed at the same time, and their arms riven. How far the unfortunate girl, who, dressed in the glittering trappings of royalty, was placed beneath the Canopy of State to countenance these despotic proceedings of her ministers with her presence, was accountable for them, it would be difficult to decide. The devoted manner in which the gallant Gordon brothers subsequently supported her cause looks as if they absolved her of wilful wrong, whose power at the best was but woman's weakness. When she pleaded for the release of the Archbishop of St Andrews, and the other prelates and priests who were in confinement, her entreaties and commands were alike disregarded, and she wept to see her authority defied.[2] Alas! for any female who finds herself trammelled with the responsibility of regality, without the liberty of obeying the dictates of conscience. Mary, under such circumstances, ought to have done as her contemporary, the French poet Ronsard, suggested — abdicated the fatal sceptre of Stuart, left Scotland to be governed by a Sanhedrim, and returned to France, to reside on her fair duchy of Touraine.

[1] Chalmers. Spotiswood. Diurnal of Occurrents.
[2] Randolph's Letters. Chalmers.

Mary's matrimonial affairs occupied, at this time, the attention of her friends, foes, rivals, and kinsfolk. Philip II., whose desire to accomplish a marriage between her and his heir, Don Carlos, had, from the first month of Mary's widowhood, caused equal uneasiness to the Queen of England and the Queen-regent of France, had for several months been privately corresponding with Mary, by means of her aunt, the Duchess d'Arschot, and Cardinal Grandevelle.[1] Catherine de Medicis, the Queen-regent, was meantime straining every nerve to traverse an alliance, ominous to France. She wrote to her daughter, Philip's consort, "to exert her utmost influence to raise obstacles,"[2] observing, "that there was no sacrifice she would not make to prevent it."[3] She also dealt with her old ally, Cardinal Lorraine, on the subject, so effectually that that subtle statesman, preferring the interests of France to the aggrandisement of his niece, endeavoured to divert Mary from Carlos, by personally negotiating a matrimonial treaty, unsanctioned by her, with the Emperor, for a marriage between her and the Archduke Charles, the Emperor's third son, one of the rejected candidates for the hand of the Queen of England. The Archduke Charles was several years older than Mary, brave, prudent, and highly accomplished, and in all respects a more suitable consort for her than Carlos, who was three years her junior, and had already manifested strong symptoms of the fearful phrenal malady which had been inherited from his great-grandmother, Joanna of Castile. He was, moreover, epileptic, and so intractable in temper that no one could exercise any beneficial influence over him, when plunged in his constitutional fits of gloom or irascibility, excepting his charming stepmother, Elizabeth of France. Well might Mary's deep-seeing uncle wish to preserve his royal niece from so

[1] See the Letters in Mignet. Likewise Documens de François II., &c., Paris, published under the Commission of Louis Philippe. The quarto is two-thirds occupied with Mary, after the death of Francis. These are Mignet's Originals; but, as he has garbled and very sparingly used them, it is better to refer to the fountain-head than to a one-sided authority, whose quotations, even from familiar documents, are systematically incorrect.

[2] Ibid. [3] Letter to the Bishop of Limoges. Labanoff.

calamitous a destiny as wedlock with such a mate. Independently of her position as Queen of Scotland, and heiress of England, her personal qualities alone would have rendered Mary Stuart the most desirable bride in Europe for Don Carlos. The manner in which Mary had conducted herself as the consort of the sickly Francis II., naturally disposed Philip of Spain to insure to his unfortunate Carlos the advantage and comfort of a spouse who was so admirably qualified to cover his deficiencies, and to be to him and his people what she had been to Francis and to the French. No one, assuredly, could testify more satisfactorily than Philip's consort, Elizabeth of France, what Mary's characteristics were. Philip despatched an accredited envoy, Don Luis de Paz, to conclude, if possible, the treaty with Mary herself, lest he should be circumvented by a marriage between her and the young King of France, her brother-in-law, whom he knew that Catherine de Medicis would rather bestow on Mary for a second husband, than see her wedded to Don Carlos. On the other hand, the Emperor offered the noble dowry of the Tyrol, and an annual income of four hundred thousand francs, to Mary, if she would espouse his son, the Archduke.

Intelligence of these earnest suits from the Roman Catholic powers for the hand of Mary was not long in reaching Knox, who was in constant correspondence with the person most active in traversing them—Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's premier.[1] Naturally alarmed for the security of his church, whose existence was endangered by the possibility of either of the projected alliances, he exerted all his eloquence in the pulpit to awaken the reformed peers to the peril such contingency involved. "And now, my lords," said he, "to put an end to all, I hear of the Queen's marriage. *Duckis*, [dukes,] brethren to emperors and kings, strive all for the best game; but this, my lords, will I say, note the day and bear witness, after whensoever the nobility of Scotland, professing the Lord Jesus, consents that ane infidel—and all Papists are infidels—shall be head to your Sovereign,

[1] State Paper MSS. inedited, Randolph to Cecil, where letters of Knox to Cecil and to Leicester frequently occur. Keith. Labanoff.

ye do so far as in ye lieth to banish Christ Jesus from this realm. Ye bring God's vengeance upon the country, a plague upon yourselves, and perchance ye shall do small comfort to your Sovereign."[1] These words, and his manner of speaking, John tells us, were "deemed intolerable; Papists and Protestants were both offended, yea his most familiars disdained him for that speaking." An exaggerated version of his sermon was instantly reported to her Majesty, in terms calculated to offend and irritate her to the utmost; and, in spite of her repeated experience of the folly of entering into a personal discussion with him, she rashly inflicted upon herself the mortification of giving him ocular demonstration of the vexation it was in his power to inflict upon her. Lord Ochiltree and divers of the faithful bore him company to the Abbey, when he proceeded thither after dinner, in obedience to her Majesty's summons; but none entered her cabinet with him but John Erskine of Dun. "The Queen, in a vehement fume," writes Knox, "began to cry out that never Prince was handled as she was. I have," said she, "borne with you in all your rigorous manner of speaking, both against myself and against my uncles; yea, I have sought your favour by all possible means. I offered unto you presence and audience whensoever it pleased you to admonish me, and yet I cannot get quit of you; I avow to God I shall be once revenged. And with these words," continues our historian, "scarcely could Marnock, her secret chalmer boy, get napkins to hold her eyes dry for the tears; and the *owling*, besides womanly weeping, stayed her speech." No exaggeration, of course, is contained in this delicate picture of feminine emotion, except, perhaps, in the excessive requisition to the page for napery to staunch the floods of tears which overflowed Mary's bright eyes on this occasion. One moderately sized handkerchief—and that a lady always has at hand—might have sufficed to wipe away all she shed on this occasion, one would imagine, even if she really wept, as her adversary tells us, for nought, and behaved as like a petulant spoiled child as he describes.

[1] History of the Reformation in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 386-7.

Mary might have had somewhat to say in her defence, if she had enjoyed the opportunity of telling her own story. "True it is, Madam, your Grace and I have been at diverse controversies," observed Knox, "into the which I never perceived your Grace to be offended at me."[1] And this is bearing positive testimony to the patience she had shown on former occasions, under circumstances of no slight provocation. "But when it shall please God," continued he, "to deliver you from that bondage of darkness and error in the which you have been nourished, for the lack of true doctrine, your Majesty will find the liberty of my tongue nothing offensive. Without the preaching-place, Madam, I think few have occasion to be offended at me; and there, Madam, I am not master of myself, but maun obey Him who commands me to speak plain, and to flatter no flesh upon the face of the earth." "But what have you to do with my marriage?" asked the Queen. Instead of answering to the point, Knox told her that God had not sent him to await upon the courts of Princesses, nor upon the chambers of ladies, but to preach the evangel of Jesus Christ to such as pleased to hear it; and that it had two parts—repentance and faith; and that, in preaching repentance, it was necessary to tell people of their faults; and as her nobility were, for the most part, too affectionate to her to regard their duty to God and their country to do so, it was necessary that he should speak as he had done." Mary reiterated her question, "What have you to do with my marriage?" haughtily adding, "Or what are you within this commonwealth?" And now she got her answer in plain words. "A subject born within the same, Madam," said he; "and albeit I neither be earl, lord, nor baron within it, yet has God made me (how abject that ever I be in your eyes) a profitable member within the same. Yea, Madam, to me it appertains no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it, if I foresee them, than it does to any of the nobility; for both my vocation and conscience crave plainness of me, and therefore,

[1] History of the Reformation in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 387.

Madam, to yourself I say that which I speak in public place. Whensoever that the nobility of this realm shall consent that ye be subject to an *unfaithful* husband,[1] they do as much as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish his truth from them, and to betray the freedom of this realm, and perchance shall, in the end, do small comfort to yourself."

"At these words," continues Knox, "*owing* was heard, and tears might have been seen in greater abundance than the matter required. John Erskine of Dun, a man of meek and gentle spirit, stood beside, and entreated what he could to mitigate her anger, and gave unto her many pleasing words of her beauty, of her excellence, and how all the Princes of Europe would be glad to seek her favour."[2] From this it is apparent that the manly heart of that good Christian gentleman was moved by the distress of his Sovereign Lady, who scarcely could have lifted up her voice and wept aloud, and shed such abundance of tears as to choke her utterance, without some great cause of provocation, of which John Erskine showed his disapproval evidently by the kindly manner in which he interposed to soothe and comfort her. Knox stood, however, unmoved, till the Queen became somewhat more composed—or, to use his own words, "while that the Queen gave place to her inordinate passion." Some reproach had been addressed to him, either by her Majesty, or more probably, as her emotion prevented her from speaking, by his friend Erskine, as appears from his considering it necessary to defend himself from the imputation of having taken pleasure in causing her tears. "Madam," said he, "in God's presence I speak. I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures; yea, I can scarcely well abide the tears of my own boys whom my own hand corrects, much less can I rejoice in your Majesty's weeping. But seeing that I have offered unto you no just occasion to be offended, but have spoken the truth as my vocation craves of me, I maun rather sustain, albeit unworthily, your Majesty's tears, rather than

[1] Knox here clearly means a Roman Catholic, which her next spouse, Darnley, was.

[2] Knox's Hist. Ref.

I dare hurt my conscience or betray my commonwealth through my silence."

The Queen, then signifying her pleasure that he should retire from her presence, remained for nearly an hour in conference with the Laird of Dun, and her brother Lord John of Coldingham, who came to her when Knox withdrew. While the said John Knox waited her Majesty's pleasure in the Privy Chamber, into which her cabinet opened, he stood disregarded by the courtly circle; and although the nobles and gentlemen of the household were for the most part members of his congregation, they behaved as if they had never seen him before, no one choosing to bear him company but his friend Lord Ochiltree. Finding himself thus strangely treated by his old friends, he, with some lack of moral justice, left their follies uncastigated, in order to vent the indignation he had conceived at their contemptible behaviour on the unoffending ladies of the Queen's bed-chamber and her maids of honour, as he himself bears witness in these words: "And therefore" (because the men eschewed his company) "began he to force talking of the ladies who were there sitting, in all their gorgeous apparel, which espied, he merrily said, 'Oh, fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear. But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not; and when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and so tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targatting, pearl, nor precious stones.'" [1] An awful and a wholesome admonition, if it had been gravely and kindly spoken; but when did mirthful sarcasm, which is akin to gibing, ever convince the careless votaries of pleasure of serious truths, or win souls to heaven?

What were all these gay ladies and lords in waiting, the Lord Chamberlain, grooms of the chambers, and the rest of Mary's noble attendants, about, that they came not to inquire what Master John Knox, and his companion the

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 387.

Laird of Dun; were doing to their royal mistress, if such alarming tokens of her distress, as the inordinate passions of weeping and repeated howlings which he describes, were heard proceeding from her cabinet during his conference with her? Belike the officers of state and door-keepers were all deaf, or the howlings audible to none other ears than the mental ones of him by whom the lively reminiscences of that scene were chronicled five years after it occurred, according to his own marginal date of 1567.[1]

Lethington, who appears to have been gained over by the Spanish ambassador to compass the marriage between his royal mistress and Don Carlos, was very angry with Knox when he found that he had, during his absence at the courts of England and France, broached this delicate subject in the pulpit, in the ears of the good people of Edinburgh,[2] which, of course, by rendering it displeasing to them, increased the difficulties of the negotiations. He, however, quieted the agitation which the preacher had created, by pledging his word that nothing of the kind had ever entered her Majesty's heart. During his residence in England, Lethington had obtained from Queen Elizabeth the liberation of the Earl of Bothwell. Mary herself wrote to request that this troublesome person might have a passport to leave England, and reside in foreign parts, as most conducive to the general quiet and good order.[3] Bothwell accordingly retired to France; but his restless temper did not allow him to remain long contented anywhere. It is a curious fact, that he wrote, before the expiration of the year 1563, a very reverential letter to his late father's rival,

[1] Written, in fact, during Mary's incarceration in Lochleven, when Knox was exerting all the energies of his eloquence for her destruction—so that even Throckmorton wrote in confidence to Elizabeth, that he feared the austerity of Knox as much against the Queen as any man, July 14, 1567; and to Leicester, "that it was to be feared that the tragedy which began with the slaughter of David and the Queen's husband would end with her," date, July 26, 1567. Stevenson's Illustrations of the Reign of Queen Mary, p. 208. [2] Knox's Hist. Ref.

[3] Labanoff. Likewise various MSS. in State Paper Office, inedited, to the same effect; among which are letters written by Bothwell, making interest with the Earl of Northumberland, and other English nobles, to propitiate either Queen to permit his residence in some part of the island—a point on which his mind seems bent with remarkable perseverance.

Matthew, Earl of Lennox,[1] requesting him "to intercede with the Queen of Scots to procure her leave for him to return from banishment, as he, Bothwell, is weary of living in a foreign land, and desires to revisit his own; or if my Lord of Lennox cannot obtain that favour for him from Queen Mary, he would be glad to be permitted to come to England, if his lordship can serve him in that matter." Bothwell, however, could obtain no remission of his offences from his Sovereign Lady at that time. She had taken possession of Hermitage Castle and his other tenements *in capite*, and meant to keep him at a distance.

Lethington continued to grow in favour with his Sovereign, and excited the jealousy of Moray by becoming her confidential envoy on foreign missions.[2] Some of these were not of the deep importance Randolph, Cecil, and Moray suspected. In the summer of 1563, he brought back with him from France a picture of Mary's mother, the late Queen-regent, which his royal mistress particularly desired to have in Holyrood; also a case of *graith*—that is to say, of apparel and materials for dress—among which are enumerated "three vaskenis or jackets of red satin, *pirnit* with gold, (which means, woven or corded with gold thread,) and three other vaskenis of white satin, pirnit with silver; nine ells of cloth-of-gold, figured with blue; and nine ells Columbe, or dove-coloured satin." As Mary still wore black for King Francis, these articles must have appeared symptomatic of a bridal in perspective, and caused perchance some perplexity to the inquiring mind of Randolph, as to the person among her humerous train of suitors on whom her as yet undeclared choice had fallen. Lethington brought with him, among this dainty graith, "seventeen cushions *sewit* (embroidered) with silk and gold; ten muckle round pieces of *sewit* work of silk and thread-of-gold; ane little piece of gawse of silver and white silk; twa coittis of green velvet, banded with cloth-of-gold; and twa coittis of violet velvet, banded with cloth-of-silver."[3]

[1] Bothwell spells the name Lennocks. The original document is among the inedited autograph letters in the rich historical collection of Dawson Turner, Esq., at Yarmouth. [2] Randolph to Cecil, March 4, 1564.
[3] Royal Wardrobe Book—edited by T. Thomson, Esq.

Mary lived in an atmosphere of elegance as regarded her personal habits. She ate moderately, but she liked her table to be trimly set and daintily served. Her board cloths and napkins were of the finest quality, fringed and embroidered with bullion and coloured silks—a queenly fashion, which gave employment to female hands. She introduced the fashion of having the claws and beaks of the roasted partridges and moorfowl, that were served at her table, silvered and gilt. She rose early in the morning, and transacted much business while walking in the garden. On horticulture she bestowed great attention, and introduced exotic fruits, flowers, and vegetables, into the gardens of her country palaces, rarely visiting a strange place without planting a tree with her own hands. These were long pointed out, and consecrated by tradition as memorials of her. She was fond of pets of every kind, especially dogs and birds; but she doated on children. She loved her attendant ladies, and treated them with the greatest indulgence. No instance of ill-nature, envy, or tyranny towards her own sex, has ever been recorded of Mary, but, on the contrary, her privy-purse expenses and private letters abound with characteristic traits of her benevolence and generosity.

As soon as the short session of Parliament was up, June 4th, the Queen made her arrangements for a progress to the Highlands, or, as Randolph expresses it, "made her Highland apparel." Previous to her departure, she gave Randolph a farewell audience, whereat he announced to her his wish to visit England for a couple of months, to which she expressed herself agreeable. During the conference, she complained that a packet addressed to her, whereof the bearer was a merchant, had been opened at Newcastle. Randolph explained to her, in reply, that "no merchant was allowed to carry close letters (sealed letters) through the Borders." Randolph shrewdly advises the English premier, Sir William Cecil, "if any suspected letters be taken, not to open them, but to send them to my Lord of Moray, of whose service the Queen of England *is sure*"[1]—

[1] Randolph to Cecil, 19th of June 1563—Keith; and State Paper MS.

a poor compliment to that minister's fidelity to his Queen and country. It is, however, only one among other proofs of the well-attested fact, that he was, from first to last, the creature of the English government.

Queen Mary left Edinburgh June 29th, and proceeded first to her natal palace at Linlithgow. She spent nearly a fortnight at Glasgow, which she made her head-quarters during her excursions to Hamilton, Paisley, and other places in the west country. After dining at Glasgow, July 14, she rode along the banks of the Clyde to Dumbarton, where she slept. On the morrow she rode to Rossdhu on Loch Lomond; and after spending two or three days in that neighbourhood, probably in visiting the glorious lake and mountain scenery, she returned to Dumbarton; she visited her illegitimate sister, the Countess of Argyll, at Inverary, July 22, where she had the satisfaction of finding her and the Earl on better terms. John Knox had succeeded in reconciling his two disciples for a little while. Mary remained with them at Inverary till the 26th of July, on which day they attended her to Dunoon, another of their mansions on the Clyde, where she slept and spent the morrow with them; and, after crossing the Firth of Clyde, honoured the Earl of Eglinton with a visit at his Castle near Ardrossan. She then proceeded from Ayrshire through Carrick, and the wild mountain passes of Wigtonshire and Galloway, to St Mary's Isle, near Kirkcudbright,[1] making this charming progress with all the pomp of regality, and the pleasurable excitement of the sylvan sports, in which she so greatly delighted. She was attended by her ladies and great officers of state, and performed the journeys from one nobleman's castle to another on horseback. She returned by Dumfries, where she held a Council, and arrived in Edinburgh, after two months' absence, in amended health and renovated spirits. There she remained only eight days for despatch of business,[2] and then withdrew to Stirling—visited Drummond Castle and Dunblane—hunted for several days at Glenfinlas, and spent another cheerful month.

[1] Mary's Household Book, cited by Chalmers. [2] Ibid.

Randolph, to whose letters we are indebted for much of the personal details of Mary and her court, had returned to England this summer for a few weeks. Her three brothers, the Earl of Moray, the Lord Robert, and Lord John, proceeded meantime together to visit Moray's ill-acquired possessions in the north, and accompanied him on his judicial circuit to Inverness, where, among other instances of severity, he burned two unfortunate women accused of witchcraft.[1] Some of the weird sisterhood were supposed to have avenged these wretched victims of superstitious cruelty, by flinging a deadly spell over the Lord John of Coldingham, who died at Inverness in the flower of his age.[2] He had once been a zealous member of Knox's congregation; but his love of leaping, dancing, riding at the ring, and other exercises of youthful skill and strength, in which he greatly excelled, proved a snare to him, and he became one of the most dissipated gallants in the court of Scotland. His indignation was so vehemently excited by the coarse and insolent attacks made on his royal sister, by some of the fanatic preachers in Edinburgh, that in his rage he burst out with these words, "Ere I see the Queen's Majesty so troubled with the railing of these knaves, I shall have the best of them sticked in the pulpit." "What further villany came out of both their *stinking mouths and throats*," says Knox, in reference to him and the Queen, "modesty will not suffer us to write." It was to Mary's credit that she did not listen to the violent and irritating counsels of this impetuous young man, whom she loved with sisterly affection. When she was told of his death, she mournfully observed that "those persons in whom she most delighted were always taken from her."[3] The Laird of Pitarrow and Mr John Wood told her "that he, Lord John, had greatly repented on his deathbed of his backslidings and impiety; and had sent a message to her, warning her to forsake her idolatries, or God would plague her." Mary flatly refused to believe that he had said so, and affirmed plainly that it was devised by themselves.[4] Lord John of Coldingham left by his wife,

[1] Chalmers.
[2] Knox, Hist. Ref.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid.

the sister of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, an infant son, to whom Queen Mary had given the name of her lamented consort Francis, and always cherished him with the affection of an aunt. Young Francis Stuart stood in an equal degree of relationship to Queen Mary and to Bothwell, being the nephew of both, thus forming an innocent connecting link between them, three years before the occurrence of that dire concatenation of circumstances which threw the royal victim into the toils of that daring villain, who had long marked her for his prey. His first wild project for getting her into his hands, in the spring of 1562, was rendered abortive, as we have shown, by the revelations of the Earl of Arran. Bothwell chose confederates of a different nature for the next more deeply laid and fatally successful plot.

APPENDIX.

TRANSLATION OF ELEGIAC VERSES WRITTEN BY MARY AFTER THE DEATH OF HER FIRST HUSBAND, FRANCIS II.

—(*Vide* pp. 155–7.)

1.

THE voice of my sad song
With mournful sweetness guides
My piercing eye along
The track that death divides;—
Mid sharp and bitter sighs,
My youth's bright morning dies.

2.

Can greater woes employ
The scourge of ruthless Fate?
Can any hope, when Joy
Forsakes my high estate?
My eye and heart behold
The shroud their love enfold.

3.

O'er my life's early spring,
And o'er its opening bloom,
My deadly sorrows fling
The darkness of the tomb;
My star of hope is set
In yearning and regret.

4.

That which once made me gay,
Is hateful in my sight—
The brightest smile of day,
To me is darkest night.
No keener pangs contend
Than mine, their stings to blend.

5.

Within my heart and eye
The image is portrayed;
Of grief my garb doth typify,
And my pale features fade
To the wan violet's blue,
The mourning lover's hue.

6.

For me, sad stranger here!
There is no resting-place;
And blest would change appear,
If change might grief efface.
My bliss is now my woe—
All drear where'er I go.

. . . . . .

8.

When to the distant skies
I raise my tearful sight,
The sweetness of his eyes
Beams from the cloudy height;
Or, in the clear deep wave,
He smiles, as from the grave.

9.

When day's long toil is o'er,
And dreams steal round my couch,
I hear that voice once more—
I thrill to that dear touch;
In labour and repose,
My soul his presence knows.

10.

I see no other thing,
Or beautiful, or bright,
Save that which love's fond memories bring
Before my mental sight;—
And ne'er from this sad heart
Its presence can depart.

11.

My song—these murmurs cease,
With which thou hast complained—
Thine echo shall be peace:
Love, changeless and unfeigned,
Shall draw no weaker breath
In parting or in death.

END OF VOL. III.

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